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THE COMING OF THE TIDE¹

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I

UNDER the sun-smitten branches of the woodland and along the open road that curved, all golden with dust, over hill and through hollow, the warm air was full of the breath of pine and juniper and fern, and of the poignant sweetness of the sea. Now leaf shadows fell on the face of the girl who was being driven rapidly in a light carriage toward the east, and then the full sunlight of June lay there. The beat, beat, beat of the horse's hoofs seemed to set the world in motion; the quick, uneven wind, the fluttering yellow butterflies, the slow black wings of crows overhead, even the gently floating white clouds against the dim blue, were to her full of the sudden joy of those that move and escape. Leaning back in her seat she closed her eyes, opening them now and then to steal a half fearful glance to the right, where, between dark tree trunks or beyond the gray-green tangles of a bit of moorland, the sea lay, incredibly blue. This undreamed beauty was almost hard to bear, bringing new pain to meet the old pain in her heart. Once, a sudden turn at the top of a little hill betrayed to her the wide horizon line, and she gave a little cry, — "Oh, don't speak to me!" forgetting that she had come on her journey alone. The lank brown driver turned with a New England twinkle in his eye.

"I had n't cal'lated to, ma'am," he observed dryly; then stopped, for a laugh such as he had never heard rang out on his ear, mellow, mocking, irresistible. It ran up to clear high notes and down to a

soft ripple that ended in a little sob, and it made music all the way.

"I was not speaking to you," observed his passenger before the laugh had quite died out.

He nodded. "Thought likely not. Git up, Don! Was you talkin' to anybody in pertikaler?"

"Only to ghosts," answered the voice, half merry, half sad.

"Took that way often?"

He missed the laughter in the eyes behind him, being too lazy to look quite far enough around.

"Very often."

There was a sudden note of sorrow in the voice, that did not escape the large ears of Andrew Lane the third.

"Your trunks 'ull be right over," he remarked, administering the only consolation that occurred to him.

"I don't care about the trunks," was the answer.

This almost tempted Andrew to look all the way around; he had noticed nothing peculiar about this young woman when she had stepped from the train, but surely this was unnatural. As he was considering the problem of a girl with clothes like that, and as many trunks as that, who still said she did not care, he was roused by slow notes of the same odd voice.

"Blue — and blue — and blue. Why did no one ever tell me, or could no one tell?"

"Air they arter ye again?" asked Andrew, this time turning round all the way. He got no answer, however, and all that he saw was the face of a girl whose eyes were closed. Through the long dark

lashes two tears were forcing their way; the lips were slightly parted, drinking in the fragrant air, and the ungloved hands were outstretched in her lap, as if through the very finger tips some contact could be gained with this encompassing loveliness which made pain within the eyes.

"Mighty queer," muttered Andrew to his horse, and he drove on, not without apprehension. Once he had heard of an insane woman who had escaped from the state asylum, and had come down to this very bit of coast, where, after haunting the rocks for several days, she had plunged into the sea and been drowned.

"But this here one's trunks was all O. K.," he reassured himself. "Lunatic could n't get away with three on 'em, big as haystacks."

It was a solitary road, which seemed to lead to the very heart of some world of leafy, tempered beauty, for June was passing along the water ways, and all the land was quick with leaf and blossom. A wind was abroad in the soft marsh grass and in the purpling feathery grasses of the higher meadow lands, where buttercups and daisies nodded in the waving green. Now and then across the shadow of flickering branches came the soft gleam of yellow wings or of blue, and once, from far away, rippled the notes of a young bobolink that was singing madly for the mere joy of living. At long intervals, from out the sheltering branches of elm tree or of maple, rose the dull red chimney of a farmhouse, whose doorways and windows were half hidden by blossoming lilac and syringa bushes; and again, on some green sea-meadow or rocky headland, stood out the rough gray stone walls of a rich man's summer home. An air of quaint distinction rested upon one old-fashioned place in a sheltered cove at the right, where smooth-hewn pillars of granite rock, surmounted by balls of stone, guarded the entrance. A hedge of spiraea, whose long sprays were now in delicate bloom of white, marked the confines of the lawn; a wide graveled driveway, bordered by overarch-

ing elms, led to a great colonial mansion, whose white walls and tall pillars gleamed out softly from behind green branches of elm and of pine; and all, perhaps because of some touch of wildness in the uncut grass and the luxuriant foliage, wore a storied look. Neglect, which had not yet brought it an air of desolation, seemed to hint of a full tide of life that had come and gone, and to the eyes of the girl who was gazing at it, window and doorway and threshold were eloquent.

"That's the Warren place," observed Andrew, with the air of one who would say that even mentally unbalanced strangers should know of its importance. He got no reply, however, and drove on in silence, turning to the right a few minutes later, into a road, grass-grown and lovely, leading across a bit of moor to the sea. Ahead, upon one of the bold bluffs that jutted into the water, rose the severe gray shingled walls and the red chimneys of the Emerson Inn, set in a space of velvety turf, where gleamed the gold of unnumbered dandelions.

The ladies of the Emerson Inn were seated on the south veranda that afternoon, embroidering, or knitting loose-meshed shawls, or weaving baskets of Indian grass. There were two dark brown heads, and one pale brown head, but most of the heads were gray, and the smoothly parted hair bespoke unimpeachable conservative traditions. The pale brown head was bent over a book, and its owner, in a voice a trifle high and thin, was reading Ibsen aloud, while the very air, as well as the intent expressions of foreheads, eyes, and mouths, betrayed an atmosphere of extreme intellectual stimulus. There was no pause when Andrew drove up with the newcomer. A dozen pairs of spectacled eyes looked up for an instant, but the ladies of the Emerson Inn were ladies, and curiosity was something not to be betrayed. Once, for a second, the voice faltered and almost stopped, as a girl all in soft black, dusky-haired, and with eyelids cast down,

sprang to the piazza steps, then, ignoring host, hostess, and the assembled guests, passed swiftly down the worn footpath to the rocks and began to climb over them toward the sea. It was a graceful figure, pausing lightly on one bit of stone and springing to the next, and it moved as if drawn by some attraction too mighty to resist. Mr. Phipps, the landlord, looked questioningly after; Andrew, as he gathered up the reins, touched his forehead significantly with one finger.

"Sunthin' loose there," he remarked succinctly.

Mr. Phipps, with his hands behind him, strolled down the grassy knoll toward the rocks, and then back again; at the rear entrance three large trunks arrived and were noisily deposited on the ground; on the veranda Ibsen went on, uninterrupted, though full of a tension that was not Ibsen's own, for down on the cliff, at the farthest point, where the red-brown rocks met the blue, all motionless lingered a slender black shadow, spoiling the embroidery, spoiling the sight of the eyes behind the glasses, spoiling the play.

"A new guest, Mr. Phipps?" casually inquired the Lady from Cincinnati, the only person there who dared interrupt Ibsen.

"I thought so," he observed nonchalantly, taking the cigar from his lips, "but it looks as if I might lose her."

The girl, who had forgotten them all, stood where the beat of the waves on the rock came to her as a part of her own being: the very pulse of life seemed throbbing there. Suddenly she stretched her arms out to it with a little sob that mingled with the murmur of the waves.

"Mother!" she cried, "mother!" and then, "it rests me so!"

Into her eyes had come the look of those who have won the freedom of the sea.

When the reading was over the ladies on the piazza dispersed, some wandering down to the rocks, some going to their own rooms. Three took a constitutional, strolling round the house.

"She has not registered," observed the Lady from Cincinnati as they passed through the hall.

"How sad she looked!" remarked the Lady from Wilmington.

"Why, I thought she looked mischievous!" cried the Lady from Boston.

"It was not an intellectual countenance," said the first speaker severely.

Incidentally on the walk they encountered the trunks.

"Good make," observed the Lady from Cincinnati silently. "Leather, but with no foreign labels;" and she went upstairs with a puzzled frown. Strangers were rare at the Emerson Inn, and of the few who had come since Miss Black had assumed the responsibilities of Oldest Inhabitant, none had been like this. When she reached her room she noted signs that the vacant apartment next door was occupied at last. It was a corner room, looking eastward toward the sea and northward toward the moor, and was too expensive for Miss Black's own purse. The elderly lady stopped in amazement, for an unwonted sound met her ears. Over the transom came a ripple of laughter such as had seldom sounded on the New England shore. It was as if the very spirit of mirth were set free, and might be expected to fly in over the transom with fluttering, iridescent wings.

"That girl!" exclaimed the Lady from Cincinnati, with an expression.

The girl was standing in the centre of her own room, slowly surveying it,—the sloping roof, the dormer windows, the spotless bare floor, the pale yellow painted walls, the wardrobe made of thirteen hooks suspended from a board to which a cretonne curtain was attached, the twelve-inch shelf for books, the china candlestick. The soul of ascetic old New England breathed from all the quaint furnishings, and the newcomer had never seen the like before.

"I shall love it," she said, wiping her eyes in her laughter; and she bestowed a caressing pat on her thin white counterpane.

II

The twilight of early morning lay over the sea when the swish of the waves on the rocks roused the newcomer from sleep. Half waking, but with eyelids closed, she strove to win her way back to the beautiful dream that was escaping. It had fashioned her to herself as a winged thing skimming the surface of the water with motion swifter than that of gulls; and the wings were not made for mere flying, but sensitive, full of vision, they let the color and beauty and motion in for a moment of brief rapture. When the glory faded, she crept, in dressing-gown and slippers, to the window toward the north, where the moorland lay dusky green in the dim light, and the far calls of waking birds added distance to the stretches of tangled bayberry bushes and scrub pine, then turned to the east, where the mystery of wide ocean lay gray, expectant, under a sky of gray.

As she watched, down the dull, tossing sea crept a ripple of gold, and the yellow rim of the sun rose at the edge of the world. Glimmering softly came the light; bright sparkles of dew and wet gossamer webs shone from the velvety green of the moorland, and a longer pathway of light led across the sea. The girl at the window was on her knees, and her dark head was bowed when the glory reached it and rested there.

There was an unusual calm in the dining-room of the Emerson Inn that morning, a portentous, smiling surface calm that hid the profound agitation of the depths. It was not for the well bred to show excitement for trivial cause, and they did not. The conversation ran along the usual lines: pale hints of metaphysic floated out upon the summer breeze, and all the air was rife with quotations from the poets and bits of literary criticism. Only once was the curtain of reserve rent in twain, and that when George Eliot was the ostensible theme.

“I noticed that her handkerchiefs were bordered with black,” said the Lady from Wilmington, who was absent-minded. The Lady from Boston delicately plunged into the breach, pretending that she had not understood this bit of mental aberration.

“But in the case of Tito, you know, the author is hardly fair. She hounds him down the road to ruin in order to prove a moral thesis. A certain lack of spiritual insight”—

Here the door was flung open and the broken sentence remained unfinished, for a vision entered. Clad all in diaphanous white that fluttered as she walked, her dark head rising daintily like a flower from its sheath, came the stranger of yesterday, the dull blue of the wall paper throwing face and motion into fine relief. She paused in hesitation, vainly looking about for a head waiter, for supper had been served in her room the night before, and she did not know at which table to take refuge. Presently the slim, spectacled district schoolmistress who waited on the three tables nearest the door, entered with a plate of Boston brown bread in her hand, and greeted the newcomer with the air that terrified tardy urchins at school.

“You will find a seat there,” she remarked severely, pointing with the forefinger of her left hand; the undertone of her voice added, “You will stand in the corner half an hour afterward for being late.”

The dark eyes of the stranger rested on her with an air of delicious surprise; she nodded gracefully and sank into the chair with twitching lips. Thirty pairs of eyes wandered, willy-nilly, her way, and many a sentence drifted hopelessly away from its verb, never to find it again.

“Grape-nuts,” demanded the schoolmistress peremptorily, “or pettijohn?”

The Lady from Wilmington interrupted the answer with a friendly good-morning, and the waitress frowned; she was accustomed to prompt replies.

As the meal went on, the girl in the

white gown behaved under these unusual circumstances as any well-bred girl would under ordinary circumstances; "which proves," the little Bostonian remarked to herself, "that she is a lady." Of the tension in the air, the newcomer, despite her calm face, was keenly conscious, but, aware that in coming unchaperoned and alone to this strange spot, she was outraging her own traditions much more completely than those of her fellow guests, she was quite cheerful in the face of encompassing criticism. It came to her in friendly glances and in kind words; it vibrated through the air in inquiries that were not made. Just once the Lady from Cincinnati ventured near the edge, as the soft vowels of her new neighbor came to her ear.

"You are Southern, I see."

"Yes," was the answer, made with a contagious smile.

"Have you ever been North before?"

"No."

"But you have been at the shore?"

"Never."

There was a pause. Bits from Huxley, and Mrs. Eddy, and Emerson, floated through the air.

"Are you literary?" suddenly asked an elderly lady who had not spoken before.

The smile got into the girl's voice and into her eyes.

"I am afraid not," she drawled. "I can read and write — after a fashion."

In the dead silence that followed, the schoolmistress stood bolt upright against the wall, with her arms hanging stiffly at her sides, and openly looked contempt. The stranger realized that where the South would have smiled the North only looked aghast.

"The schools are so poor in the South," remarked the Lady from Boston kindly. "Had you ever thought of the possibility of a Northern college?"

The waitress blushed and looked self-conscious; she entered one this fall. It was the stranger's turn to look shocked.

"My family would never have permitted that," she answered, wondering.

"I presume you have made it up by reading," suggested the Lady from Cincinnati. "Do you read Ibsen?"

"Not if I can possibly escape," said the stranger.

"Or Browning?"

The little look of wickedness that lurked always behind the veiled sadness of her eyes leaped to the surface.

"Browning," she murmured, "Browning? I have heard the name but" — Here she stopped, penitent. These moments of mischievous girlhood that now and then came rippling into her maturer years always left her with a sense of regret.

Horror smote the room; no one ordered any more food, for desire failed. Conversation flagged, and one by one the guests slipped away, leaving the daughter of the South sitting helplessly between a cup of pale brown coffee and a generous slab of dark brown bread. She touched the sodden, resisting surface of the latter with her fork, delicately, and retreated, to answer the call of the sea whose sun-flecked waters gleamed from far through the open windows. Outside she forgot: forgot her hunger, and the hard little bed which had seemed devised as a punishment for sin; forgot her great trunks and the thirteen hooks suspended humorously, it seemed to her, from the board. Had all these pink wild roses bloomed here yesterday? she asked herself, as she saw them stretching in masses along the cliff, broken by gray, lichen-grown rock, by the fresh fronds of young sumac, and by juniper dark with its new shoots as pale as green sea foam. Surely they must have been here, and the tangled blackberry vines must have been growing in this same wild way, and the fragrance must have been then as sweet as now, but she had not known it, forgetting all things near in her escape to the vastness of the sea. She climbed again

over the rocks, dressed most inappropriately, as the spectators from the piazza truthfully remarked, and hid herself for the entire morning in a deep cleft where she could see and hear and feel. The

glorious, oncoming great green waves broke rhythmically below her as the tide came in, and they brought a sense of the washing of old sorrow out of the soul. Listening to their mighty beating on the rocks, she paused in reverent wonder, murmuring:—

“To think that I never knew before that the earth is set to music!”

There was consternation at one o’clock when the stranger failed to appear at dinner.

“She is certainly erratic,” remarked an elderly spinster, who was undoubtedly Somebody from Somewhere.

“But is n’t she a beauty!” said the young woman with pale brown hair. “I’ve never seen such glorious eyes, and her mouth looks as if she had stolen it from some old picture.”

It was the Lady from Cincinnati who voiced, in a whisper, the long-suppressed criticism of the assembly.

“I think that we should be a little careful. In all the years I have been here I’ve never seen anything that looked improper.”

The Lady from Boston bravely took up the glove thus thrown down; there had been many an encounter between these two.

“It seems to me that we ought to make her one of us. It is evident from what she said this morning about Browning”—the voice sank a little here—“that she is very ignorant. We could do a great deal for her this summer by guiding her thought into right channels and suggesting standards.”

The stranger, coming in from the rocks sunburned, disheveled, with eyes alight with life and fire, heard the last sentence of this conversation as the guests strolled out into the hall.

“Surely,” the Lady from Cincinnati was saying (she was accustomed to the last word), “unless something were wrong that girl would have registered by this time. She has clothes enough for an actress, and beauty enough to excite suspicion anywhere.”

A dimple quivered in the newcomer’s left cheek. She slowly crossed the hall, and, taking up the public pen, wrote her name in the register with a generous scrawl. The dark eyes were full of mischief as she went upstairs to make ready for her late dinner; but the look changed to apprehension as she thought of facing the sternest of maids. Downstairs the Lady from Wilmington, carelessly approaching the open page, read half aloud:

“Miss Frances Wilmot, Richmond, Virginia.”

“Miss Frances Wilmot,” gasped the reader. “Wilmot is a great name in Virginia, a very great name indeed.”

That afternoon the Lady from Boston, still ignorant of the stranger’s name and address, openly adopted her, spreading over her the protection of her dove-gray wings. She showed her all her pet crannies in the rocks; she gently suggested, as the girl’s muslin flounces caught on bits of flinty stone, that a short tweed skirt would be useful.

“We do not dress much here, my dear,” she said; and the Southern girl involuntarily glanced at her new friend’s cotton blouse and serge skirt, with a feeling that the remark was in some way tautological.

Gently the little lady led the conversation into improving paths, incidentally alluding to lectures that she had heard, and to reading courses that she had put herself through. The girl listened to it all, and, though now and then her rebellious lips would twitch with amusement, her eyes were soft with a sense of the kindness shown. Sometimes, when the speaker herself felt that the atmosphere was growing too oppressive intellectually, she glided into anecdotes of the countryside, to be rewarded by a sudden flash of keen interest in her listener’s eyes, for all human story was dear to the girl.

“This is such a rare bit of country; the summer people have not found it out, and if they had, they could not come. There are some great estates left about here, and people who have held the land

more than two hundred years live on them. Did you notice a large, white colonial house with a stone gateway just beyond the turning as you came in?"

"Yes," answered the Southern girl.

"That is the Warren place; it is very beautiful, and it is very, very old. The original Paul Warren came over in 1645 from Devonshire with a single servant from his father's house, and he worked and cleared the forest and fought the Indians until a great tract of land was given him by the Crown for special services,—thousands of acres. It has been an important family ever since, and the present owner still lives here, though he spends his winters in Boston with his wife. He has a brother who stays here all the time, Mr. Peter Warren, an extremely eccentric character. Joining the Warren place is the old Bevanne estate. Look, and you can see the ragged locust trees just over the top of the little hill. The Bevannes are another old family, but one that has grown poor, perhaps fortunately for us, for they sold Mr. Phipps the land on which the Emerson Inn is built, and but for them we might never have known this lovely bit of shore. The son of that family is a college professor somewhere. Oh, it is very good stock in both cases;" and the little Lady from Boston, who knew good stock and was of it, drew her protégée away to see a special bed of wild pink honeysuckle which had been her delight for seven consecutive years, and forgot old families for a time.

When they came back, breathless from climbing a steep bit of rock, they found a group assembled on the piazza round an odd little man in a white flannel suit and Panama hat. Out of the queer, wizened, wrinkled face, deepset blue eyes shone with one of the lesser orders of intelligence, and the motions of face and hands betokened a mind ceaselessly, aimlessly alert. He was talking rapidly, and the assembled hearers bent their heads with the usual deference of spinsterhood for man, however small.

"There is Mr. Peter Warren now!"

exclaimed the Lady from Boston. "Shall I present him to you?"

"Don't, don't interrupt him," begged the girl, lifting a warning hand, and the two stood unobserved on the steps while the shrill voice went on.

"Curious thing, heredity. Now I suppose you think you know all about it, but you can't, possibly. Nobody does who does n't know me."

"Indeed," said an amused voice.

"Fact," asserted Mr. Peter Warren, slapping his knee. "Listen!" and his voice sank to a mysterious whisper. "I am different from all other people who breathe. You will say that a man is the sum of his ancestors, that is, the blood, nerves, and brain he has inherited from them all are intermingled. He is no one of them; he is the result of all. A certain balance is kept because the different ingredients counteract one another. Now hear this: *I am all my ancestors in succession.* No drop of blood, no nerve fibre that I have inherited from any one of them is mingled with any other. When one personality rules me it rules me completely, and I am always at the mercy of the ancestor who enters me last. How do I know? From the complete contrariety of my impulses. Why, when I was a child, would I be lying one minute on the floor, smiling and happy, the next, biting in fury and screaming?"

"Were you?" asked an amazed feminine voice. "I cannot imagine it."

He nodded solemnly. "Once, when I was a youngster, I remember spending two hours nursing a hurt blue-bottle fly. I was my mother then, I think, and she was one of the saints of the earth. That very morning I went out and killed my pet dog. Something drove me to it; many people would say it was the devil; I say it was my great-great-grandfather Warren, who was rather a brute. That murderous impulse, which I remember as perfectly as if it had come to-day, was simply his spirit entering in. Then there is my — my taste for good wine; I can no more help that than I can help having two

arms and two legs. It was settled for me long before I was born. In fine," he concluded, with a theatrical gesture of his arms, "I am not the resultant of my ancestors: I am their victim. How else," and he touched his chest, "can you account for the acts of this singular mechanism which calls itself Peter Warren, and whose acts seem so illogical interpreted in the narrower way?"

In the impressive pause which followed these words, the speaker caught sight of the listeners standing on the steps, and rose with a gallant bow.

"There is nothing so interesting as human nature," he observed, smiling, as the Lady from Boston murmured his name by way of introduction. "And where does one know human nature so well as in one's self? Little, after all, of supreme concern to man except himself. Don't you think so?" he added, looking toward the girl.

The answer came quickly in her soft Southern voice. "I have seen many things that would make me believe it."

Mr. Peter Warren very soon took his departure, with many polite bows and graceful little speeches. As his hostesses remarked afterward, his manner belonged to the old school. He must hasten home, he observed in parting, for his brother was ill, very ill, and might need him. A little chorus followed him as he went strolling down the road with his great cane. "Is n't he odd!" said one. "Is n't he original!" said another. "Such interesting theories!" said a third. But the girl with pale brown hair whispered lightly in Frances Wilmot's ear, having seen the amazement in the newcomer's eyes, "He's just a harmless sort of lunatic, I think."

It was late afternoon when they let her go, and, escaping, she wandered along a path at the top of the cliffs to a point where the rocks, parting, left space for a kind of amphitheatre guarding a curving sand beach. Tall, soft grass, chased by the sea wind, waved on its steep slope; and buttercups and dandelions, long of

stem, nodded there. The girl nestled down among the grasses, watching the mighty actor, the sea, playing his eternal play over the dark rocks beyond the beach; and she sighed deeply as for weariness, so many different kinds of wonder had been crowded into one day! Wide and infinitely blue the water stretched out before her, the outermost rim of the sea meeting the pearly blue of the sky in a line that seemed to ring the world.

"No poet has told its beauty; perhaps no poet could," she murmured to herself. "Rossetti's

'As the cloud foaming firmamental blue
Rests on the blue line of a foamless sea,'
is too much like the tracing of a graven
tool to let the sea's life in. Swinburne
has caught the color and the motion, but
he could not reach the soul of you. Oh,
if Swinburne had not been Swinburne,
what sealike poems he might have written!"

Sunset came and found her there, watching the faint flush across the eastern sky, and the golden light gleaming on one far white sail, and on the nearer outspread wings of one white gull. Twilight gathered, and still she lingered, for long grasses touched face and hand in friendly fashion; cool damp air gently caressed cheek and forehead, and the soft, immemorial swish of the water roused a sense as of something within her beating back to the very beginning of time. One by one along the shore, as darkness deepened, golden lights gleamed out beyond gray water and dim rocks, while all about her hylas and softly singing creatures of summer nights piped to the music of the sea.

III

The wide, old-fashioned hall of the Warren house was open to the night, and through the great double doors, flung open at each end, the stars were shining. The breeze that blew gently through, making the candles on the mantel over the huge

fireplace flicker, brought with it murmurs of the shore, where the waves were breaking heavily at the turning of the tide. The air was full of the soft sounds of a summer night, the low, sweet love-songs of unnumbered tiny creatures calling to one another in the dark. Scarcely louder, came from the bedroom at the left of the hall the sound of whispered prayers, for the master of the house lay dying in the great four-posted mahogany bed, and his wife, kneeling at the bedside with the single candle on the little table flaming above her beautiful gray head, was reading prayers for the visitation of the sick. The nurse sat silent in the corner; there was nothing to be done now, save wait the great inevitable moment. Outside in the hall the son of the house was walking softly up and down through the darkness and the faint light of the wind-blown candles; his step was measured and slow, with a suggestion of suppressed agitation. The face, when the dim rays half lighted it in the darkness, showed the deadly calm that often covers, in strong natures, passionate excitement. Upon it the shadows of night met the shadow of coming sorrow.

"Peace be to this house, and to all that dwell in it," repeated the sweet, tremulous voice of the kneeling woman. "Remember not, Lord, our iniquities, nor the iniquities of our forefathers; spare us, good Lord, spare thy people"—

When the voice ceased, there was silence in the house, save for the sick man's laboring breath, and the faint melodies that came from out of doors. Paul Warren stopped abruptly in his walk, looking out at the golden stars that shone through the eastern door, then at those that shone from the west, with the wide darkness beyond, and his expressive face changed with a sudden sense of the likeness of all this to human life, the little, roofed-in space between two infinites.

"Paul, come, he wants you," said his mother's voice in a quick whisper.

A swift spasm of pain passed over the young man's face as he entered the death

chamber; it was hard to witness the helpless suffering of the strong. Propped on huge, old-fashioned pillows lay his father, his grand physique emphasizing the pathos of this moment of supreme weakness. Head, arms, and shoulders were of noble proportions, but the eyes were dim and the great muscles powerless. The face, with its bold forehead and fine, deep eyes, was that of one who had known the thick of the conflict; scars of strong passions were visible; there was also, not yet relaxed, a certain dominant control of the firm mouth, partly hidden under the flowing gray beard.

"Paul," murmured the dying lips. "Is that Paul?"

"Yes, father." The young man's voice was less steady than that of the older one.

John Warren's wasted eyelids were lifted, as far as he could lift them, and there was silence, while father and son looked at each other. In the awfulness of the moment the veils of life were drawn away; even in this supreme hour the two, who had said so little and had felt so much, shrank from the exposure as their naked souls met face to face. It was only for an instant, for the sense of slipping, slipping, left no time for pause, and the shyness of a lifetime was broken.

"Paul," came the broken voice, "take care of your mother."

The young man knelt and laid his hand upon his father's; despite a profound affection there had not been so much of a caress between these two for years.

"I will," he answered, in a voice whose very strength betrayed its weakness.

"I — have n't — always — made — out to be — myself," came the faltering voice of the sick man; but his wife was on her knees by his side, sobbing, with her face buried in the bed-clothes.

"Oh yes, you have, you have!" she cried, with that tender mendacity with which we meet the failures of the dying and the dead.

The emotional strain of the situation

was too much for the man who was finding his way to death's door. His grim sense of humor had never left him in life; it did not leave him now.

"Keep your — Uncle Peter here — as long — as you can stand it, and let — him talk — about himself as — much as he — wants to."

A gleam came into Paul's eyes. These two had never yet seen the day when they could not smile together; they smiled together for the last time now, for a faint flicker passed over the dying man's face and was reflected in the son's.

"I will," he promised, pressing his father's hand, "and I will listen."

The kneeling woman trembled with a little shiver of non-comprehension that had often come over her in listening to her husband and her son.

"Be a good boy," the fading lips said, and there was a touch of pressure from the weak old hand. Paul Warren gave one great dry sob.

"And fight — fight Bevanne."

"Oh, John," moaned his horrified wife, lifting her face from the sheet that was wet with her tears, "not now! Don't talk like that!"

A wave of color swept over the dying man's face; the muscles of his arms swelled a little, and the veins of his forehead, so sunken a minute before, knotted for a moment almost in the old way; then the blood receded, leaving them more hollow than before.

"Yes, fight him, — watch out for him — and all his — brood. They are — slippery as rattlesnakes. I — wanted to — have it out with him — before I went."

"But, John," pleaded Mrs. Warren, "he is dead; he has been dead twenty years."

Her husband's eyes looked questioningly at her.

"So he is, — I keep — forgetting. Look out — for the young one — then. Young rattlesnakes — are just as — poisonous — as old ones."

A great sense of wonder swept over Paul Warren at this sudden revelation

of hatred which had smouldered, unknown to him, in his father's breast for all these years, and with it came envy of the nature that could hate in this strong way.

"Don't think of such dreadful things now," begged Emily Warren. "Do you know, do you understand, John, where you are? That you are — dying?" The wavering voice broke into sobs.

"I know, Emily," said the old man simply. "I am not afraid."

"Are you sure?" she pleaded, — "I have sometimes been fearful, you are so irregular about going to church, — are you sure you believe in God?"

"Yes," said John Warren grimly from his pillow. "Who would n't — that had any sense?"

Hardly knowing what he did, Paul Warren flung open the windows of the room. Somewhere, long ago, he had read of a people who set doors and windows wide that the souls of the dying might be set free to join the great procession of the dead, always sweeping, sweeping through the air. To the tensely strained ears it almost seemed as if, through the murmur of wind and of sea, he could hear the coming of that great train; and at the centre of his being was a bewildered sense of great doors opened wide, at whose threshold he paused, shrinking, unable to go farther. Suddenly, with a bound and a rush, a huge dark object came leaping into the room. Mrs. Warren screamed aloud in terror, and even Paul started, for his tear-dimmed eyes refused to do him service; but the dying man smiled feebly on his pillow.

"It's — only — Robin," he said, weakly lifting up a hand and groping blindly for the familiar touch. A minute later the great collie's head was lying in it, the dog's heart beating in quick throbs as he whimpered out his joy at finding him from whom he had so long been shut away. A broken rope at his throat showed how mighty were the bonds he could break for love of the master who lay dying.

"Take him away, Paul," said Mrs. Warren, who stood trembling.

Paul shook his head; he could not do it while that look of satisfaction was on his father's face. The candles flickered and sputtered; they, too, were burning low. The young man shaded his eyes with his hand, for the pain of looking had grown intolerable, and so they waited, at the ebbing of the tide.

A rough, bearded face appeared shortly after at the window, and a great voice whispered:—

"Is Robin here? He's broke loose."

"Come and take him away," said the mistress of the house.

Tiptoeing, the man entered the room and laid his hand on the dog's collar. It was Andrew Lane the second, the farmer who had charge of the place.

"Come, Robin; come, Robin," he said, gently pulling at the rope.

A low growl was the result, becoming louder and more menacing as the man held on. The dog's head lay still in his master's grasp, and into the animal's eyes came a dangerous gleam, breaking their soft love-light. Andrew fell back, dropping the rope.

"Go, Robin," begged the mistress.

The great beast did not stir.

"Go out, Robin," said Paul Warren sternly; the dog only growled.

Then the sick man moved, and his breath came in quick gasps.

"Go, Robin," he commanded, raising his head; then he fell back and died.

(*To be continued.*)

The dog slunk broken-heartedly out into the hall, obeying the last command he was ever sure was right; brushed, growling, past the doctor, who had come too late, and ran out into the darkness.

An hour later Paul Warren was again pacing the great dark hall, while subdued sounds came from his father's chamber, where the last services were being done for the dead. Weeping, through the dusk came the old colored cook, Aunt Belinda, her hands full of red roses with their leaves damp with dew..

"Now, Mas'r Paul, you go 'long and rest, and don't you take it so hard," she said in her deep, rich voice. "I just goin' in to lay dese by old Mas'r. He did n't care nuffin fur 'em when he was alive, but I reckon he knows better now;" and she passed on in a glow of color to the death chamber.

A poignant sense of encompassing mystery, and of the life that was quick all about in the cool night air, shot through him as swift pain. Lifting his eyes now and then, as he walked, with his head bent and his hands clasped behind him, he saw a splendid white moth flutter in at the western door, and, flying uncertainly, float out toward the great stars in the east. The young man watched it with passionate question and wonder and grief written on his face, making it even more of an enigma than it had been before.

SCOTT'S POETRY AGAIN

BY GOLDWIN SMITH

I CANNOT help taking fire at anything said in disparagement of Walter Scott. I feel that I have got from his writings, not only immense pleasure, but some good. He was a truly noble-hearted gentleman, a model of that class, and his character is impressed on all the works of his pen. A type, he seems to me, of social chivalry. In all his writings, too, there is the buoyancy of perfect health. In reading them you breathe the air of the Scotch hills. I can conceive no better mental febrifuge, no better antidote to depression, no more sovereign remedy for dull care.

Scott was a hot Tory, perhaps a Jacobite, and his worship of monarchy in the person of George IV betrayed him into the one ridiculous action of his life. I have always been glad that he sat down upon the wineglass which he had put into his pocket to be kept as a relic because it had touched the sacred lips of the King. But his Toryism was not flunkish. Nor was it narrow. It did not interfere in the slightest degree with the catholicity of his historical appreciation. His tolerance, considering the political fury of those times, is really wonderful. He would, no doubt, have joyously donned his yeomanry uniform and shed his blood in battle against the French Revolution. Yet in the *Antiquary* he speaks of the Revolution with perfect calmness, and he dropped a poetic tear over the grave of Fox.

However, a word as to his poetry, of which Mr. Arthur Symons in the November number of the *Atlantic Monthly* spoke rather disparagingly. It is, of course, by no means equal to his novels, which of novels are surely the most interesting, as well as the healthiest. He was quite right in giving up the poem for the novel. But before we disrate his

poetry, we must settle our rule of judgment. I was taken gently to task the other day for saying that it was the function of poetry to give us pleasure. What I had actually said was that Browning did not give me pleasure of that sort which it is supposed to be the special function of poetry to give. If what we want is philosophy in verse, we shall certainly not find what we want in Scott, while we shall find it in Browning, with a vengeance. But the sort of pleasure which Browning or any poet of the philosophical class gives me, or would give me if I were properly constituted, is that of severe mental effort more or less rewarded, not that which Milton had in his mind when he said that poetry ought to be simple, sensuous, and passionate. I will beg the exclusive lovers of the philosophical school to mark that the greatest master of didactic poetry, Lucretius, has so far recognized the distinction between the philosophical and the poetic as avowedly to commend the philosophic draught by touching the rim of the cup with poetic honey.

Scott, like Homer, Virgil, Tasso, and Milton, is a narrative poet, and must be judged by the interest of his story and by his poetic skill in telling it. Is not the story of *Marmion* interesting? Is not great poetic skill shown in telling it? Is not the character of Marmion one that you never forget? Is not the judgment scene in *Holy Isle* supremely tragical? Can anything be much brighter than the picture of Edinburgh and the Scottish camp? Has anything in English literature more of Homeric spirit than the battle scene of Flodden? Are we not carried along through the whole poem, as it were by a sea breeze fresh and strong? Are there not ever and anon charming

little touches, such as the lines at the end of *Marmion* telling us how the woodman took the place of the Baron in the Baron's sumptuous tomb?

One must, no doubt, have something of the boy left in one to read *Marmion* again with delight. But he who reads *Marmion* wholly without delight cannot have much left in him of the boy.

There could, of course, be nothing like Homer in English poetry. But I suspect that the one great writer of martial and chivalric poetry had something in him akin to the other. Depend upon it, the blind old man of Scio's rocky isle had not always been blind. He had "drunk delight of battle with his peers." There was kinship between his spirit and that of the enthusiastic Captain of Yeomanry who once rode on a military errand a hundred miles in a day.

If the Introduction to the first canto of *Marmion* is not poetry, it surely must be because nothing is poetry that is not abstruse, or that performs the homely function of giving pleasure. It is too much spun out. Scott's fluency and facility are very apt to run away with him. Nor did he ever, either in his poems or in his novels, use the pruning-knife enough. But this fault makes itself less felt in *Marmion* than in the other poems.

The love of local names rich with associations is common to Scott with Homer, and to both of them with Milton.

Next of the poems in excellence to *Marmion*, it appears to me, is *Rokeyb*, at least the early part of it. The opening is fine, and strikes well the keynote of a tragic tale. Very fine is the character of the buccaneer, and his entrance on the scene with haughty stride. In *Rokeyb* we have

"O Brignall banks are wild and fair,"
the loveliest of those songs or ballads introduced in the narrative poems, which would surely of themselves suffice to give their writer no mean place among English poets. In the story of *Rokeyb*, though it is interesting, there is a flaw. There

is no intelligible reason for the conduct of Mortham in withdrawing himself from sight, his party having been victorious at Marston Moor.

Of the *Lady of the Lake*, the first part, barring the hunt, in which Scott is thoroughly at home, is somewhat diffuse and heavy. But the interest improves when Roderick Dhu and Fitzjames suddenly confront each other. The acute reader will perhaps have divined Fitzjames's rank from his use of his bugle to summon attendance after the duel with Roderick Dhu. Still, the disclosure in the palace at Holyrood is a very pretty passage.

Mr. Symons refers to Ruskin's eulogy of Scott as the master of the modern landscape in verse. Scott had an intense and genuine feeling for nature, but, with profound deference for Ruskin, I am not sure that I should have pitched upon him as its most accurate delineator. The vividness of the coloring it was that struck me, and I think would strike most people, in *Loch Katrine*. The description of Coriskin in the *Lord of the Isles* seems to me more spirited than accurate. In his descriptions of scenery I have sometimes thought that Scott says much that is true, but not exactly the right word. However, I bow to Ruskin.

In *Marmion*, the *Lady of the Lake*, and *Rokeyb*, Scott has the historic characters and circumstances pretty well within the grasp of his imagination. The same cannot be said with regard to the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. That poem was the first of the series, and was at the time a prodigious success. The ballad style was a great relief after the Popian, and the romance of the Middle Ages was almost as complete a revelation in its way to the English public as was the romance of Highland scenery and life in *Waverley*. There are passages in the poem, such as the opening of the first and third cantos, which are now recognized gems of our popular poetry. Margaret comes on the scene with one of those graceful turns of which Scott was master. But the picture

of the Middle Ages in the *Lay*, like that in *Ivanhoe* and the *Talisman*, so dear to boys, borders, to say the least, on the extravagant. There never was a castle, certainly there never was on the Scotch border, with a garrison of forty knights, twenty of them always in armor, sleeping in it, and with their visors down drinking their wine through the bars. Nor did any mediæval commander order his bowmen and billmen to assault a fortress without besieging it. The plot, though not without interest, is ill constructed; the natural and supernatural parts are not interwoven with each other. The mysterious powers of the Lady of Branksome, the mighty book of Michael

Scott, so awfully disinterred, and the Elfin Page, with his impish pranks, have hardly anything to do with the story.

The last of the series of poems, the *Lord of the Isles*, is decidedly inferior to the rest. The towering popularity of Byron may have helped to turn Scott from poetry to the novel. But the *Lord of the Isles* shows with painful clearness that the vein had been exhausted, and that the time for opening a fresh vein had come.

However, one might almost as well try to argue a man into or out of love for a woman as into or out of taste for a poet. Boys will be boys, and will persist in venerating Browning and loving Scott.

THE DRIFT AWAY FROM PROHIBITION

BY FRANK FOXCROFT

FIFTY years ago, it seemed probable that the policy of state prohibition of the liquor traffic would prevail in most states in which any serious effort was made to deal with the evil. Maine led the way in 1846, and its initiative was so generally recognized that for a long time state prohibition, wherever adopted, was known as "the Maine law." Prohibitory laws were enacted in Massachusetts and Vermont in 1852, and in New Hampshire in 1855; and Rhode Island, Connecticut, Delaware, Indiana, Kansas, Nebraska, Michigan, Illinois, Iowa, and North and South Dakota, at different times and for varying periods, adopted the same system, enacted into laws or embedded in their constitutions. But of these fifteen states which at one time or another have tried state prohibition, all but three — Maine, Kansas, and North Dakota — have abandoned it.¹

¹ Iowa is still nominally a prohibition state, but the so-called "Mulet" law, enacted in 1894, taxes the traffic and is practically a system of license and local option.

It would be hasty to conclude that this drift away from state prohibition points to a diminished sense of the evils of intemperance or a deadening of the public conscience. Rather, it is the result in part of the development of new conditions, and in part of a deepening conviction that the problem cannot be dealt with by general enactments or at long range. If the abandonment of prohibition had been attended by an increase of drunkenness, both might be attributed to a lowered moral tone in the population. But the reverse is true. Whatever fluctuations may appear in short periods of time or in some localities, there can be no doubt that during the last half century there has been a great improvement in the habits of the American people at large as regards intemperance. The excessive use of intoxicating liquors is not so common as it was fifty years ago. It carries with it a deeper social stigma. It is taken into account in life insurance tables and premium rates; and to an increasing extent

it is discouraged in a highly practical way by the regulations of corporations and other large employers which require strict temperance if not actual total abstinence of their employees. We have therefore to explain a change from a more rigorous to a less rigorous form of legislation against the liquor traffic, which is coincident with a deepening detestation of intemperance and a general improvement in sobriety.

One explanation of this phenomenon is the growth of the population and the change in its character wrought by immigration. The population of the United States in 1900 was more than three times as great as in 1850. The average annual increase by immigration in the decade prior to 1850 was 142,733; in the decade prior to 1900 it was 385,115. The communities over which the system of prohibition was extended in New England fifty years ago, and later in other states, were not only smaller but more homogeneous than they are to-day. The three states which have retained prohibition have to-day a population of only thirteen to the square mile; while the states which have abandoned prohibition have a population of ninety-eight to the square mile. Moreover, in the first group of states only fourteen per cent of the population is urban, while in the other group thirty-six per cent is urban. The weak point in the enforcement of state prohibition has always been its application to cities. As the population grows, therefore, and especially as it becomes increasingly concentrated in cities, it is to be anticipated that there will be a revolt against a system which takes no account of the different conditions of city and rural life, but imposes upon the cities through the votes of rural representatives restrictions which are repugnant to local sentiment. As these conditions continue and are intensified, one of two things is reasonably sure to follow: either the state prohibitory law is repealed, or its enforcement is practically suspended in the centres of population.

If the repeal of prohibitory laws signified the abandonment of the attempt legally to restrict the liquor traffic, it would be an occasion for grave concern. But it does not. It has resulted in every instance in the substitution of a local option system under which each local community is given power to prohibit the sale of liquor within its borders, and by the exercise of this power furnishes the support of local sentiment which is essential to the thorough enforcement of the prohibition. It is to be noticed, as affording ground for encouragement to those who deplore the existence of the legalized saloon as a promoter of intemperance, that not only has local option, direct or indirect, been adopted in 39 of the 45 states, but that the "dry" or no-license area under its operations is steadily increasing. This is especially true in the Southern states. There usually the county is the voting unit. At last accounts, Alabama had 20 prohibition counties, 11 under the dispensary system, and 35 under license; Arkansas had 44 prohibition counties, 29 license, and 2 divided; Florida had 32 prohibition counties and 13 under partial prohibition; Georgia had 104 prohibition counties, and 33 license and dispensary; Kentucky had 47 prohibition counties, 35 with one license each, 19 with two licenses each, and 18 under license; Louisiana had 20 prohibition counties and 39 license; Maryland had 15 prohibition and 9 license counties; Mississippi had 65 prohibition and 10 license counties; Missouri had 12 prohibition counties out of 115; Tennessee had 84 prohibition and 12 license counties; Texas had 136 prohibition counties, 46 license counties, and 62 counties under partial prohibition; and West Virginia had 40 prohibition and 14 license counties.

In an article, "A Study of Local Option," in the *Atlantic Monthly* for October, 1902, it was remarked: "It is significant that, while in each of the three New England states which have adopted prohibition there is increasing restive-

ness under the exactions of that system and the scandals which arise from it, there are no manifestations of discontent in the local option states." Within six months after the publication of that article the restiveness in the prohibition states which had been noticed culminated in Vermont and New Hampshire in the repeal of the prohibitory law and the substitution of local option. In Vermont, the proposed change was submitted to a referendum February 3, 1903, and was adopted by a vote of 29,711 to 28,982, a majority of 729. The law went into effect at once, and the first elections under it were held four weeks after the referendum. The slender majority by which the law was adopted grew into a license majority of 5151 in the total vote at the first elections under it. Ninety-one towns voted for license; one hundred and fifty towns voted against it. In New Hampshire the law was not submitted to the people. It was enacted March 27, 1903, and special elections were held under it May 12. Fifty-seven towns and eleven cities voted in favor of license, and one hundred and sixty-three towns voted against license. The total license vote was 34,330; the vote against license was 26,630,— a license majority of 7700.

The simultaneous change of policy in these two conservative New England states is the most significant incident in the recent history of temperance legislation. It furnishes the most conspicuous illustration of the drift from state prohibition to local option; and from every point of view, economic, political, and moral, it is so important as to justify a somewhat careful study of the particular form of local option adopted in each state, and its practical workings, so far as the lapse of time has permitted a test of them. The fact that in each state there has been a second chance to test public sentiment at the local option elections, and that in Vermont the time is at hand for a third expression, lends interest to such a study.

In both states, the size of the license

majorities at the first opportunity which the people had had for nearly or quite fifty years to express their views upon the question shows the strength of the revulsion against the system previously enforced. It is not surprising that this revulsion was greater in New Hampshire than in Vermont, for the urban population is larger in the former state. Nor is it surprising that the new system in New Hampshire should be less strict than in Vermont. The greater the tension under an obnoxious law, the greater the reaction when the law is repealed.

A comparison of these statutes discloses sharp differences between them. The Vermont law is the strongest and most consistent local option law in force in any state. It is modeled upon the Massachusetts law, but in nearly every particular in which it differs from that, it is in the direction of greater stringency. The vote is taken annually and automatically, as in Massachusetts. But a second option is provided. After a town has voted for license, a special town meeting may be called, upon the application of only six voters, at which must be submitted the question whether the licenses to be issued shall be for the sale of all kinds of liquor, or of beer and malt liquors only. Where the anti-saloon sentiment, therefore, is not strong enough to secure complete local prohibition, it is given a second chance to minimize the traffic.

Where license is voted, the licensing powers are not vested in the selectmen, but in a local board of license commissioners, appointed for a term of six years, and secured by the length of their tenure from the influences of politics. The drug-store nuisance, which has proved so great a plague in Massachusetts no-license communities, is reduced to a minimum. Pharmacists are put under \$1000 bonds not to violate the law, and their bonds are forfeited upon a third conviction. They are allowed to sell only for medicinal purposes, and then only upon the written prescription of a properly qualified physician, valid for only a single

sale,—instead of promiscuously upon the mere signature of the purchaser attesting the purpose for which he buys, as in Massachusetts. Moreover, in no-license communities, pharmacists' licenses, instead of being granted to any applicants at the discretion of the licensing authorities, cannot be granted at all except at the petition of five per cent of the voters and a majority of the resident physicians. A physician who prescribes intoxicating liquor when he has reason to believe that it is not required for medicinal use is liable to a fine of \$200 for the first and of \$500 for each subsequent offense.

Saloons are under much the same restrictions as in Massachusetts as regards hours of sale, selling on Sundays or election days, sales to minors, habitual drunkards, or persons to whom sale has been forbidden by the written notice of parents, guardians, children, husbands, wives, or employers. Saloon-keepers are forbidden, not only to obstruct a view of their premises by screens, shutters, or curtains, but even to expose in their windows any bottle, cask, or other vessel in such a way as to advertise their business. Right of civil action is given to any husband, wife, child, parent, guardian, or employer who is in any way injured by an intoxicated person, against any person who by selling or giving liquor has helped to cause such intoxication, and the owner or lessor of the building is made jointly liable in such cases. A unique section of the law strikes at a practice admittedly provocative of intemperance by providing that "no intoxicating liquor shall be sold or furnished to a person for another person or any number of persons, to drink on the licensed premises, in the way commonly known as 'treating.'"

The evil chain which in Massachusetts and some other local option states enables brewers and wholesale dealers to control the retail trade by going upon the bonds of saloon-keepers is snapped in Vermont, where no person directly or indirectly engaged in the liquor traffic is accepted as surety, and no person can

be surety upon the bond of more than one applicant. The number of licenses is limited to one for each thousand of the population, and the fee for a license which permits the sale of all kinds of liquor to be drunk on the premises ranges from \$500 to \$1200. As to the enforcement of the law, every policeman, constable, and sheriff is required, under a penalty of \$200, to "report forthwith" to the License Board any violation of the law which he has observed, or which has been called to his attention, and at intervals of not more than three months all such officers are called before the board and required to make report under oath as to any indication they have observed or information they have received tending to show violations of the law. The License Board, under penalty of \$300, must investigate all such reports, and prosecute every complaint, if well founded.

Very different is the New Hampshire law. There are the usual restrictions upon the business of licensed dealers, but in less drastic form than in Vermont. The most remarkable feature of the law is the creation of a state board of License Commissioners consisting of three members, not more than two of whom may belong to the same political party. The commissioners hold office for a term of six years. They are placed under bonds, and they must have no interest, direct or indirect, in the liquor business. This board holds the liquor traffic of the state in the hollow of its hand. There is almost no limit to its discretion. In license towns and cities it may grant any number of licenses, and it may revoke any license after a hearing. In the case of innholders' licenses, which are of great importance in a state like New Hampshire, where the summer boarder figures so largely, the board may fix the license fee at any point it pleases, from \$25 to \$1000, and it may revoke any such license at its discretion, with or without notice, and with or without cause. Nor is this the limit of its powers. Even in places which have voted against

license, the board may license innholders and keepers of railroad restaurants. The latter are allowed to sell only malt liquor, cider, or light wines, but there is no restriction as to those to whom they may sell. Innholders are allowed to sell all kinds of liquor to be drunk on the premises, but in no-license towns and cities they are forbidden to sell to residents of the town or city in which their hotels are located, or to any other than duly registered guests.

Here are very serious loopholes in the law. A community which wants to stop the liquor traffic within its borders may vote to do so by an overwhelming majority, but a distant board may nevertheless inflict liquor-selling hotels and liquor-selling railroad restaurant keepers upon it. And in towns and cities which vote for license, the issue and the revocation of licenses, the selection of locations, the detection of violations, the discipline of offenders,—these and all other details are under the control and at the caprice of the same distant board, totally removed from local influence, unrestrained by considerations of local welfare, and exercising its large discretion without review or appeal. It is clear that a board of License Commissioners composed of two robust members of one party and a pliant representative of another might become, through its absolute control of the liquor traffic, a dangerous political machine. If the board created by the New Hampshire law does not become such a machine, it will be because its members are of the incorruptible type. The security of the state depends upon their personal qualities, not on safeguards provided by the law. As a matter of fact, the evils which were apprehended from this feature of the law have not been realized up to the present time. The board has administered the law with such fidelity that, according to the *New Hampshire Issue*, the organ of the state Anti-Saloon League, the leaders of the no-license movement favor the principle of state control, and would like to see it

extended to the enforcement of the law in cases of violation. The *Issue* mentions particular instances in which the board has revoked hotel licenses purely on the merits of the cases and in opposition to strong local and political influences.

Light is thrown upon the conditions in both states, under the prohibitory law and under the present system, by a comparison of the number of persons who pay special taxes to the United States government as wholesale and retail liquor dealers. The tax receipts of the United States internal revenue collectors are often loosely called United States licenses. They are not that, for the federal government does not license the liquor traffic, it taxes it. But liquor dealers stand in such awe of the federal authority that few of them venture to sell liquor without paying the United States tax. To avoid prosecution in the federal courts, they must be able to produce the internal revenue receipt. But in Vermont and New Hampshire and some other local option states, the mere possession of such a receipt is sufficient evidence that the person holding it is engaged in the sale of liquor. The luckless dealer is therefore between the devil and the deep sea. If he cannot show the receipt, he is subject to prosecution by the federal authorities; if he has such a receipt, he provides all the evidence necessary to convict him in the state courts.

Using initial letters to designate retail and wholesale dealers in all kinds of liquor and in malt liquors respectively, the official returns show the number of persons in Vermont and New Hampshire paying special taxes in 1902 under the prohibitory law, and in 1904 under the local option law:—

VERMONT.

	R. L. D.	W. L. D.	R. D. M. L.	W. D. M. L.	Total.
1902	240		318	14	572
1904	258		40		298

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

1902	1348	14	326	70	1758
1904	1043	26	50	70	1189

This comparison puts it beyond question that in both states more persons sold liquor under the prohibitory law than are now selling it under license. In Vermont, this difference is occasioned by the large number of persons paying taxes in the earlier year for the sale of malt liquors. Eliminating these, and considering only the taxes upon a general retail liquor business, it appears that there were eighteen fewer dealers carrying on this business in Vermont under prohibition than under license; but the change is so slight as to indicate that the prohibitory law did not impose a serious check upon the liquor traffic except in those communities which, of their own option, under the new law have shut out the saloons. Of the 240 dealers taxed in 1902 in Vermont, 84 were town agents; but the remaining 156 were carrying on an illegal business. In New Hampshire, the contrast is striking and significant. So far as conditions may be read in these returns, there were 276 more persons selling malt liquors at retail, and 305 more persons carrying on a general retail liquor business, in New Hampshire under the prohibitory law than there are now under the license law.

But there is another test of the working of the two systems, namely, the convictions for intoxication. Here are some figures from Vermont, the comparison being made in each case between the twelve months from May, 1901, to April, 1902, under prohibition, and the twelve months from May, 1903, to April, 1904, under the present law:

	1901-02.	1903-04.
Rutland city court	95	469
Burlington city and justice courts	129	343
St. Albans city and justice courts	207	274
Commitments to county jails:		
Addison County	6	17
Bennington County	7	49
Caledonia County	14	16
Chittenden County	126	508
Orange County	6	12
Rutland County	84	302
Washington County	57	198
Franklin County	136	210
Lamoille County	3	34

It will be observed that in every instance there has been an increase, and in most instances a considerable increase, in the convictions for intoxication under the present law. Comparing the totals, we find that convictions and commitments for intoxication have risen from 870 in the prohibitory year to 2432 in the license year. This is an appalling change for the worse; and it seems impossible to account for this threefold increase except on the theory that, whatever the number of persons engaged in the business under the two systems, the more open traffic has swollen the volume of intemperance.

As might have been expected, the effect of these excesses is apparent in the vote of the towns at the second elections under the law, in March, 1904. The pendulum swung far out toward license in the first year. It swung back again at the next trial of public sentiment. The most remarkable change was in Rutland, where the transition from prohibition to license had resulted in a kind of orgy which, as shown by the above table, multiplied the convictions for intoxication nearly fivefold. Rutland city in 1903 voted for license by 1737 to 542. In 1904 it voted for no-license by 1211 to 1109. Changes scarcely less marked took place in most communities where the excesses under the new system had been greatest. Thus in Chittenden County the license majority was cut down from 2690 to 755; in Bennington County it was reduced from 1132 to 235; and in Rutland, Washington, and Franklin counties it was wiped out altogether. In 1903, 91 towns voted for license and 155 against it. In 1904 only 40 towns voted for license and 206 voted against it. In the aggregate vote in the state the license majority of 5151 in March, 1903, was changed to a no-license majority of 7071 at the elections in March, 1904.

The following table shows arrests for drunkenness in four New Hampshire cities in twelve months under the old law, compared with arrests for the same cause in twelve months under the new:—

	Prohibition.	License.
Berlin	419	1146
Dover	257	468
Franklin	72	198
Keene	167	410
	—	—
	915	2222

In these four cities drunkenness, tested by arrests, has more than doubled under the new order of things. But in Manchester and Portsmouth, two cities in which the former prohibitory law was tempered and practically abrogated under the so-called "Healy system" of local connivance at its violation, the number of arrests has dropped, in the former from 1121 to 953, and in the latter from 874 to 799. This indicates that, in cities where drastic liquor laws are repugnant to local sentiment, enforced license may be more promotive of sobriety than unenforced prohibition.

The New Hampshire law, as originally drafted and reported to the legislature of 1903, gave the cities of the state no option, but condemned them permanently to license. Public sentiment compelled a remodeling of the measure so as to provide for a vote on the license question in the cities every fourth year, beginning with 1906. We shall have to wait nearly two years longer, therefore, to know whether any of the eleven cities which adopted license in 1903 are weary of it. But the towns voted for the second time November 8, 1904. The number of license towns was reduced from fifty-eight to forty-seven. Thirteen towns changed from no-license to license; twenty-four from license to no-license. But the actual change was more important than these figures indicate, for the towns which changed from "no" to "yes" are small places with an aggregate population of 9581, while the towns which changed from "yes" to "no" have a total population of 48,606. The actual result, therefore, is to make a net addition of about 39,000 to the population living under voluntary local prohibition.

This hasty survey of conditions in the two states indicates that in neither has public sentiment yet crystallized into full approval of the change. The old system worked ill, but the new is not working well. The revulsion against state prohibition was so strong that even some of the smallest towns, with only a handful of voters—for example, Glastonbury and Norton in Vermont, the former casting only ten and the latter only twenty-two votes, and Dummer and Lincoln in New Hampshire, the one casting only twenty-four and the other forty-three votes—were swept away by it. But the force of this revolt has spent itself, as is shown by the diminished number of places voting for license. It is now local option which is on trial before the bar of public opinion. If it continues to make so bad a showing in Vermont, regarding increase of drunkenness, as is disclosed in the figures which have been quoted, it will scarcely maintain itself. If the referendum in that state were to be taken over again to-morrow, probably the result would be the reverse of what it was in 1903. But if the new system is given a fair trial, it may be found that the legalized liquor traffic can be restricted under it within extremely narrow limits, and that where public sentiment tolerates its existence, it will be able to regulate its excesses more effectively than was possible under a system which ignored local sentiment.

In New Hampshire, the heavy license majority in the aggregate local option vote shows how irksome were the old restrictions. Conditions are as yet too unstable to admit of assured prediction, but there seems little doubt that, in that state at least, local option will be retained indefinitely, and that the efforts of opponents of the saloons will be directed chiefly toward extending the no-license area, and from time to time strengthening the law at points where it is found defective.

A BUNDLE OF OLD LETTERS¹

(THE LELAND PAPERS)

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL

I

A THING has only to be said often enough, and most people will believe it. I suppose this is why we are ready to agree that the art of letter-writing perished with our great-grandfathers. But if letters then did lose their fine flavor,—which, remembering FitzGerald's, Stevenson's, and a few others, seems to me at least an open question,—they still had to be written; and I sometimes think that, even to-day, more can be learned of a man from the letters he receives than from the things at which he laughs, once considered the test.

Certainly, had I been a stranger to the Rye,—as I must continue to call my Uncle, Charles Godfrey Leland, whom I would scarcely recognize by any other name,—I could not have gone through the mass of correspondence he left to my care, and not have learned something of the way he worked, endlessly and tirelessly; of the wholesale enthusiasm with which he threw himself into his tasks and friendships and appreciations; of his readiness to squander his energy in helping other people. Nor could I have doubted that, in his time, he had been a great wanderer over the face of the earth. The very confusion in which I found the letters was eloquent of the constant work and frequent journeys, that left no time for their systematic arrangement. Some were tied together anyhow; others were neatly classified and labelled; at the end they were fastened, as they came, in his books of Memoranda. And the worst of it is, there are great gaps in the correspondence, long intervals with not a letter from anybody to account for them,

as if in moments of despair wholesale destruction had seemed to him the only hope of order; or else, the chances of time and travel had saved him the trouble.

Of his early student days in the Universities of Heidelberg and Paris, of his first journeys abroad, when he—like Story and Longfellow and Motley and Bancroft and how many others—was one of Mr. Henry James's “precursors,” next to nothing has been spared. And yet, what value his impressions of German student life in their first freshness would have! What a document his story of the French Revolution of 1848, as he dashed it off in the heat of the moment to a friend, would be!—the story told while he still quivered with those adventures of battle and barricade which remained forever after so vivid in his memory that, as late as 1890, being then in his sixty-seventh year, he was writing in his Memoranda, under the date February 24: “On Feb. 24th, 1848, forty-two years ago, at this hour I was in the thick of the French Revolution—at the Tuileries. Even now the memory inspires me. What a day it was for me! I felt and knew its greatness at the time. I felt that everything in which I took part was history. ‘Shot and smoke and sabre stroke and death shots following fast.’ . . . Now I am high and dry on the beach. But I remember when I rolled in the waves.”

Of the period of storm and stress at home, from 1848 to 1869, when he was lawyer, author, journalist, editor, soldier, politician, when he wrote his *Meister Karl*, first translated Heine, and sprang into fame as Hans Breitmann, the letters are almost as silent. It is like the playful perversity of fate that the only two I

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have so far discovered should present an absurd contrast, and should have no bearing whatever upon his public career, though they reveal much to anybody with the clue. For one, from Lowell, written during the year — the first of the Civil War — spent by the Rye in Boston, makes it clear that already his literary work opened to him the then most exclusive doors of the literary world; while the other, from Max Strakosch, eight years later, proves as plainly that his critical work on the press passed him behind the scenes of musical and theatrical life.

This letter of Lowell's may be slight compared to the endless pages he wrote to his more intimate friends. But its careful preservation, enclosed in the little old-fashioned envelope with the long superseded stamp and securely fastened in a volume of the *Poems*, — the literary relic in its appropriate shrine, — shows, I think, how much it was prized by the Rye, and is also suggestive of the attitude of the "younger men" of that day toward Lowell. It is pleasant to add, as a sort of parenthesis, that this attitude, in the case of the Rye, was not weakened by years. When Lowell was sent from Madrid to London in 1880, Dr. Holmes wrote to him, "Leland (Hans Breitmann), who has been living in London some years, says you will be the most popular American Minister we have ever sent," a prophecy that, in its fulfilment, did no small credit to the powers of the prophet. "Our Club," referred to in Lowell's letter, is, of course, the Saturday Club; — that the society he met there was on the whole better than any England provided, was his estimate of it even in 1883, when he had had a fair chance for comparison. The "notice," whether of the *Poems* or of the *Biglow Papers* it is impossible now to tell, has vanished, as the most flattering notices will, once they have served their turn in review or paper. The letter is dated 1861, and is from Elmwood, — "the place I love best," Lowell described it to his old friend Charles F. Briggs that very same year.

"It is only too flattering," he begins abruptly. "I thought our Club did not meet Christmas week, or I should have been there and claimed you as my guest. Let me engage you now for the last Saturday in the month. I shall call upon you the first time I come to Boston, which will be next Saturday. I have a vacation before long, and then I shall hope to see more of you.

"I was infinitely diverted by your extracts from the Ballad and shall be greatly obliged for a copy of the whole.

"With many thanks,

Cordially yours,

J. R. LOWELL.

P. S. I mean it is the notice of J. R. L. that is too flattering. I know not what else to say — except that I am pleased for all that. I send my *beso la mano* to the author with many thanks."

With this, another note from Lowell was preserved as carefully in the same volume, where both have lain undisturbed now for almost a half century. The second is not to the Rye, however, but to give his address to Professor Child, — a businesslike hasty little scribble of a few lines, but with one personal touch in the "dear Ciarli" at the beginning, that would mean a great deal, I fancy, to all who are left of a certain group of Boston scholars.

As for the letter from Max Strakosch, it has survived most likely because it was never delivered. It is to Maurice Strakosch in Paris, introducing the Rye, then starting on his second wanderings abroad, and describing him, with the eye to the main chance and the genuine good nature that are apparently part of the stock in trade of the profession, as "a very wealthy man and very highly educated," the defender of Miss Kellogg from the stupid attacks of "Bohemian papers," — in a word, a man to be brought into society, any favor to whom "will do me good." Whether the Paris society into which Maurice Strakosch could bring him was just the kind for which the Rye was eager, is another matter. But, anyway, he says,

in his *Memoirs*, that after his arrival in Paris "a distaste for operas, theatres, dinners, society," suddenly came over him, which may account for the fact that the letter now lies before me, the paper torn and crumpled, and the memories it evokes of opera in the sixties as faint and faded as the writing.

Two letters are a meagre record of the correspondence covering the first forty-five years of a busy man's life; a meagreness I regret the more keenly when I look over the many belonging to the period that immediately follows. But, after all, that any at all should have survived is something to be grateful for. Besides, the period in question, from 1869 to 1879, spent by the Rye chiefly in England, was far from being the least amusing or least industrious of his successful career. He was in his very prime, he was full of work, his reputation had preceded him, he met all the people most worth meeting, he lived much in the world, he entertained and was entertained, he made many friends, and, now and then, he wandered from England to the Continent as far as Russia, to the East as far as Egypt, countries not then exploited by Cook or appropriated by Lunn. There are gaps here also. To wander with him through the correspondence of this decade is to be brought up constantly against a dead wall. But almost always there is a friendly letter at hand to lead the way back again, or a friendlier packet to give the entire history of one phase or branch of his studies. Sometimes, as in the case of his Gypsy correspondence, the documents are of too much importance to be separated. But from what I might call his general correspondence, a suggestive impression is to be had of his life, his work, his interests, his amusements, and, incidentally, of his delightful relations with delightful people at the time.

In all this correspondence, my pleasure is greatest — because I think his would have been — in the letters from two old friends who supply the strongest links with the past, and who go far to convince

me, at any rate, that letter-writing was not a lost art in their generation. For one was Oliver Wendell Holmes, whom the Rye got to know well during that year in Boston; and the other was George Boker, whom he had always known still better, from the days when they were in frocks and pinafores and their fathers were partners in a prosperous business.

The Rye felt, but with an intensity all his own, the almost universal love of the reading public for Dr. Holmes, and his respect and admiration for the doctor's work was great. I can remember how, when I started on my journalistic career, he urged me to write for advice and help to the kindly Autocrat in Boston, and I cannot even yet rid myself of the belief that to receive a letter from Dr. Holmes — and I did receive one — was the first step toward literary success; not so original a belief as I supposed when I wrote, five thousand among poets alone, according to Mr. Aldrich's liberal estimate, having shared it with me. I am sure the Autocrat would have liked it could he have read the note in my Uncle's Memoranda (1893) which dwells pleasantly on him as "far above any other man whom I can now recall, apt at illustration, marvellous in memory, quick with appropriate anecdote, judicious and sensible in his views, and genial in everything." The doctor's letters were not of a kind to cool this admiration, once it had been inspired, and I am the more glad to quote them because they have never been published before. The first — that is, the first in my packet — was written early in 1872. It is full of just the news the exile from home would most care to have; full, too, of the humor, the playfulness, and the sympathy that are the charm of Dr. Holmes's books. The allusions in it explain themselves. We might wonder that so much feeling is shown about Motley when almost two years had passed since his recall, if we did not know how much longer this feeling lasted, not only with Dr. Holmes, but with all Motley's friends. Even in 1879, Lowell, writing from Madrid, to an-

nounce his intention of remaining there, added promptly, "if they don't Motleyize me." The reference to Sumner is just what might be expected from the Autocrat, who always "liked his talk" about things, as he told another correspondent many years later on, even while he smiled in that kindly way of his at the "exaggerated personality."

... "I have for the last year," he writes, "lived in a house which we have built and the address of which you may see above. It is a great improvement in position, and I think you would say that my study with its bay windows looking out over the broad expanse of the river was too good for any but an honest man and brother author. . . .

"I have not a great deal to tell about your friends of the Saturday Club. Agassiz has gone off on an expedition to the western coast of America. He has sent back word that he has found a fish's nest in certain masses of gulf weed — and seems to be supremely happy about it. Nobody is so rich as a naturalist. You come across something nasty and poke it with a stick and say it stinks (good English words both, are they not?), and he springs at it, calls it by a Latin name and bags it and carries it off as if it were a nugget of virgin gold. Agassiz has almost entirely recovered from his very alarming attack of a year or two ago. The rest are as you left them. We have pretty full and very pleasant meetings — I think nobody is more constant at them than I am. That and a dinner party now and then make up my dissipations. Last summer I spent a week at a country house with Charley Sumner, whom in spite of the somewhat exaggerated personality of which some complain I always find full of knowledge such as I like to listen to. Motley has never returned to America since his most unexpected recall as Minister. He and his family are at The Hague, where the Queen of Holland makes much of them as I hear. I feel very sorry for his great disappointment, which I do not think he had de-

served, but which I am disposed to attribute to indirect and not very creditable influences. I cannot believe that if Mr. Sumner and the President had not fallen out our friend could ever have been subjected to such an indignity. The reference to the old house which you speak of was in the first number of a new series of articles I am writing for the *Atlantic Monthly* under the title 'the Poet at the Breakfast-Table.' I have long thought that as I had spoken often of two characters besides the 'Autocrat' namely the 'Professor' and the 'Poet,' I would finish the series by a third volume, and my two instalments of this last have been very kindly received. I am glad to hear that you have secured your audience, for I feel sure you can keep it when it has once taken hold. Don't break your neck or your legs hunting (as poor Jerry Whipple — you did n't know him? — did at Pau — one of his legs, that is), for there would be mourning in two worlds for Hans Breitmann. How well I remember the first time I read one of those famous poems! Their bones are full of marrow. If the new poems are as good in their way as the others were in their own vein, your triumphant success is assured. We are just trying for an International Copyright, which I hope will by and by put a good many guineas in your pocket."

It is impossible that this letter should have led merely to a cessation of the correspondence for nine years. But the next I find from Dr. Holmes is dated July 18, 1881, when the Rye was back in America, — in Philadelphia. It is going ahead a trifle fast to give it just here, but the two seem all the better for being read together. I remember the occasion for the second letter only too well. The Rye had been asked to read the Phi Beta poem at Harvard in the summer of 1881. He wrote it with even more than the usual care and enthusiasm he lavished upon whatever he might have to do. I used to see him daily at that period, and he would read me in the afternoon the lines he had written in the morning. It meant much to

him,—he put into it the theories that then largely preoccupied him. I do not believe it was ever published, and, after this long interval, I should not venture to explain its subject in detail. But I know it touched upon the modern materialism that he believed was leading to the noblest, the most perfect, spiritualism ever yet evolved. Therefore what he thought the indifference of his audience when he read the poem at Harvard was a deep disappointment, and he felt it enough to say so frankly to Dr. Holmes. I do not know which pleases me better, his own frankness, or the equal frankness with which the doctor met it.

"I was sorry for the circumstance you mention so quietly — very sorry," Holmes wrote from Beverly Farms. "Now I will tell you one or two things about the Phi Beta Poem. Over and over again I wanted to get up and tell you that the last portion of many lines could not, I felt sure, be heard. But it is so awkward to interrupt — and to be interrupted — that I refrained from doing it. I was confident that many of the best points were not taken, simply because they were not clearly heard. It is the commonest fault of those who read their own verse to let their voices drop at the end and towards the end of a line. My wife has so often reproved me for it that I have learned pretty well to avoid it. . . . You must remember also that Boston was almost literally empty of its proper world when you were there, and that 'everybody' scattered off from Cambridge in every direction in the afternoon trains.

"In delivering your poem you were at such a disadvantage as perhaps no other Phi Beta poet ever was before. Wendell Phillips at *Harvard* was an event — I don't doubt some of the other alumni went into convulsions about it. He had utterly exhausted the sensibilities of his audience before you had a chance at them. I saw at once, before you opened your lips, that you had an impossible task — to address an audience which was exhausted by two hours of electric shocks. It is al-

ways a difficult matter to interest an audience tired with a long piece of declamation. I do not think that your predecessors of late years have succeeded in doing it. I have myself on one occasion delivered a poem after an eloquent and taking address, and experienced a wretched sense of depression after it in consequence. Your poem will *read* well, I have no doubt, and would have gone off finely if you had had a fresh audience."

One pleasant incident, however, there had been in the midst of the disappointment,—an incident that reveals something of the boyish element both men retained to the end. "When I went to Boston to deliver the Phi Beta Kappa Poem in 1881," it is recorded in the *Memoranda*, "Dr. Holmes invited me to pass a day with him at his place in Beverly. It was a very delightful day. I went out to take a walk with him, and picked up on the shore some of the shells of the *Unio*, a thick pearl mussel. Dr. Holmes said something to the effect that it was a pity that such beautiful objects should be without value, when I replied that I could easily make them sell for five dollars apiece. So I took some to the house, and asked the Doctor to write his name on each, which he did, and I then said, 'These will now easily sell for five dollars each.' At which he was much pleased, and I think was deeply touched when I remarked that by this shelling out I should induce collectors of autographs to fork over, as is usual in consuming oysters."

The other letters from the *Autocrat* were all written in 1888: one or two sad enough, just after the death of his wife, and one or two in answer to the Rye's request for hints or suggestions to help him in the slang dictionary upon which he was then engaged. "I think Lowell knows more about New England dialects than anybody," Dr. Holmes wrote to my Uncle; and a few weeks later, with his inevitable thoughtfulness, he was trying to enlist the sympathy of Lowell: "I referred Leland to you for Yankee phrases which you know better than anybody else;" Lowell

being, indeed, as many others testify, an authority on "the rustic American speech." It was like Dr. Holmes that though, modestly, he disclaimed any special knowledge, he sat down at once and wrote for the Rye eight long pages of New England slang and sayings and superstitions, and I think it may have been owing to the Rye's request that he noted these down also in his autobiographical notes which, as one reads them now in Mr. Morse's memoir, are almost a replica of parts of his letters.

"I wish I could write you a letter worth twenty pounds or twenty cents for the information held in it," he writes on June 4, 1888. "If this note is worth two cents the value is more than I am expecting. All I can possibly do is to jot down a few expressions, most of which you are familiar with, some of which are not of the sort you want (probably), and a very few of which may possibly be new to you. Look these two or three columns over, and throw them in the waste-basket if useless. All I know is very little. I have never studied the subject, but I have come in contact with a certain number of local beliefs, superstitions, impressions, phrases, etc." And then there follow too many to quote in full; the most interesting, perhaps, contributed by the "help," imported in those days from the interior of Massachusetts, who taught him "that the Devil went round by night picking up things, and if one signed his name in his own blood and left it out, it would be gone in the morning. The same personage was thought to assist suicides in their attempts, so that a man wishing to hang himself was assisted by Satan in person as a volunteer Jack Ketch for the occasion. Other beliefs of similar origin were that one who counted the stars to a thousand would drop down dead; that if one killed a swallow, the cow would give bloody milk. Certain sandy spots in Cambridge, one near the well-known Jarvis Field beyond Holmes Field, were known as the 'Devil's Footsteps' and looked upon with an awe not altogether displeasing.

"Passing to the domain of medicine, I remember on the kitchen shelf one of our rustic employés kept an ill-conditioned looking bottle said to contain 'Hicy pikey' — *hiera picia*, or sacred bitter, an acoholic. Externally, 'Opodeldoc' was the favourite application. Rum was a handy substitute, for rum was to be found everywhere. I remember that my childish idea of a labouring man was a rough-skinned, horny-handed human being who always smelt strong of rum. My brother tells a story of a poor rheumatic complaining of dreadful pain who applied at the house of our cousin Phillips (Wendell was one of the boys in it) for a little rum, which was brought him — perhaps by little warm-hearted Wendell himself. Dipping the tip of his forefinger delicately in the fluid, he touched the lame joint with it, and swallowed the contents of the teacup, thinking they would be more useful internally. Cambridge was half country in those days. There were plenty of actual squirrels, — 'field mice' Tom Appleton told me they were called at the South, — probably wood - chucks, and possibly foxes. The language of my immediate neighbours was of a mingled character, partly rural, partly suburban. Excuse me — I did not intend to, then other boys would have said 'I did n't go to.'"

But it is needless to keep on. The substance of these letters is virtually contained in the autobiographical notes, and I print a few extracts only to show the interest Dr. Holmes took in my Uncle's new venture. There is a flash of the old humor in the last paragraph of the last letter of all. "My charge," he says, — for the really valuable help he gave, — "is two cents — which is more than it is worth, and which, as exchange is troublesome, I excuse you from paying."

Into the Rye's friendship with George Boker there entered a deeper, warmer feeling. Their intimacy, as Boker once wrote, was "almost that of brothers." "Dear old Charley," he says in one of his letters, — and the "Charley" gives the measure of their friendship, — "you are

the only man living with whom I can play the fool through a long letter and be sure that I shall be clearly understood at the end. To say that this privilege is cheerful is to say little, for it is the breath of life to a man of a certain humour,"—especially if that man happen to be alone in a foreign land, his daily life hedged about with the form and ceremonial of diplomacy. When I recall my Uncle's friends, Boker is always the foremost figure,—and a very splendid figure as I remember, still the Apollo he had been called in his youth, though I only knew him in his middle age, when his hair was already white. I can still see him, his handsome head high above the crowd in Chestnut Street, where he, like Walt Whitman, and the Rye too, was apt to take his stroll at the end of the day's work. Philadelphia is supposed to yield only commonplace, but I often wonder if three finer, more striking men were ever met anywhere than those three who, in the days of which I speak, were to be passed almost every fine afternoon, as they swaggered down from Broad Street to Seventh, before Walt took the horse-car, or still farther down, past the *Ledger* office, with a smile and a shrug perhaps for the great man within dispensing cups and saucers; or past the *Press* office, where the Rye and Boker, each in his different way, had been an influence and a power. Well—it will be long before Philadelphia can show three such men again, though while they were alive, in true Philadelphia fashion, she made as little of them as she conveniently could.

But good looks were not George Boker's only merit. He was the truest and kindest of friends,—“the good and dear Boker” even to Mr. John Morley, who knew him infinitely less well. If his letters begin only with the seventies, it is easily understood, for the two friends were always together, except during the Rye's first stay abroad; and of that stay, as I have explained, no records remain. But it was early in the seventies that George Boker was sent as United States Minister to

Constantinople, and what letters there are, therefore, were written during the most interesting and active part of his career.

The first is from Philadelphia, on Christmas Eve, 1871, and announces the Turkish Mission, and also the progress of *Meister Karl*, which Boker was seeing through the press.

MY DEAR CHARLEY,—The rarest thing with me just now is time. I might give you a shilling at a pinch, but a half hour is an article which I do not happen to have about me. I am in a whirl of preparation for my departure from America . . . my passage is taken in the “Algeria” for the 10th of January, and I shall start then, provided the State Department do not detain me for some foolish purpose of its own. I hope that you will have taken up your abode in London by the time I arrive. . . .

Meister Karl is not yet out, which is queer, for my patchwork was finished a month ago. Long-headed Fop! he is waiting for something to turn up, I suppose. By the way, your rhapsody over the East in “M. K.” had something to do with my acceptance of the Turkish Mission; and if you have been lying, I shall find you out, old boy: so it would be well for you to add a note about the fleas, and the cholera, and the plague, *et id genus omne*, to save your reputation, for which I tremble. The next time I address you, it will be face to face, *laus Deo!*

The letters from Constantinople have more than a personal interest. Boker knew—none better—and could himself see the sort of picturesqueness that appealed most powerfully to his friend, for whom he was always ready to make picturesque notes of it. But in his account of his own work, he was giving, without dreaming that he would ever reach a larger public, an excellent idea of the way the American diplomat is made,—or was made before the idea of the so-called Civil Service entered into the policy of Wash-

ington. The training of actual experience, from the time of Benjamin Franklin and John Adams to Boker and Lowell, did not turn out so badly for the country, but it was no light matter for the poor diplomats themselves. "All alone, without a human being I had ever seen before in my life, and with unaccustomed duties, feeling as if I were beset with snares on every hand, obliged to carry on the greater part of my business in a strange tongue," Lowell wrote to Tom Hughes from Madrid. And in practically the same terms Boker reports his initiation into diplomacy in the first letter to the Rye from the Legation at Constantinople (July 27, 1872).

"You must remember that I had no experience in diplomacy, no knowledge even of the routine of business, and not the smallest acquaintance with the Turkish language. For these things I was wholly dependent upon —, and him I was warned to distrust. I was therefore obliged to scrutinize all that he did and all that he counselled, with that sort of suspicious care which doubled the work.

. . . I shall not weary you with a history of my apprenticeship in diplomacy. You may fancy how difficult it has been, what caution and exhaustive inquiry it needed, and what a sea of labors I struggled through until I reached my present position of security. Now I do not feel myself to be deficient before my older diplomatic colleagues; besides possessing certain mental qualifications, which you know all about, and with which heaven has not blessed all men equally. I am sure of this, that if you saw me transacting my business with the false, wily Orientals, at the Sublime Porte, or with the foreign Ministers at one of their scheming general meetings, you would not feel ashamed of the figure cut on these occasions by the man who for many a long year has been almost your brother — wholly indeed your brother in spirit if not by the ties of blood. . . .

"How often I think of you as I am making my way through the motley crowds of

Constantinople, or surveying the strange, wild landscape as I drive through the country. Talk of languages! There is not a boot-black who cannot speak half a dozen, and the attainments of some men, who have knocked about a little, are to me wonderful. For example, we have a man in the Consulate who speaks eleven languages fluently, and yet who cannot write his own name in any one of them. All the natives here, almost without exception, speak Turkish, Greek, Italian, French, and Armenian. Some of them have a smattering of English also. You would revel in the 'Grande Rue de Pera;' you would go wild with excitement if you stood upon the bridge which crosses the Golden Horn, and saw the wonderfully costumed crowd go by you, and listened to the various languages which the individuals uttered. Within a mile of me — for I am now living at Therapia upon the Bosphorus — there is a delicious encampment of the black tents of a tribe of Gipseys. How you would like to get among them! Whenever one of the little black-skinned devils of children runs out to me with his or her, 'Cheeli, chelibi, cheeli!' I always think of you, and give the impudent beggar a piastre for your sake. . . .

"By the way, the Khedive is here at present, and I like him much, and I like his Prime Minister, Nubar Pacha, still better. They have invited me to go up the Nile next winter, and I am going, to be sure. Would you not like to come along with me? If so, I shall be glad to make room for you in our party. On the whole, why should you not go? You ought to see the Nile before you die, and here is an excellent chance, and in such company as will open all Egypt before you. Think of this seriously. Of course, as Mrs. Boker will go, you will take Madame Belle with you, and we shall be as happy as Heaven together for two months at least."

The trip up the Nile was made, and the chronicle of the Paradise Boker predicted is the *Egyptian Sketch Book*, that curious medley of knowledge and fun, never, at

any time, appreciated, and now, I am afraid, neglected altogether. Innocents Abroad may be tolerated in Europe, but apparently the line must be drawn at gayety in Egypt. And the book is gay. The Rye, who had written glowingly, even a little exaltedly, of the "Morning Land" before he knew it, once he got there was clear-eyed enough to see it as it really is, with the fleas and the flies and the beggars and all the other nuisances Boker had once rallied him for ignoring. And he enjoyed everything with the zest of a schoolboy off for a holiday, describing discomforts and disappointments and absurdities, not with the traveller's usual ill temper and pettishness, but always with a sense of their humorous aspect that is irresistible, combined with a really remarkable keenness of observation and an intelligent comprehension of the country, its people, and its traditions, that would set up a whole army of travel-writers for life. If merely for the portrait of Mohamet Wahab, who spoke from four to six languages in one, his exploits leaving Mark Twain's excursions into German far behind, the book deserves to be revived. That it should not have met with the success that means perennial revival, is to me the mystery. It was dedicated to Boker, who, back at his post in Constantinople, wrote many more letters, — so many more records of hard work of which this is a fair specimen: —

"For the last year my diplomatic life has been one unending and violent wrangle with the Turks. I have fought them at all points that can be raised by the Capitulations, the Treaties, or by Ottoman Law, and I have licked them at the same: but even the victor suffers with the wear and the tear of such struggles. Besides these wordy fights, I have negotiated the treaties and signed a protocol with the circumcised; so that, in spite of my bad health, I have done my official duty so well that my Government did that rare thing, it condescended to thank me, and to congratulate me on my success — a thing which may not happen

to the hoariest diplomat once in a lifetime." [I wonder to how many of his already forgotten successors it has happened.] — "For all that, I am not so set up as I might be. I still bend to salute the average man — on Sundays, and altogether I am not so disagreeable as you might naturally suppose me to be, as I still, on logical compulsion, admit my mortality and its mysterious consequences."

This, truly, was "playing the fool," for George Boker, the most natural, least affected of men, with a head too strong to be turned by any triumph of his own or any praise of others, — which is more than can be said for the heads of many American ministers and ambassadors nowadays. The Nile journey was in 1873. In March, 1875, thanks to the government he had toiled for, "I am able to shake the dust of this dismal old city [Constantinople] from my shoes, and prepare my toes for a freezing at St. Petersburg." Picturesqueness is not the one essential to happiness in the place where one's tent is pitched. When years had softened the reality, he could still feel and write, "I hate the East so profoundly that I should not return to it if there were no other land in which I could live." By October, 1875, it was from the legation of St. Petersburg that the story of hard work and heavy responsibility was dated: —

"I have been so bedeviled by business in my particular line, so thoroughly engaged in putting things to rights between this country and our own, so forced to write, write, write, write, whether I wished to do it or not, that I rely on your ancient friendship to spare the scolding which I deserve for not having written to you before now. . . . If you like Russia so much, why do you not pay me a visit during the coming winter, say in January, when the season is at its height? I can board, lodge, and take care of you generally, and you know how glad I shall be to have you with me."

Perhaps it is because the Rye accepted

this invitation, spending the winter of 1876 in St. Petersburg, that two or three more letters, or rather notes, complete the series from the legation. But then, there are the Rye's chapters on the *Russian Gypsies*, more eloquent as chronicle than the *Egyptian Sketch Book*; in them nothing of American diplomacy, but a great deal of Russian music—the “plaintive song” of the troika bells, the mad song of the Gypsy girls. Never did he listen to music more to his liking, seldom did he give to his writing so much of the swing, so much of the sadness and the madness of it. With 1875, there begins a long interval barren of letters from Boker, five of the years, however, pleasantly fruitful of other things, for the Rye was again in Philadelphia and the two men met and talked together every Sunday afternoon. The letters Boker wrote subsequent to this period are concerned with matters too entirely different and too important for a mere passing mention. They must wait.

II

So far, I have given the letters of old friends. But the larger part of the correspondence of the seventies comes from the new friends the Rye made in England, and reflects the new studies and pursuits that engrossed him there. “Without the personal interest of somebody, it is impossible to see anything in this country,” Dr. Holmes declared, when England was still for him “a nation of sulky suicides.” He was right. Present the desired credentials in England, and every man’s house is your castle; present none, and every door is slammed in your face. No people are so hospitable as the English, none so inhospitable. But the Rye was armed with the correct credentials when he came in 1870. I do not mean only the fame of Hans Breitmann, which was great. But he had the right sort of letters to the right sort of men. Moreover, once introduced, he was sure, as an American (the American invasion not having been heard of in London thirty-

five years ago), to be run after as a novelty, a crank, the sort of “society curiosity” men like Lord Houghton were always wanting “to bring out.” But, fairly launched and well known, his personality could be left to do the rest,—and it did very successfully. I have been told by Englishmen who were then “the younger men,” how much it meant to them, and how great was their excitement when asked to meet Hans Breitmann. My pile of letters now becomes a sort of cinematograph in writing of the literary life of London during the seventies,—of the few men and women whose greatness has grown with the years, of the many who already in their work appear to us as old-fashioned as the tiny sheets of paper, fit for a doll’s house, upon which they wrote, and as the elaborate crossing of their pages, a practice they were too near the days when “postage inspired reflection” to have thrown off. The picture is unfortunately imperfect,—whole sections of it have disappeared. I find hardly a reference to the Saturday receptions the Rye and Mrs. Leland held in their Park Square house, to which all London crowded; a regret for one special Saturday from John Payne, translator of Villon, and “Your Brother in Rabelais,” as he signs himself, is the chief trace so far discovered of evenings memorable to all London old enough to have enjoyed them.

But if there is nothing of the people who came to him, there is much of those who wanted him to go to them. Asked who was then the centre of the literary world that entertained, most Londoners would answer promptly, Lord Houghton. I must own to some satisfaction in chancing upon an invitation from him,—where have his many others gone, I wonder?—especially as it is to one of the breakfasts which were for a while so renowned, though their model had been supplied by Rogers and their glory was to be eclipsed by Whistler. The note is in the handwriting that made Lord Houghton the despair of his friends and the compositor. Delighted as I am, for the

sake of appropriateness, that the Rye should have received it, I cannot read it and not feel relieved that I was never exposed to the honor. Breakfast as understood in England—it is another matter in France—is the most barbarous form of entertainment ever devised by man. I do not marvel that Sydney Smith objected because it “deranged” him for the day. But Lord Houghton managed to add to its terrors, if I can judge by the note before me, dated from Atkinson’s Hotel, Clifford Street, Bond Street. “Will you,” it says, “do me the pleasure of breakfasting with me here at ten o’clock this morning?” At what unearthly hour, then, I ask with compassion, did Lord Houghton rout his unfortunate guests out of their beds to summon them to the morning feast? And what gain in the form of bacon and eggs, or talk, however good, would make up for the loss of the last precious minutes to the man with a talent for sleeping? However, the Rye always kept up the good American habit of breakfasting early, and probably to him the drawback was that bacon and eggs had long ago been disposed of when his summons came, and work was already too well started to be interrupted by any talk. As for “all London,” had it, with Carlyle, looked upon Lord Houghton as a mere robin redbreast of a man, it would still have thought no inconvenience too heavy a price for being seen at one of his breakfasts. The present generation, however, for whom the breakfasts are no longer spread, cannot help asking what and why was the greatness of this person “whom men style Baron Houghton, but the gods call Dicky Milnes”?

Social success in those days might have the official seal put upon it at Lord Houghton’s breakfast-table, but to be received by Mrs. Norton was, even in the seventies, a privilege more certain to be its own reward. Unquestionably hers is the more picturesque figure, and I confess to a little thrill when I chanced upon two notes—in delicate, slanting, very feminine writing, one on violet-bordered

paper, in the style of both something of old *Keepsake* affectations and elegance—signed “Caroline Norton.” Old as she was when the notes were written, her attraction must have been something more than the mere glamour of a romantic past. It was two or three years later on that she married Sir William Stirling-Maxwell. As “the most charming woman I ever met,” the Rye recalls her in his *Memoirs* and again in the *Memoranda*. I have an idea it was because this “beauty with wit” could not help seeming charming to everybody, that she got so on the nerves of Harriet Martineau; especially as Miss Martineau, with the advantage of not being charming in the least, did not accomplish any more, if as much, for the legal welfare of her own sex.

The notes are slight. Perhaps the signature, the writing, and the many underscored and doubly underscored words have helped me to find in them more of old *Keepsake* sentiment than there really is.

“I called at Langham Hotel,” the first says, “to know if Mrs. Leland was ‘at home,’—and understood that *you* were, but she was NOT. Will you—if ever you have a spare half-hour—remember that I *always* remain at home from 4 to 7 on TUESDAYS?

“I should be so pleased to see you, and to thank you personally for your kind remembrance of me in sending me your poems.

“No one *can* admire them more than I do,—except perhaps my Brother Brinsley Sheridan, who is very eager about them. He is not in town just now, but I hope by and bye to make him acquainted with you.”

The other, written a fortnight later (June 19), is to Mrs. Leland, and begins:—

“Card leaving is a very barren cultivation of acquaintance. Do you think you are sufficiently free from engagements to be able to dine here on Monday July 1st?

“Let me know soon, for it is very, very seldom I venture on such an ambitious mode of securing the company of friends.”

Safely put away with this invitation, I found a little card "just to remind;" but from Mrs. Norton could a reminder have been needed?

I reproduce these notes, in their slightness, because they are Mrs. Norton's. But the interest of the innumerable other invitations, apart from the rare opportunity they offer to the autograph-hunter, is in showing by how many and what different people the Rye in London was appreciated for his work and liked for himself. It was the demand he was in, I do not doubt, that sent him on those many and long visits to places like Brighton and Oatlands Park. It is amusing, for the sake of contrasts, to take the notes in the order — or disorder — in which they come. For on the top of the pile lie some invitations from Mr. John Morley to his country house near Guildford — as "hermitage," it figures in the first (1871), the visit suggested for the 4th or 5th of July, and, if the Fourth, is "a dinner of spread eagle" to be prepared? — this tribute to the Rye's country followed by a tribute to the Rye's countryman, for George Boker, though their acquaintance was short, was also counted among Mr. Morley's "best friends." And immediately after Mr. Morley's invitation I open one to afternoon tea, from Mrs. Lynn Linton, in "ladylike" writing on pale green note paper, in itself a reproach and an example to the Girl of the Period. And next, in an all but illegible scrawl, comes one from Tom Taylor, to luncheon at Lavender Sweep and a talk over the affairs of the road, for he, too, he says, is an "aficianado," — and I can only hope the Gypsies treated him more tenderly than the Butterfly, though if it had not been for the Butterfly's stings, Tom Taylor, perhaps because "too clever" as FitzGerald thought, would be a name forgotten. And next follow many letters in the neat writing of George Augustus Sala, also for some unknown reason a power in journalism during the seventies, the letters as full of quotations and references as if destined for his column of G. A. S., — surely

none but an Englishman could have used such a signature in all seriousness; or is it that I bear a justified grudge against the man who ruined my first edition of Mrs. Hannah Glasse; who could write on the margin, by one of Whistler's illustrations, in the copy of Thornbury's *Historical and Legendary Ballads* now in my husband's possession, "Jimmy Whistler, — clever, sketchy, and incomplete, like everything he has done? A loaf of excellent fine flour, but *slack-baked*."

But to return to my invitations. After Sala, it is Jean Ingelow, asking the Rye to every possible meal, her friendliness colored by gratitude, because, as she writes in one letter, "Scarcely a day passes that I have not to thank an American for some kindness." The marvel to me is how she ever summoned up courage to invite any one to anything. For I remember too well, being then new to London ways and the Londoner's gift of awkward silence, how at the only garden party at her Kensington house to which I went, she was so shy that her shyness seemed to communicate itself to everybody there: a memorable occasion, however, not only for this, but as the one party of any kind at which I ever saw Charles Keene, mosey enough at the time, recent honors, he grumbled, having made even a retired person like himself live in hourly dread of the postman's knock. And next it is Lady Wilde, — "Esperanza," a name as redolent of Annual days and *Keepsakes* as Mrs. Norton's phrases, — she also oppressed with gratitude since she also numbered among her friends "many gifted Americans, some of the noblest specimens of humanity we could meet." And next it is her son, Oscar Wilde, in the first flush of notoriety, — his "Bunthorne" long since as old-fashioned as her "Esperanza," — wanting to talk "on many subjects," and so proposing a dinner. And next, W. W. Story, expanding in the afterglow of his London triumph, suggesting a visit to Cumberland, where "we will smoke and talk and eat and sleep and set the world right." And next, Professor

Palmer, University functions and college dinners held out as bait for a visit to Cambridge; and Walter Besant, then the great person of the Savile Club; and Ralston, the reading of his *Russian Folk-Tales* his bait; and old George Cruikshank, celebrating his golden wedding; and the Trübners, if there could be invitation to a house where the Rye was entirely at home; and fellow Americans passing through, or established, in London,— Mrs. Julia Ward Howe longing to see an old friend again; Kate Field, about to lecture on Dickens; Moncure Conway, expecting "a few gentlemen" to dinner.

But there is another letter from Dr. Conway, in it no invitation at all, well worth quoting, so typical is it of the reverential attitude toward Carlyle to which the literary world had been brought in the seventies, and the diplomacy with which he had to be approached by the admiring stranger, however distinguished. There is no date, but it was probably in 1870, when the Rye says in his *Memoirs* that he met Carlyle.

"It was necessary to find out one or two matters before sending you to Carlyle," Dr. Conway, who managed the meeting, writes. "I now have much pleasure in writing to say that if you will call upon him between two and three to-morrow, or the day after, or the day after that, he will be glad to see you. His residence (as you probably know) is 5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea — a substantial distance from you. It is probable that Carlyle takes his afternoon walk about three, and you will know by tact whether he wishes to have company — as is sometimes the case — or would walk alone. He will be glad to hear all you can tell him about Germany and Germans." — And then, as postscript, "Carlyle will be prepared — send up enclosed card."

A visit to royalty could not have called for more diplomatic handling, and I find it characteristic of my Uncle that he, who was the most impatient of men with anything that he thought savored of sham or pretension, but deference itself before

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genius, made no objection in this case to play the courtier. And his compliance had its reward. According to the *Memoirs*, the visit was a success, and, the difficult Carlyle of the seventies happening to be in gracious mood, a walk in the park was its conclusion.

Carlyle was not the only great man of the day who felt the necessity of protecting himself against worshipers. Tennyson was as difficult, — but then, though even those who knew him best had a way of forgetting it, he was as easy when he wanted to see any one. There is a letter to the Rye from Frederick Locker that reads very much as if Tennyson's friends were less sure of themselves in their capacity of special ambassadors than Carlyle's. Locker writes with an effect of light and easy confidence, suggesting that the Rye and a friend — who this friend was I cannot say — should go and see Tennyson, at Haslemere, only about an hour from London, and that they would enjoy the trip mightily, and see him and his surroundings. But the very courage with which a final "mind" is added makes me suspect a private tremor of apprehension. However, the Rye did meet Tennyson, not once, but a number of times; for if the worship of the crowd could become an insupportable tax on the time and patience of a popular poet laureate, Hans Breitmann, the Romany Rye, was not one of the crowd, — which made all the difference.

Another of the men — the older men, the patriarchs of the seventies — who ranked highest in the Rye's esteem was Bulwer. It is a little hard for our generation to share his enthusiasm, but I can understand it. I admit frankly that I cannot now read the novels, though I did once go through them all, beginning with the *Last Days of Pompeii*, which, in my school-days, was thought especially adapted to improve the mind and do no harm in the process. But to open any one of them of late years means to be bored to extinction. The fault, no doubt, is mine. I know that Mr. Birrell, for one, revels in the very

“eloquence” which I am in all haste to skip. But, notwithstanding my lack of appreciation, I can, as I say, understand my Uncle’s. For Bulwer dealt with the very subjects he loved. Whoever was interested in the occult, the mysterious, the unknown, was sure of the sympathy of the student of Gypsy sorcery, Florentine legends, and Etruscan remains. It is very touching to me, in a volume of the *Memoranda* as recent as 1893, to come upon passages carefully copied from the *Last of the Barons*, *Zanoni*, *No Name*, *Kenelm Chillingly*, showing that Bulwer remained with the Rye a sort of fetich to the very last. He got to know Bulwer better than either Carlyle or Tennyson; he stayed at Knebworth, and was on fairly friendly terms as these things go in London: would, indeed, have been called intimate by the Englishman, who looks upon every one he does not cut, or “eave ‘alf a brick at,” as a friend. But of the correspondence only two letters have been preserved, on the tiny sheets of paper with the violet coronet in the corner that make them seem as remote from us as if they had been written hundreds instead of thirty years ago. I quote them both, partly because I know the pleasure the Rye had in them, partly because I think they show Bulwer at his best. The *Meister Karl* referred to was probably the second edition, with the chapters on “The Morning Land,” which George Boker had seen through the press; a book that had its success, never with the public, but always with a few, among whom Bulwer was one. The first letter from Argyll Hall, Torquay, is dated November 25, 1871.

MY DEAR MR. LELAND,— You may readily conceive, alike the gratification which your letter must give me and my utter failure to reply to expressions which do me such unmerited honour, otherwise than by grateful acknowledgment. I look forward to a perusal of your book with great eagerness,— but I am somewhat alarmed lest it be already sent to

Grosvenor Square;—there is only an old woman left there in charge of the House and I fear she will be unable to distinguish it from the crowd of books of all kinds which heap up the hall in my absence and are not forwarded to me. If not already sent, will you kindly order the publisher to forward it here— and if it be sent to Grosvenor Square, will you kindly inform me of the title and describe the appearance that I may remit the requisite instructions to the woman for selecting and forwarding it. I am here, D. V., for the winter.

Truly your obliged friend,

LYTTON.

The second is longer; there is more of Bulwer in it; and it is a tribute I am glad the Rye received from the man whose opinion he so keenly valued. It also is from Torquay, the date February 22, 1872.

Many thanks for *Meister Karl*, to whom you are very unjust. I am delighted with him. There is, I think, no greater sign of promise in a young writer than abundant vigour of animal spirits — and this book overflows with that healthful strength. Of course there are traces of imitation in the style and mannerisms. But in that kind of humour it would be impossible to sweep Rabelais and Sterne out of one’s recollection. To me, and I think to most men, it is like breathing fresh mountain air,— after a languid season in town,— to get at a work of fiction which lifts itself high from the dull level of the conventional Novel, and awakens thought and fancy in oneself while it interests and amuses in the play of its own fancy and the course of its own thought. I shall lend the book to some lovers of German literature here and guess how much it will charm them. I ought, of course, to have acknowledged the receipt of the little volume of poems, last sent, but the plain truth is that I am keeping it in reserve for a more holiday time than I have at present. I find that I can never judge fairly of poetry, when my mind is not attuned to it — and it

never is attuned to it when I am hard at work upon prosy things, which I have been for several weeks — to say nothing of causes of great domestic anxiety which have been occasioned first by a prolonged illness of my son at Vienna (he is convalescent), and second by an alarming attack of bronchitis which has laid up my brother on the banks of the Upper Nile, two hundred miles from a Doctor.

With repeated thanks for all your courtesies,

Faithfully yours,

LYTTON.

If Bulwer's sun was setting in the seventies, Browning's was still high in the heavens, and from Browning one letter at least has survived; the reason for it an exchange of books. Authors still have a way — sometimes an inconvenient way — of making presents of their works; but I do not think they scatter them broadcast in the fashion of thirty years ago. I have a letter in which Walter Besant urges upon the Rye the advantage of giving away as many copies of a new book as possible; of his own *Coligny*, he adds, he distributed a hundred; he looked upon it as the best advertisement, — the best means of getting one's works seen and talked about. But the Rye gave his books, rather, to the men he admired, as an expression of that admiration, and in 1872, the date of the following letter, Browning had not had the chance to refuse membership in the Rabelais Club and so forfeit his admiration. Probably *Meister Karl* and the *Music Lesson of Confucius* were the books referred to. What Browning's book was, it is less easy now to decide.

I was on the point of writing to thank you heartily for your first book, the letter that accompanied it, and the pleasure given to me by both [Browning wrote from Warwick Crescent], when a second gift made me your debtor, and now, before I can discharge any part of what I owe, your letter from Brighton comes to

add to the burthen of my obligations, if what is so pleasant could be justly called burthensome. This is, however, the least pleasant and most burthensome part of the business, that your kind words about my own book do really obstruct the very sincere congratulations I was about to offer you on your book, and other books beside, which I have long ago delighted in. For myself, if I know myself at all, such appreciation as you assure me of is quite reward enough, and a "third reading" from you is the best honour you can pay me. Believe in the grateful acknowledgment and true regards of

Yours, ROBERT BROWNING.

If I keep to my scheme of taking the letters as they come, stranger contrasts follow. For, from Tom Hughes, at Trinity College, writing with something of the "sunshine" Lowell loved in him, to recall "the pleasant hours your visit to Cambridge gave to me and my friends" (1875), I turn at once to Agnes and Dion Boucicault, sending just a few sad words on black-edged paper, to acknowledge the sympathy offered them on the death of their son (1876). Letters from William Allingham, at the very end of his working life, — the letters short and perfunctory enough, but the signature bringing with it memories of Rossetti and his own *Music Master*, the book that inaugurated the great days of English illustration, — are immediately succeeded by letters from Edmund Gosse, on the very threshold of his career. And Mr. Gosse gives place to Miss Genevieve Ward, begging the Rye to come that they may "Romanize together;" and Fanny Janauschek, who to him was the greatest of tragic actresses, but to me just missed greatness, probably owing to the same lack of humor, or sense of proportion, that prevented her seeing the absurdity of a woman of her massive presence answering to the name of "Fanny;" and Hermann Merivale, urging a visit to his house at Eastbourne; and Frances Elliot, whom the Rye, in his usual fashion, was

helping, the particular work in question, her Byron; and Sir Edwin Arnold, the "Sir" in parenthesis prefixed to the signature, and a happy little note below to explain that "Her Majesty has lately been pleased to make me K. C. I. E." — I am not sufficiently familiar with Sir Edwin's affairs to be sure as to the period to which the letter belongs, and it is not dated. "I examined his hand," the Rye, writing of him in the *Memoranda*, recalls, "and found it very characteristic and well lined. Unfortunately, all hands which are well lined by fate are not equally so by fortune." But Sir Edwin, surely, was one of the exceptions for whom fortune justified the signs.

I do not know what lines the Rye may have found in the hand of another of his correspondents, Edwin Edwards, but I do know that whatever they were, fortune ignored them in his case. For Edwards, an excellent artist, was never recognized during his lifetime as he should have been; and is now, except by a few, best remembered as the friend of Charles Keene, — "The Master," C. K. called him, — and Edward Fitzgerald, who counted him "among his pleasures." One of his letters — and all explain why his friends loved him — has for me a particularly personal interest.

"Le citoyen Bracquemond," he writes, "has just finished a very fine portrait of my friend, C. Keene, and now wants you to come and sit. Don't disappoint us; — he thinks of doing *only that large head*, and that, of course, will include the beard and just a tip of shoulder; — now this won't take long, — do write or come at once."

Bracquemond was not disappointed, for I have the etching as proof that the proposed sitting was given. He was hardly the artist, however, to do full justice to the beauty and impressiveness of "that large head." There is another etching by Legros, also made probably at the suggestion of Edwards, the friend of both these artists, as of Whistler and Fantin, and all that distinguished group who began life together in Paris, and were, in

M. Duret's phrase, *l'avant garde* of everything that is most vital and original in modern art. I have always regretted that there are so few portraits of the Rye. Besides these two, I know of none except a very early painting by Mrs. Merritt, and a drawing by Mr. Alexander, done for the *Century Magazine*, where, unfortunately, it has not yet appeared. It is a pity. He was an unusually handsome man, even in his old age, when he was like a mighty prophet, a model for Michael Angelo or Rembrandt.

Another letter that I want to quote, not only for the name signed to it, but as a suggestive comment on the value of lion-hunting, — to the lion, — is from Bret Harte. The date is February 18, 1876. The Rye had been six years in England, time enough for the people who ran after him to know who he was and what he had done. The *Heathen Chinee* and the *Luck of Roaring Camp* had made Bret Harte already as famous. But the eagerness of lion-hunters outruns their knowledge. Hans Breitmann and Bret Harte were perpetually being confused when both were together in London. "Mr. Hart Breitmann" was a combination for which lion-hunters roared in vain. As the "author of Bret Harte," Hans Breitmann was criticised. And so, I suppose, it was only according to the law of compensation that the photograph of the Rye should have been seen about town with the name of Bret Harte attached to it, and that one of the Rye's stories should have been entirely credited to him. It was about this that Bret Harte, in New York at the moment, wrote: —

MY DEAR MR. LELAND, — I confess I was a little astonished yesterday on reading in the *Tribune* a statement — made with all that precision of detail which distinguishes the average newspaper error — that I had written a story for *Temple Bar* entitled "The Dancing God." But the next day I received my regular copy of the magazine and find your name properly affixed to the story. The error was

copied from the English journals evidently before the correction had been made.

Nevertheless, let me thank you, my dear Sir, for your thoughtful courtesy in writing to me about it. You are a poet yourself, and know his "irritability"—to use the word the critics apply to that calm conceit which makes us all shy from the apparitions of a praise we know belongs to another. But I am glad of this excuse to shake hands with an admirable and admired fellow countryman across the water, and I beg you to believe, dear Mr. Leland, that I would not pluck one leaf from that laurel which our appreciative cousins have so worthily placed on your brow.

Always your admiring compatriot and friend,

BRET HARTE.

I do not think that for this letter it was too much to pay the threepence half-penny extra postage I see charged on the envelope. I only wish the American letters upon which I have to squander my pence, and even shillings, with almost every post, were so well worth the money.

Of the letters from publishers I say nothing,—those on the familiar blue paper of the Triibners alone would make a volume. For being lionized never led the Rye into idleness. The ten years in England yielded a long list of book after book: *English Gypsies*, the *Egyptian Sketch Book*, the *Music Lesson of Confucius*, *English Gypsy Songs*, *Johnnykin*, *Life of Lincoln*, *Minor Arts*; there is a longer list of article after article for magazines and papers. But the correspondence relating to them forms a subject,—a business subject apart. Then there are the letters from people he helped by advice or by throwing work in their way, letters too personal for me to use. Busy as he was, as he loved to be, much as he went about, like all busy people he always had time to do more, and, unlike most people, busy or otherwise, he was as ready to undertake this little more for the benefit of somebody else as for his own.

His energy, his enthusiasm, his thoughtfulness for others, his popularity, being what they were, it is appropriate that the seventies should have been rounded out by his work as creator and founder of the Rabelais Club. In looking back over his past life, it was one of the things that gave him most complete satisfaction. Literary men have always had a fancy—a passion, really—for joining together in clubs, with eating and drinking in some fashion as an immediate object, and a closer social union, and consequent intellectual stimulus, as the ultimate hope. Did not Dr. Johnson take *The Club* as solemnly as he was taken by it and all its members? Was not Dr. Holmes always as eager for the monthly dinner of the Saturday Club as a child for its first party? Would not voluntary absence from the "Diner Magny" have seemed a mortal, if not the unpardonable, sin to the De Goncourts? And so with all literary clubs, of which the Rabelais was to be the most typical and the most wonderful, with such infinite possibilities as only those who share Mr. Henry James's opinion of "the club," as "a high expression of the civilization of our time," can value at their full worth. The Rye's correspondence on the subject with Walter Besant has in it the conviction and zeal that would convert the most cynical. The idea—the "Golden Find," he called it—was originally his, as no one could doubt who knew how for him, as for "the wisest and soundest minds" before him, the whole philosophy of life was contained in Rabelais. But there is further evidence. For while I have not the first letter in which he actually made the suggestion, I have Besant's, almost as zealous, in answer. The date is the 4th of November, 1878:—

MY DEAR LELAND,—Your idea is a most captivating one. Let us by all means talk it over. I am going to meet Pollock at the Savile on Saturday to discuss his *Richelieu*. Come round, then, at 1.15, and talk about the Rabelais Club, which we will instantly found.

I wish I had space for the entire correspondence, but it is far too voluminous. I do believe there is something, if not everything, about the club in almost all the Rye's letters to Besant at this period. I must, however, give at least one, just as it is, that it may be seen how much more than dining he expected to come of the enterprise. It was written in March, 1879, and the two friends must have been working hard in the meantime.

"Now this Rabelais is, and must be, *in your hands and mine*. We ought to manage it, without doubt. It is a grand idea. We invented it. Carry it out as it should be carried out, and we shall make a great power of it. Let us go step by step, and only admit strong men of European or world fame. Just now we are (beyond ourselves) Lord Houghton, Sir Patrick Colquhoun, Bret Harte, Pollock, Palmerer, James, Collier.

"Now while I admit that —, —, and —'s other nominee (whose name I forget), are all good men and true, I object to them, *entre nous, for the present*. Just now we need *Names*. Of course names with genius. It is all very pleasant for us to have jolly and clever boys, but we must not yield to personal friendship. I want these smaller men to apply to us.

"My dear friend, if to these names we should add Lowell and the great French and German guns, we shall make at once a world-name. B. and D. are not known outside of the Savile. Let us settle these points at once. James is unobjectionable, but he was proposed and elected, I may say, without my knowing anything about it.

"We have an able man in Sir Patrick. Knowing nothing of your plan, he has sent me, written in pure French with a delicious old-time smack, a *modest suggestion or basis* to work on, for our rules — *comme ça* : —

""1. Admissables sont les gens de lettres déjà connus, ou non, au monde commets.'

""2. Personne ne sera élu avant d'avoir assisté à une réunion comme invitée."

"Collier, Palmer, and I revised your programme on Sunday, but Sir Patrick has given such an original and excellent plan that I must revise it with *you*. Entends tu? He is an old stager, a wise head of great experience, and an incarnate Pantagruelist. God has been very good to us, my dear Besant, in our little work.

"I do not know or remember whether Sir P. heard your rules read. Did he?

"It will require only a little resolution and understanding *between you and me* to make a great thing of this. But frankly, I see that *we* must manage it to make of it a power. There has been no neglect, no slowness, but a great deal too much haste and *democracy* in it. We are to meet at Sir Patrick's on the 13th March, Thursday, at 8 p. m. and will then and there settle details. Don't forget."

From this it is clear that the club to him meant not only a friendly association of writers and artists, but a tremendous force, a wide influence. "We must make it very great to begin with and make it real at the same time. We, its founders, must be earnest and true." Only get the right elements into it in the right way and "we shall make a power of it." "We may make it the *very first* in London if we are wise and careful." "This Rabelais — this Savile — d—n it, we ought to make the Circle of the Cyclus of the Decade somehow. Why even M—— has ambition to make the Savile beat the Athenæum. When I hear *him* talk so, I blush. It could be done. Build up the Savile and draw its best into the Rabelais," — so he keeps on repeating in letter after letter. As for the right elements, the name of the club expresses what should be the definition of rightness. For "to understand and feel Rabelais is *per se* a proof of belonging to the higher order — the very aristocracy of intellect. As etching is 'an art for artists' only, and as a *love* of etching reveals the true art-sense, so Rabelais is a writer for writers only." Love of Rabelais, too, may be

a protest against a younger generation that, however clever, "is very rotten with sentiment, Pessimism, and a sort of putrid Byronism, and sees in Rabelais howling, rowdy, blackguard trash, just as Voltaire did." — But this love or understanding of the Master was not sufficient of itself. No one was to be elected who had not done great or good work, who had not "distinctly made a name in letters or art." Let rejection be encouraged. While, to secure the right people, no effort could be thought too troublesome. Lord Houghton must be treated as "*un père noble*," — not "a gilded bait," — but still it was best that no further appointments be made till "his cordial coöperation be secured." "Great names are our great game." "Admit foreign members by all means; for one, About, through whom Victor Hugo may be reached and captured, — About can persuade Victor Hugo," etc. For others, Lowell, Longfellow, Holmes, in America; and Tennyson "will hardly decline to join when invited" by these three, which will "punish" Browning, who did decline immediately, as if he "thought himself too good for the Rabelais;" who might be a "great poet," but — Well, that is all over and past, why revive it? It is pleasant, however, in the light of after events, to note that Besant proposed, as contributor to one volume of the *Rabelais Transactions*, "Young Stevenson," whom both the founders of the club, so much his seniors, were to outlive.

The Rye returned to America at the end of 1879, but the Rabelais was still dear to him. "Let us rejoice!" a letter in February, 1880, begins, "for Dr. O. W. Holmes has joined the Rabelais. I had a long, very jolly interview with him in his house in Boston. Before he appeared I heard him singing for joy that he was to see me again, and his greeting was effusive." And Dr. Holmes suggested Mr. Howells, then editing the *Atlantic*, — and, what with the Autocrat, Howells, Bret Harte, George Boker, and Hans Breitmann himself, Lowell cannot decline,

and here is a fine American contingent anyway. "Great names draw great names and make us a great club, — small or mediocre names detract from every advantage. We don't want Anybody who is other than ourselves. . . . Now the Rabelais has enough men to be jolly at its dinner — but not enough *great men*. When it is so strong that nobody can afford to decline, when it is distinctly a proof of the very highest literary-social position *per se* to be in it — when we shall be all known men, then I shall be satisfied to admit the mute Miltons. I have never got over Browning's declining. I want him to regret it. He will regret it if we progress as we are doing." "We might have got Browning had — not undertaken to scoop him in. Poor boy, he wrote a regular wooden schoolboy letter — and this kind of thing requires infinite *finesse*."

And this from another letter, also from America: —

"I want the Rabelais to coruscate — whizz, blaze and sparkle, fulminate and bang. It must be great and wise and good, bland, dynamitic, gentle, awful, tender and tremulous. *That* is the kind of Tongs we must be. Tongs, I say, and not hairpins like the Philistines — nor clothespins like the vulgar. Handsome drawing-room tongs fit for ladies to handle. The American public only recognizes hairpins and clothespins. I add tongs. Strive, my son, to be *tongs* in this life and not a mere hairpin."

It may be because he was in America that things did not go as he wanted with the Rabelais. "Messenger of Evil," a letter in April of 1881 begins, "did ever man unfold such a budget of damnable news, as you anent the Rabelais." It was not, however, until 1889 that, as Besant puts it, the club "fell to pieces." "Perhaps," Besant concludes, "we had gone on long enough; perhaps we spoiled the club by admitting visitors. However, the club languished and died." It had, in its day, included enough "great names" to please the Rye, — those of Thomas

Hardy, John Hay, and others may be added to the many already mentioned. But it included popular names, too, and in no fewer numbers. The warning against

democracy fell unheeded, and democracy, as the Rye knew, whatever it may be to political and social life, is fatal to art and letters.

THE TANGENT OF A CRIME

BY HERBERT D. WARD

FIFTY years ago Charles Street was still fashionable. Now it is impossible. Then it signified peace and position. Now teamsters and the trolley rumble and jangle in undisputed possession. It was once, for Boston, a broad, quiet street which people loved on account of its proximity to the water. Especially were the houses on the west side preferred. There, behind plain brick fronts many a rich family lived a placid and luxurious existence. Some of those houses are left to-day, islands in the ocean of a roaring trade. Their occupants might be called prisoners of the past, marooned by tradition, memory, or habit, into inherited homes.

One of these mansions, whose back may be said to front on the Charles River Basin, had been the home of Nathaniel Morley of East India fame. The days of the old merchant princes have passed away, and have left behind them their priceless carved teak, imperial jade ornaments, silk brocades, and sandal-wood chests; their descendants maintain an unassailable dignity and social standing.

During all these years the old Morley house had undergone no change. Vandals approached to its very walls; vulgarities stared at it from the opposite side of the street; but with a stately and almost grim rigidity it held its place, a feudal landmark, unmoved by the tinsel of the times.

The only surviving members of the family were two daughters, who, like

gray pigeons, held religiously to their home. The deep garden, unsuspected by casual passers-by, with its modern pergola and old-fashioned flowers, bordered by box, was the favorite resting-place of these two spinsters. There, in the gray-green spring, or in the bronzed fall, they would sit, drinking their perfumed tea, looking out upon the broad expanse of water, and gently wondering sometimes about the ever changing world to the right of the Harvard Bridge.

Isabel Morley was the elder of the two, and she must have been nearly fifty years of age. Her face was of the typical New England variety, stamped with refinement and pride in ancestry. Her smooth forehead was growing a little gray, beginning to blend into the color of her hair. Her mouth showed the lines of responsibility that are natural to a protector; and her eyes the anxiety peculiar to a duenna. Indeed, this was not to be wondered at, for ever since she could remember she had been father and mother to her younger sister Madeleine.

Isabel and Madeleine were different. Isabel was self-reliant; Madeleine was clinging. Isabel was inclining to the stoutness that overtakes many of our New England women in middle life; Madeleine was slender and girlish. Isabel still affected colors; Madeleine always dressed in gray. Isabel looked at times something like a hawk; Madeleine always like a wounded dove. Madeleine was as much shielded now from the rude contact of the world as she had been when

she was a child. She was fifteen years younger than her sister, and was still treated as if she were the baby of the family. She was never allowed to go out into the street alone. The two sisters always attended their few social functions together. Every night Isabel tucked Madeleine up in bed, kissed her good-night, and then crept softly to her own room. For hours Isabel would sit watching her younger sister silently, her heart wrung by the look of sorrow that she saw. Then she would get up, stroke Madeleine tenderly on the shoulder as one might a daughter in suffering, and sit down without a word.

The relationship between these two was as beautiful as it was inexplicable to what they called the common people. If there were any mystery in the family, which no one suspected, the girls had the good breeding to keep it to themselves. They never talked about their own affairs, nor by any accident did they allow themselves to be separated.

It was a warm June afternoon when Miss Isabel Morley proposed to her sister to make a call on Beacon Street. The air was so soft that they decided not to use their brougham, but to walk instead. Madeleine had been pale and moody during the last few days, and it troubled her sister. Madeleine came downstairs into the library slowly; she looked like a beautiful gray dove. Her pearl-colored crêpe de Chine dress clung closely to her slender figure, making her look younger than she was. She smiled up at Isabel, something mournfully, her blue eyes large with the promise to be as cheerful as she possibly could. With a sigh of relief at this silent assurance, Isabel opened the front door herself, and then shut it carefully. The air was warm and rich with life, and the two walked in it happily. They were not troubled that afternoon by the painful vulgarity of their surroundings, and yet they were glad when they reached Beacon Street and the green depth of the Common confronted them.

"Just wait here a moment, dear," said Isabel, stopping on the corner. "I want to order something I forgot to telephone for this morning."

She went into the druggist's, leaving Madeleine standing on the sidewalk, entranced in the different shades of foliage opposite to her. So preoccupied was she that she did not hear a cry of voices behind her, and a clatter of feet. The sound came nearer, blending raucously with the rumble of the street. If she had turned, she would have seen the wild figure of a man leaping ahead of the pursuing crowd. But Madeleine stood absorbed, the unusual noises making no impression upon her.

Suddenly she felt herself entangled in a horrible grip,—she who had never been rudely touched before in her life. The pursued man, coming to the corner, wished to turn. Seeing the woman standing there, he used her as a pivot, and after he had given her a half swing, he leaped beyond, up the street. But Madeleine did not know the reason of the assault. She felt the clutch upon her arm and waist. Her face was scorched with the hot breath upon it. She had the instant, maidenly consciousness of having been desecrated. The attack left her faint and quivering. She reeled to the side of the building, and stood there almost sinking to the ground. With a wild cry the pursuers swept by her. Her delicate personality writhed. The horror of this invasion! The disgrace of it!

Hearing the confusion, Isabel Morley ran out and found her sister half fainting.

"Why, Madeleine!" she cried. "There is blood all over your waist!"

"Oh! Get me home," sobbed Madeleine; and then the woman swooned quite away.

There are some natures that were never meant to exist in this world at all,—natures so delicately organized and exquisitely adjusted that they wilt at a touch, like a rare orchid. This is rather a quality of physical than of spiritual organization. Such souls are doomed to

go through life finding but little harmony to accord with their own. Primitive feelings, and people who are composed as if by Wagner, strike terrible discords in these supersensitive hearts. Not being able to come into contact with life, they do not tolerate it. To these natures most human manners are vulgar, and all human follies are monstrous. Weaknesses they cannot understand, and momentary aberrations from truth they will not pardon. Contact with the world often becomes to them absolute physical pain. A rude touch is torture, and may be followed by a long period of depression. Curiously enough, these sensitive beings may not carry with them a perfection corresponding to their refinement. Culture is apt to preclude power, and often includes great selfishness. Madeleine Morley had lived an unnatural existence. She was the hothouse product of her sister, who had sheltered her as carefully as one protects palms from a New England winter. Like all conservatory plants, she was forced and self-centred. To transplant her into healthy soil and growth out of doors would kill her. She knew no other life than the tropic existence that she had lived on this bleak Massachusetts water front. Mentally dependent, physically repressed, and spiritually caged, for many years Madeleine had been a pale and willing prisoner.

This was the first time that she had been spotted by the world, and she quivered with shame. For a week she had tossed upon her bed, alternating with fever and depression. She could feel that man's hands upon her. It seemed as if the bloody mark he left upon her gray clothes could never be washed out of her mind. And then his face! Gaunt, flushed, frightened, for an instant it had bent above her. The face shadowed her. It left her neither in her waking nor in her troubled sleep. It was threatening to become a fixed impression, mutilating her future. It would seem almost impossible that the mere shock of that unhappy contact could so shake even such a delicate

person. But there was something more. Madeleine had not dared to tell her sister all she felt or feared. That face which so persistently haunted her had, as it became permanently stamped on the retina of her brain, a strangely familiar look. From out of the mists of a girlish memory it seemed to rise and confront her. She tried to place it, but could not. Hour after hour Madeleine sought to solve the enigma of this fleeting impression. She knew it, and she did not know it. Just as she grasped the key, it eluded her. Just as she recognized the man, his individuality faded away.

On the eighth morning, while it was yet early, she awoke with a shriek. The face confronted her! Stripped of its ragged beard, the dreaded features had taken on a youthful and accusing look.

"Oh, my God!" she cried out. "It is he!"

Her sister Isabel rushed into the room. Madeleine was sitting straight up in bed, clasping her head.

"Isabel, do you know who that man was, who?" — She stopped as if she had been stricken with ice water. Isabel's heart was beating violently. Her body was perfectly quiet. But her eyes had the expression of one from whom a sacred trust is slipping.

"You do know!" cried Madeleine breathlessly. "It was Willard Winch!"

"Yes," answered Isabel, speaking distinctly, like a metronome. "I knew it all the time."

Eighteen years ago Madeleine Morley had a lover. She had seen him for the first time upon the parade ground. Willard Winch was then the colonel of his Latin School regiment. He was tall, military, handsome, fascinating. Without an introduction, and without knowing who he was, Madeleine became entranced by him. She had been of the dreamy, sentimental sort that keeps a notebook, the distorted mirror of one's own feelings; one of the girls who write love poetry at midnight, and hide it away in a locked escritoire. Her infatuation became a

misery. In self-defense Isabel had to compass an introduction to this young man, and afford Madeleine the opportunity of her dreams. As might have been expected, the result was volcanic. The lava of their natures met and fused; and in a month's time the young people were engaged.

While these two were alike in the artless and unreserved expression of their passion, first love had a very different effect upon each of them. To Madeleine, Willard had become life. To the freshman at Harvard, the engagement was an iridescent dream. Willard would have felt the same if he had been engaged to any other girl; but for Madeleine no other man existed. While she gave him the exclusive worship of a consecrated nature, he accepted her with the sensuous joy that an irresponsible character may feel.

More women than we suspect have the temperament of nuns. Some devote themselves to God; others to man; in either case it is worship. Upon her knees, Madeleine burned incense before this creature of her imagination. And, without his realizing it, her supreme devotion began to have a transforming effect upon Willard Winch. He now dreamed better things without doing them. He might have ended by being noble without the dissipating effect of reverie, had not something occurred which changed the whole current of his life. At that time he considered it a minor incident. But later, he saw that it was the parting of the ways.

As I said, Madeleine Morley, then about eighteen years of age, looked upon her handsome lover as a god. The divinity could do no wrong, and was to be treated accordingly. But one day Willard lied to her. It was an unintelligent, a foolish lie, and easily detected. But that lie disrupted the girl's trust. Before it was uttered, there was hardly a thing in the universe in which she did not have faith,—so simple and unsophisticated, so ignorant and single-minded was she. After that false word was uttered, her

nature was as changed as a glass of clear water in which you drop an ounce of ink. Her faith in people was gone; her belief in God and humanity was shattered. And most of all she distrusted Willard Winch.

"You lied to me!" she blazed, white with indignation. "I trusted you, and you deceived me. There was no need of it. I never can believe in you again,—no, don't touch me. I wish you to go."

She swept the words of remonstrance, of protestation, of explanation, of apology, out of his mouth.

The young man had not commanded his battalions in vain, nor had he earned his popularity without acquiring some dignity.

"Very well, then," he said, standing to his superb height, and looking to her, in spite of herself, handsomer than he had ever seemed before, "if I go now, I will never come back again, and you have ruined my life."

They were both children,—she full of ignorance, and he of outraged pride,—and the girl let him go. From that hour until the fatal morning a week ago she had not seen his face. But she had heard of him occasionally, and knew that he was a ruined man. With all his mad recklessness in college, he had kept much of his popularity. But he had gone down hill fast, becoming a sort of gentleman confidence man; and later, stories were told of crimes that had been laid at his door.

This was Madeleine Morley's belief,—that she had sent him to the devil. She had no doubt of it whatever. During all these years she had never ceased wishing that he would come back to her. In spite of her conventional existence, she had seen enough of the world to know that the way in which she had dismissed her lover was a far graver fault than the petty lie that he had told. When she might have saved, she had lost him,—to himself, as well as to her. When she might have been his angel, she had been his curse.

Ah, she would have gone down on her

knees to that man, no matter how degraded, how debased, he might be, and asked his pardon for her youthful folly! How often had she dreamed of his coming back to her, of her penitence, of his forgiveness, — of her favor, — but not like this.

Isabel Morley sat down upon the bed, took her sister's hand, and held it tightly. She was trying to steady herself before the struggle that was at hand. She had always controlled the woman whose soul lay bare before her. Could she do so now? Her eyes were brimming with compassion, but they did not falter before her sister's fierce look.

"You knew it all the time!" cried the younger, "and you let me lie here like this! How could you?" She tried to wrench her hand away, but failed.

"I read it," Isabel spoke with great precision, "in the *Transcript*. Willard Winch is in the Charles Street Jail. There were three men in the barroom on the next corner from our house; you know the place. One of them is dead. Another escaped. Willard Winch was caught, and they accuse him of the murder. I would have given my life to keep this away from you. I did n't know who it was at the time, but after I read the paper I knew that it must have been he."

This time Madeleine did snatch her fingers away. She dashed the clothes aside.

"I am going to dress," she said, passing her hand through her hair in a wild way. "There is not a minute to lose."

"Madeleine! Madeleine! What are you going to do?"

Madeleine looked at her sister impetuously.

"I am going to him," she said, "and there is no one who can stop me."

Isabel did not accept the challenge. She knew that the life and the conduct of her younger sister had now passed beyond her restraint.

"And what are you going to do when you get there?" she asked, in the Brahmin manner.

"I am going to save him, and if he will have me, I will marry him."

"You are of age, and you are independent," replied Isabel coldly. "I suppose there is nothing to be said."

This crisis that had come to Madeleine Morley at thirty-five acted like a miracle upon her physical condition. She no longer felt languid, anaemic, incapable of action. She was alert, she was alive, the blood seemed to storm through her veins. She felt young and resourceful. At last she had a mission in life. Fate had given her something to do, and to do at once. As she dressed, she planned. When the last hair was in place, and the last eye was hooked, she rushed to the telephone. She called up her lawyer, and with an energy that startled the placid old man, bade him meet her at the Charles Street Jail immediately. Then she put on her hat, and cast one last look at herself in the glass. There she saw a new creature. She had hitherto considered herself an impossible old maid, unattracted and unattractive. But now there greeted her two eager, flushed cheeks, two brilliant, excited blue eyes. Why, there stood before her the young girl that she thought she had left behind her fifteen years ago! And this for an alleged murderer! Shame and exaltation struggled together within her. But the love of her life won, and, without bidding her sister good-by, she went out of the house, and walked to the Charles Street Jail.

Artists for centuries have tried to depict the descent of an angel into hell. But no canvas can portray the emotions of a pure and sensitive soul on entering the Inferno. The prison is the depository of crime. Its locks, its bolts, its sentinels, are the evidences of spiritual defalcation. Its very odor has the unmistakable criminal taint. No disinfectant can eliminate the acrid presence of the soul defective. Drop the petal of the rose into the fumes of certain acids, and it shrivels on the instant. Twenty-four hours ago Madeleine Morley would have shriveled at the very thought of prison contact. But now,

with her heart beating high, she marched up to the door like a grenadier. It happened that the Sheriff of Suffolk County was in the office. This important official had a kindly nature, and listened to Madeleine Morley with deference. He perceived at a glance that she was an aristocrat; and, besides, petty prison regulations are not made for those who are incarcerated on the charge of murder.

"I will have him brought down to the guardroom," said the Sheriff.

So Madeleine Morley was ushered through two bolted doors, into the rectangular guardroom. She held her head high and haughtily. The prison odor smote her, and she did not choke. She had steeled her heart against any horror, and felt strong to bear anything. Before her three corridors radiated, with cells tier on tier above one another. When she heard the doors clang behind her, and found herself locked in, shut out from her own pure world, she experienced a momentary faintness. But her thoughts were fixed on the man whom her childish folly had brought to this place, and she became resolved.

The Sheriff went himself. When the turnkey unlocked the cell, the Sheriff stepped inside, and found Winch lying on his cot, asleep.

"There is some one who wishes to see you," he said to the prisoner brusquely. He did not explain that it was a woman. The accused followed the Sheriff along the narrow, railed corridor, and descended the short, iron steps slowly, wondering who could possibly seek him in his degradation.

Madeleine was sitting in the centre of the guardroom on a bench; her back was toward this tragic processional. As the steps approached her, the color left her cheeks like chalk. Then she arose. The prisoner and the woman confronted each other. The Sheriff cast an experienced look upon the two, motioned to the turnkey to unlock the gate that led to his office, and disappeared. Then the guardroom official turned, and, watching the

pair warily, stood at the entrance to liberty.

Madeleine looked up into her old lover's face; she, who had not yet shrunk from the prison taint, did not shrink from the moral degradation that makes prisons a necessity. The man stood still, overcome with mortification and flushed with amazement. He had recognized his old sweetheart immediately, and he dared not speak. But she gazed into his degenerate eyes long and steadily. They winced and shifted, and then evaded hers. What a travesty was his face upon the noble countenance which she had once adored! He who had once been a military example had become a slouch. Any officer of the law would have instantly picked him out as a moral wreck, but only she could discern that he was a fallen angel; at least, she thought so. Amid the ravages of crime and dissipation she could see traces of his old beauty, that fatal inheritance which had first fascinated her young heart. His hair was thin and ragged; his cheeks drawn and flabby; his chin had become weak and vacillating; his teeth were stained, and his hands were soiled. Those fifteen years, spent by her in penitence and regret, had succeeded in wiping the gentleman off his figure as you wipe a sentence from a slate. You could see at a glance that Willard Winch was hopeless. But Madeleine Morley, who had never before had the maternal in her nature brought out, did not see. His degradation and his need opened the floodgates of her tenderness as no other condition could have done.

"Willard," she said very quietly, after she had gauged him with the intuition of a pure and remorseful woman, "won't you sit down?"

She dropped upon the hard bench and drew her gray skirt a little to one side. She was so exquisite, so beautiful, so foreign to this sin-soaked granite pile, that it seemed to the criminal a miracle that she was there.

"Madeleine" — he stammered, "I — I" —

"Don't say anything until I ask you, Willard," she began very gently. "I have just heard this morning of your trouble, and I have come to help you. Nothing can shock me now. Tell me truly, are you guilty of this" — she stopped, "or not?"

"Before God!" blazed Willard Winch, with the ease of one to whom adjurations are the commonplaces of conversation. "I have been bad enough, God knows, but I am innocent of this. The man was stabbed in the neck and fell into my arms. I knew what my record was, and I ran. That is all."

For a woman who had never before descended into the nether world, Madeleine Morley had remarkable composure. She bowed her head gravely in assent, and the man, perceiving that she had not lost her old instinct to trust rather than to doubt, drew a long breath of relief.

"I have sent for my lawyer," said Madeleine in a low voice, not looking up, "and he will be here right away. He is one of the most eminent members of the Boston bar, and I shall put your case into his hands. We will do everything we can to get you free, Willard."

The stupefied man looked at her. To his sodden eyes and bleared memory she had not changed. She was the same girl he had loved. Ah, what a loss had been his! What a wreck he had made of his life, — for a misunderstanding, or a peccadillo! It was the excuse that he had always held to.

"You ought not to do this," he said. His old manhood tried to assert itself; it had been unexercised for so long that the effort was pathetic in the extreme.

"I am not worth it," he continued, with a sad smile that somehow illuminated his wasted features; "I am considered hopeless, you know."

With a dainty, womanly gesture, she laid her gray glove upon his arm; she had not touched his hand.

"Do not — do not say so, Willard! After you get out of this, you will begin all over again, won't you? For my sake, will you not?"

Then her eyes met his, and the abandoned man read in them for the first time the full extent of the sacrifice that she had prepared herself to make.

"No," he said quickly. "No. I belong to another world now. It is no place for you. I want you to go, — at once." As he spoke, he arose.

But Madeleine remained seated.

"No, Willard," she said very softly, "I shall stay here. It is not hard for me to say it now, but you have been on my heart for all these years; this has been my first chance to help you, — to do anything in the world, — and no one shall take it away from me. My folly when we parted — my fault — was greater than yours. I have forgiven you a thousand times, but I have never forgiven myself."

The man stared down upon her; he was speechless at this abnegation. Before his confused mind could frame adequate words, the prison door opened with a reverberation, and Madeleine arose to meet her lawyer.

"Mr. Saltenway," she began, "the man I have just been speaking to is an old friend. We were once engaged. I dismissed him fifteen years ago, and he — he went wrong afterwards. He is here accused of murder. He tells me he is innocent, and I believe him. I want you to save him. Come, and I will introduce you."

The old family lawyer, who had known something and suspected more of Madeleine's history, betrayed no surprise. As if he were in a drawing-room, he accompanied his client to the bench where Willard Winch stood, and accepted the introduction in a natural way.

"Now," said Madeleine, "I will leave you two together. And, Willard," — she looked up at the tall man who had straightened himself instinctively at the gentleman's approach, — "I am going to send you some things to make you comfortable; I want you to accept them without a word; as soon as the Sheriff will let me, I will call again."

The processes of the law laugh at im-

patience, and the middle-aged lawyer who engages in a new kind of fight proceeds deliberately. Mr. Saltenway had never had a murder case before; indeed, this was *his* first visit to the Charles Street Jail. But he threw himself and all the resources of his profession into this unsavory cause; and discussed it with guarded cheerfulness when Madeleine Morley arrived at his office, promptly, every morning.

In a curious way, the positions which the two sisters had held toward each other for so many years seemed now to be changed. Madeleine took the initiative; Isabel followed. Madeleine was in good spirits; Isabel was despondent. Madeleine went out; Isabel remained at home.

There was not a nerve in Madeleine's whole body that was not vibrant. She looked young and happy. God had put into her keeping a lost soul to save, and the responsibility had given her angelic utility. Nothing was allowed to withstand her imperious impatience.

It soon became evident that the man who had been present at this brawl, and whom Willard Winch accused of the murder, must be found before the Grand Jury met. Madeleine poured forth money like water upon detectives and agents. In many states, to be held by the Grand Jury for murder is almost equivalent to a conviction. While the law presupposes every man innocent until he is proved guilty, the contrary is the general practice. This is especially true when a man has had many taints upon his career, and has accumulated what is technically called a "record."

Miss Madeleine Morley called on Willard Winch twice a week; she also supplied him with some few necessities, and with the many luxuries which a good-natured officer allows to those incarcerated for capital crime. The oftener she came to the prison, the greater her pity grew, and the more convinced she became that Willard was her mission in life. Every Boston woman must have

a mission, — God, or possibly Buddha, supplying the material. Often a whole life is spent in hunting for it. Strained expressions on tired faces go searching for it through the Back Bay. Among the numberless fads, which may easily unsex the average woman, Madeleine's was the most reasonable, for it was Man. No argument could be brought to dissuade her from the new vocation which was giving her the first happiness that she had known in many years. If she had gone into the Associated Charities, she would have obtained a better perspective. As it was, she lacked focus, and had heart. She was thoroughly satisfied with the exchange.

As the weeks dragged on, she became acquainted with her old lover. This was true in a very searching sense. Most intimate friends are not acquainted; few husbands and wives understand each other. But Willard Winch told everything. He concealed nothing of his degradation. He had gambled, he had stolen, he had committed almost every crime in the catalogue. He related their history with a certain gusto that did not smack of shame. The innocent woman, alternately repelled and fascinated, sat listening to these tales of outlawry. Winch had something of the man left in him yet; and tried his best to disgust the innocent creature, who, in an exalted state of penitence, was throwing herself at his feet. But he could not fathom the heart of the woman. She who would condone any crime, who would well-nigh glorify any misdemeanor, that the man whom she loved had committed in the past, would not forgive an infidelity.

Once, at the end of one of his long, rambling, easily mouthed confessions, his eyes, that had hardly ever sought hers, turned upon her with a fierce intentness which she had not witnessed before.

"Madeleine," he said, "I want you to believe this, if you don't anything else that I've told you. I have been all kinds of a blackleg. There is no sin and deviltry that I have not dipped into. There

is only one thing I have not done. I suppose it was only because I could not. I have never loved any other woman but you. I have never kissed any other woman, or made love to any other woman. You have been the star of my life, and I thank God for it. It's the only thing I've got left to me."

He stopped for a moment, running his hungry eyes over every sweet feature of her face. Then he controlled himself, gave a slight laugh and a shrug.

"I shall not speak of it again, Madeleine, and I want you to forget it. No woman has done more for man than you are doing for me. Do you think I will pay you back in — that?"

Willard Winch stood up, made with something of his old courtly grace a formal bow, motioned to the corridor officer, who watched him carefully, and without another word walked back to his cell.

From that hour Madeleine Morley would have given him her soul to trample upon.

Psychology has for ages been trying to interpret crime. It is the result of heredity. It is the conclusion of environment. It is the disintegration of the cells in the nerve tissue. It is disease. It is insanity. It is the flow of external circumstance, and the ebb of our moral tide. But all agree that crime is contagious. That is one of the reasons why the criminal is shut in.

Innocence has not been deemed worthy of volumes and research. And yet, it is predicated by a like environment and heredity. It is the moral ozone that vivifies all adjacent decaying life, and is as great as, if not a greater mystery than, crime itself. The abnormal can generally be more easily explained than the normal. It is probably more natural for the tree to grow crooked than to grow straight.

Purity is the burning-glass that consumes foulness. Or, say that some pure natures stand impregnable, like a mountain of corundum. At this, sin may peck a thousand years in vain. Other white

souls are more like a hill of grass-grown gravel: they may be tunneled from without. Before these, somehow or other, sin does not shrink. The bad person has an intuition for the possibilities of evil that has never been adequately recognized. Herein lies the philosophy of the mutual gravitation of the weak.

Madeleine Morley was of the adamantine kind. Upon her, sin might splash, and leave her as white and as transparent as before. Her innocence was of the invigorating variety. One could not help being better for knowing her, and nobler for being her daily companion. To a great extent this had been so while she had lived a negative existence. But now that she had become positive, this was peculiar in a marked degree. Upon Willard Winch she had been acting as an X-ray upon a cancerous growth. This she did not realize. The ray does not know that it heals, but the patient knows it. In no sense of the word could her relation with the prisoner be called a duel between innocence and sin. Before her beautiful personality, her exquisite delicacy, and her elemental virtue, the evil in Willard Winch seemed to shrivel. And in so exalted a state was she that the knowledge of what he had been did her no harm. He could not acquaint her with evil, for the reason that her mind was only receptive of good. His repeated confessions, and at times unnecessarily noxious details, only left her more full of pity than before. It is to be doubted whether she realized at all the nature of the many crimes that he seemed eager to admit. But Madeleine was not a saint. She was a loving, dependent woman, and her absolute belief in his fidelity to her through crime and temptation outweighed in her sweet heart any sin that he had committed.

It happened, three weeks after Mr. Saltenway had been thrown into this case, that a minor arrest was made upon the street of a suburb. The man was held as an old offender, pending an investigation of his record by the court and by the

probation officer. Ever alert for the slightest clue, Mr. Saltenway looked this man up, and arranged for him to be confronted with Winch before sentence to the Island could be passed. Willard recognized the man immediately. The graver charge took precedence over the lesser one, and the offender was lodged in Charles Street Jail. In one of those moments in which guilt believes itself to be trapped by indubitable evidence, the man confessed that he had killed his companion in hot-headed self-defense. This confession was all that was needed to relieve Willard Winch from the charge of murder, and to release him from jail, on sufficient surety for his appearance as witness for the government.

Madeleine Morley had the Christmas nature. She loved beautiful surprises. She never gave a present but that she planned the greater and the most unexpected pleasure. In this she was like a child. Eternal youth is the rarest gift that God grants to us. It is the most misunderstood, the most lovable, and the most joy-giving. When Madeleine heard from her lawyer that the man for whom she had been so feverishly searching had not only been found and identified, but had confessed, she clapped her hands like a girl.

"When you have arranged with the District Attorney and the Judge for Willard's release, let me carry the papers to him myself. I want to be the one to bring him the good news. I want him to walk out of prison a free man with me."

The white-haired, hard-headed old lawyer turned his face modestly away at the sight of his client's artless enthusiasm. Professionally he had admired her work in the prisoner's behalf, but personally he had never approved of her motive for doing it.

It took only a day for the necessary papers to be made out for the attorney's surety and the release of Willard Winch; this was done, and these were duly forwarded by messenger to the old mansion in Charles Street. Madeleine was sitting with her sister, humming a happy air.

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To this Isabel was listening with an apprehensive frown. The maid knocked softly, and laid a legal envelope in Madeleine's hand.

"Shall I go?" asked Isabel, in a well-bred, sarcastic tone; she had noticed her sister's vivid blush.

But Madeleine tore the envelope open, and drew out the formal order to the Sheriff of Suffolk County. Then she looked up at her sister with brave appeal. Isabel softened, and stretched out her hand in her old maternal way. Then Madeleine flung herself at her elder's feet as if she had been a child at confession, and kissed her sister's hand with a beautiful submission.

"Isabel, dear," she said, "Willard Winch has suffered much. He is innocent, and I shall carry him this message of liberty myself. I have planned for him to come to this house,—if you don't mind? He has nowhere else to go to. You know very well that I have always loved this man. I owe him a great reparation; and when he is free, I shall ask him to marry me. You won't make it hard for me,—will you, dear?"

Isabel Morley looked down upon the child whom she had cherished, the sister whom she had shielded,—and, like many another, beheld what she thought to be the ruin of the being whom she loved supremely. What she had sowed she could not reap. And the peace that she had prayed and planned for was not to be hers. Not knowing it, she had nurtured a stronger nature than her own, and this now arose before her and commanded her.

"Madeleine," she said, "you have chosen madly, but I pray God to grant you the miracle of happiness. I—I shall stand by you; I always have."

Very solemnly the two sisters kissed each other; and then Madeleine went out to her old lover.

"I think he expects something, Miss Morley," said the Sheriff, conducting her within the guardroom, with much ceremony, "but I have not told him. We

seldom do unless it is sure. I will bring him down myself."

Charles Street Jail had wrought a surprising effect upon the prisoner of suspicion. Regular hours, coarse and healthful prison food, long meditation, and especially the inspiration of his devoted visitor,—these had combined to clear the prisoner's eyes and complexion, and to restore some of the natural splendor of his appearance. Care and decent living would certainly make him an unusually handsome man.

His repeated interviews with Madeleine had produced a sort of hypnotic consequence upon him. She had willed him to be good, and had prayed her soul out to this effect, and he had almost come to think that he was. Willard had spent hours in regretting the folly, and especially the insecurity, of his choice in life. The old romantic feeling that he had for Madeleine as a girl returned to him strongly. He had told the truth when he said that he had been true to her; for his career, curiously enough, had never included women. They had disgusted him with too many advances. For the overbold he could never care. Madeleine had always been to him a restraining dream in that respect. And now the reality was even more intoxicating. She surrounded him with a prismatic halo. Besides, she had become his guardian angel when no one else would claim him as friend or even as acquaintance. At times he was persuaded that nobility of purpose had been born within him, that he had turned his back upon his old life forever. These thoughts were especially active after she had left him. He then threw himself upon the cot, when the iron door had clanged, and dreamed of a respectable and unexciting future. These visions, it must be said to his credit, did not involve the woman who had sacrificed herself to him. For he felt then that he should be strong enough to do great things alone. Most lawless men do not like to acknowledge, even to themselves, their dependence upon a woman.

As Willard Winch approached with something of his old military step, Madeleine's heart beat rapidly. But for her years, she was still a girl.

"Oh, Willard!" she cried, "I am so happy I can't wait another instant! Here it is!"

She thrust the paper into his hands. Comprehending what it was, he passed it on to the Sheriff, who looked at them both with a quizzical smile.

"I suppose I can go now," said Winch casually; his new independence of manner, Madeleine thought, became him well.

"Yes, Mr. Winch," the Sheriff answered courteously, "I am compelled to refuse to keep you any longer as my guest, although I regret to have you go."

"The regrets are entirely on your side," Winch answered, with a smile that would have been well bred, had not the lips that framed it been ruined by dissipation. But Madeleine was no student of physiognomy. She had chosen to look at this man through her own haze, and she would do it to the end of her life.

"How soon can you be ready to go?" she asked, with girlish impatience. "I want you to go out with me."

The released prisoner looked at his savior good-naturedly.

"I guess I can get ready in about five minutes,—hey, Sheriff? I can't go too soon to please me. If you will excuse me, Madeleine, I will be right back."

It seemed an hour to the woman, but in reality it was a very short time, when the man returned. He was neatly and almost luxuriously dressed in the clothes that she had ordered sent him from a fashionable tailor. They did not speak. With a light jest he shook hands with the Sheriff, and passed through the iron portals, out of the granite prison, and into the air, a free man.

The sun was shining joyously, and the July air was hot with life. Children were playing opposite in the little park, and beyond was the Charles River Basin, and some shipping. The two walked side by side, still silently, she hardly daring to

say what she must, and he not knowing how to express the gratitude that he really felt. Something about her made him diffident at that moment.

They came to the intersecting street, where the great tide of travel passes out into Cambridge. The jangle of the cars quickened the man's blood. The passing of a great van filled with kegs of beer brought the flush to his cheeks. The hurry of the people unconsciously made his feet forge ahead. The reek from the familiar corner saloon recalled to him days of madness and of freedom which he thought he had forgotten. Why, the whole world was busy, was eager and independent, and it called upon him to go. Go? where could he go but back to the old haunts? Where but to the old places, and to the people who knew him and tolerated him and distrusted him, and without whom he could not live? Go? Why, go back to the old conditions where every night brought forth a new hazard, and every day brought forth a hunger, or a fear, or an apprehension, or an escape. Ah, what was there in the world equal to the battle of wits? If others' brains were keener than his, had he not had his fight, and would he not perish like a man? And all the while the woman walked beside him, fluttering, dainty, decided.

They passed the great aorta of travel, crossed over to the western side of the street, and drew near to Madeleine's home. The woman's feet were slow and slower; the man kept pace with her impatiently. He was free! And the lawless spirit that had been born within him was irresistibly drawing him to the old life that he thought he had forgotten, and which he had tried to persuade himself that he despised. Before the high stone steps Madeleine Morley halted, and the man beside her came to a stop. He could look over her head, and he did so. Beyond, the street yawned into the Common on the one side, and the Public Garden on the other. These the traffic cut as with a wedge. Oh, the

sound of it was absinthe to him! The very appearance of a black hole of a livery stable was a joy. The hurry of the crowd and the impatience of the men were an intoxication. Madeleine noticed his rapt expression, and did not understand it.

"I want you to come in," she said softly. "I have planned for you to stay with us. I did not want to tell you before. It is my little surprise. Your room is all ready for you, Willard, and Isabel is upstairs to greet you."

She turned to go up, but Winch did not follow. She looked quickly into his face. There was an expression in it that she had not seen for some time. It was like that of a fox that has been caged, and is let out into the open. He was panting.

"Why, Willard! Are n't you coming? I've something very important to tell you."

Then the man's thoughts rolled back, and he looked down.

"No, little girl," he said, with a half-amused smile curling his lips. "I cannot go. Don't you see how impossible it is? Why, child, can't you understand?"

Yes,—at last,—she began to understand; that which she saw in his eyes dissipated slowly, almost imperceptibly, the mist from in front of her own.

"Oh!" cried Madeleine; her heart leaped; she grew very pale and began to tremble.

"Don't think," interrupted the malefactor, with a cold gleam and a tender smile, "don't think that I am not grateful for what you have done for me. No other woman has done more for a person who does not deserve it; but believe me, my dear, that I can best show my gratitude to you in this way."

He stopped and lifted his hat before her, standing impatiently still. But the woman no longer met his eyes. Hers had dropped, and tears were falling from them bitterly. It seemed to her as if the whole world had been extinguished, and it had been so brief a one!

"Won't you shake hands?" he said.

"You are always the same to me. You know that."

But Madeleine did not answer. She dared not make a motion, fearing lest she might faint upon her own steps. With an intuition uncommon to his sodden nature, the criminal understood. He looked down upon the woman stricken before him, with all the pity of which he was capable. Then he made an elaborate bow, and walked quickly up the street. At the next corner Willard Winch stopped

and looked back. Madeleine had not stirred. With a half sigh that was almost a half sneer, he turned again, and strode faster on. People swept between. At the corner of Beacon Street he drew a breath of relief.

"Another incident closed," he thought.

But Madeleine stood there, a breaking pillar of woe, until her sister Isabel ran down the steps, flung warm arms about her, and drew her back into their old life.

OUR SPANISH INHERITANCE IN THE PHILIPPINES

BY JAMES A. LE ROY

[Among the other papers which have appeared in the *Atlantic* dealing with conditions in the Philippine Islands have been *Japan and the Philippines*, by A. M. Knapp, June, 1899; *Two Philippine Sketches*, by H. P. Whitmarsh, September, 1900; the *Economic Future of the Philippines*, by C. A. Conant, March, 1902; the *Educational Problem in the Philippines*, by F. W. Atkinson, March, 1902; *Race Prejudice in the Philippines*, by James A. Le Roy, July, 1902; *A Letter from the Philippines*, by Arthur Stanley Riggs, August, 1903; *Road Building among the Moros*, by Major R. L. Bullard, December, 1903; the *United States in the Philippines*, by Alleyne Ireland, November, 1904. Mr. Le Roy's present paper brings into this long symposium some interesting historical illumination. — THE EDITORS.]

THE chief obstacle to social and political progress in the Philippine Islands is "caciquism," the term by which "bossism" is known in those regions. Bossism, as it is now applied in the United States, is, however, not an accurate translation of the Philippine word. A *cacique* in those islands is a combination of our political boss, the schoolmaster in Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*, the old Virginia landlord, and the leader in a local "four hundred," or the husband of such. One may glean indications of the existence of such a family, or of a few such families, in the life of quiet rural villages of New England in former times. But the picture one may imagine of such rural bossism will not quite fit the Philippine conditions. One must introduce something of the color of "the South before the war," even partially to realize

it. Imagine a rural community, secure in the political dominion of one selectman, or of one or two families of selectmen, and at the social wink and nod of the unofficial manor house; but picture that sort of local leadership set up in a community where only two, four, or twelve families out of a population of ten thousand or more live in stone houses with wood floors, and the rest in cane shacks, dependent on those above them for employment, or a piece of land to till, or the money advances inevitably needed each year to till it; finally, transfer your manor to the tropics, where fertility of soil and enervation of climate breed laziness and inertia, above and below in society, and you may have some conception of what Philippine caciquism is in Philippine rural life.

Caciquism is no new thing in the Phil-

ippines, nor is it showing itself to unusual advantage under the American administration. It is, indeed, the chief drawback to the effective working of the municipal code which was put into operation by the Taft Commission in 1901; but, at the same time, there are evidences under that code of a popular opposition to the rule of the boss. Caciquism was the prime feature of the village life of the Filipinos during the entire three hundred odd years of Spanish control; indeed, one may not unfairly say that the Spanish structure of local government was builded upon it, and fostered not only its continuance, but its growth in new directions. But one may not blame the Spaniards for the existence of caciquism; it was a native institution before they came, and they merely accepted it; indeed, they lessened it in some ways beneficial to the people. The word *cacique* (old Spanish spelling *cazique*) was the name for a chief or local magnate in Hayti when the Spaniards came there, and they carried the word elsewhere to describe petty local chieftains of the undeveloped communities in South and Central America, and in the Orient. The word really has, therefore, a tribal signification, and may well be taken as the equivalent of the *datto* among the Moros of the Philippines to-day. In effect, the Moros of to-day represent the local organization and government of all the Filipinos of the archipelago at the time of the conquest, with the exception that the Moros, being Mohammedanized, have taken unto themselves certain formulas of religion, certain customs of local law, and even certain touches of civilization, which the primitive Malays of the archipelago did not have, while the religion they have adopted has given them a touch of brutality, or at least of fanaticism, which the primitive Filipinos did not have. In some ways, we may better look for the prototypes of the primitive Filipino communities in the regions of the non-Christian and non-Mohammedan Malays of the archipelago as they

exist to-day; but here, again, we find these people mostly in the hills, away from the fertile river valleys and sea-coasts of the archipelago. Hence we must suspect a ruder type of civilization than that which prevailed in the more favored regions when the Spaniards came. The Filipino leaders of to-day will protest vigorously against their Christian population being compared with the Malays of the hills. Yet these are less savage than their lowland brothers think, even if there are head-hunters among them. Their sturdiness and straightforwardness help in some degree to support José Rizal's contention that his people had degenerated in character, if they had improved in customs, under Spanish control. The simple truth is that the affinities between them, historically, and even in actual customs and beliefs to-day, are plain. One has to allow for the undoubtedly greater progress, at the time of the Spanish conquest, of the seacoast and river valley populations; that done, we may apply the caciquism that exists among the mountain Malays of to-day to the lowland Filipinos of the sixteenth century.

Caciquism is not a very oppressive kind of bossism. In their rather crude way, justice is oftentimes better secured, life is perhaps almost as safe, and one may guess that contentment is more common, among the "benighted heathen." The petty rivalries among chieftains, and the tribal animosities, however, make against any progress whatever, and in innumerable ways the social organization works toward the fulfillment of the Scriptural dictum that to him that hath shall be given and from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath. Herein lay the evil of the social organization which the Spaniards found among the Filipinos whom they Christianized. Tribal or chieftain's jealousies laid burdens on the masses, holding them firmly in their subordinate stations or thrusting them under continually harsher yokes as the chieftains grew in importance.

The Spaniards did not build deliberately upon this social organization and rule through the chieftains, as the English now do in the Straits Settlements and elsewhere. Though they often recognized, at the outset, the prestige of the chieftains themselves, and sought to exercise control of the people through the aristocrats of the communities, they really crushed the tribal organizations as rapidly as possible. Indeed, the introduction of Christianity, with its rather democratic tendencies in various ways, helped to this end. Still, the families of power and prestige were bound in some degree to hold their place at the top, for some time at least, in any social organization. They gradually fell into place in the Spanish scheme as a new aristocracy, holding the petty offices of a civil character, and serving the missionaries, too, as chief aids in mustering their people under the church, gathering them in the village centres or in *barrios* "under the bells." They were the local tax-gatherers, the local administrators of justice, and the go-betweens for their people with the religious and civil authorities of the Spanish régime. The old caciquism, in other words, simply readjusted itself to conditions and, once settled into place, stayed there more firmly than it had in the old days of less complex social organization, when the whole was not held together as a unit by ecclesiastical domination, and the chance for individual talent to rise was probably greater. It is hard to recognize any but the cruder elements of democracy in the primitive Filipino society; but almost certainly there was more democracy in its comparatively loose organization (maintained, moreover, by the Filipinos themselves, of and for themselves) than in the hard-and-fast society into which they speedily crystallized under Spain's inelastic ecclesiastical régime.

Judging Spain by modern standards of colonization, we might praise her if she had taken over simply the social structure she found, and builded upon it her

government, modifying and destroying only where its tendencies were anti-progressive, working through the already constituted sources of authority over the people to introduce peace, better methods of cultivation of the soil and of living. When Spain chose instead to reject the old social structure, because it was felt to be anti-Christian, to introduce the people of the Philippines not only to the European religion, but also to the customs and laws of Europe, she adopted a programme which is much more ambitious, which strikes deeper into the essentials of a colonized people's life, than the policy which England is to-day pursuing, for instance, in the Malay Peninsula. "Colonial experts" may differ as to the results of such a policy, may feel confident that the ends for which a colonizing power should work, at least deliberately and consciously, should be material only. But we must recognize that Spain, inspired, to be sure, partly by material ambitions, but still more by spiritual aims, did accomplish in the Philippine Islands in the first part of her domination what no other European nation has ever done in the Orient, and did accomplish it without crushing the people under her heel. We may say that the conditions, and particularly the disposition of the people themselves, were peculiarly favorable to such an accomplishment in the Philippines. However we may view the question on that side, we have to admit that here are a people who have been turned to the Christian religion almost *en masse*; that, along with Christianity, they have, if not exactly rejecting old social institutions of a semi-feudal character or their half-developed languages, at least taken up the European village habits, laws and methods suitable to a tropical climate; have in considerable degree adopted European social manners and customs; have, so far as their social and political leaders are concerned, adopted European ideas of politics, literature, and art; have virtually adopted a European language; and have lost their primitive

method of writing and write their own dialects in European style. This is what differentiates for us the Philippine problem (aside from the Moros and pagans) from the problem of the English in the Malay Peninsula, Burma, or India, or of the Dutch in Java, and differentiates it in a degree that our self-constituted mentors, the "colonial experts," apparently do not comprehend at all. There is something of the English and American misunderstanding of and contempt for the Spaniards about this shortsighted view; scant justice is ever done by writers in English to the Spanish colonial régime, and it somehow seems to be taken for granted that Spain, of course, never altered or benefited the institutions or the peoples with which she came into contact. Spain did alter the Filipinos and their society, and for the better, despite ways in which they seem to have lost in moral vigor since the conquest. Let us be fair enough historically to admit this, and to do justice to Spain. Let us also have sufficient discernment to see that Spain's partial progress, which was interrupted before her régime was much more than half over, but which the Filipinos themselves began to carry farther forward in the nineteenth century, makes it possible, nay, absolutely necessary, to proceed farther, faster, and differently from those who have assumed the task of furthering merely the material welfare of Mohammedan, or at least non-Christian, populations in the Orient. The very fact that the Filipinos themselves had already taken a hand in planning and working for their own progress as a community, as a rising nation, in fact, is what makes such procedure on our part not merely imperative in a political sense, but reasonably sure of success in the face of the warnings of "experts" who have compiled their precedents under different conditions and in a different atmosphere.

But, to return to caciquism, we have to note where Spain halted, and where Filipino society "froze," as it were, under her rule. If we have to accord her the

highest praise for the comprehensive effort to develop a whole people spiritually, — praise which is almost unique for her among the colonizing nations,—we have, nevertheless, to charge her both with lack of continued progress and lack of consistent policy. Her aims, in so far as they were altruistic, were much in advance of her times. But, after she had succeeded in her work of primary instruction, in her introduction of the Filipinos to religious, social, and political beliefs and customs which not only make possible advance and improvement along their own lines, but which demand such constant progress as the requisite of their successful maintenance, she halted and folded her hands, the work only just begun, but her conception of it entirely satisfied. Thenceforward, she was, as a colonizing power, absorbed in the glories of the past and in elaborate self-praise, until, from being the herald of a type of colonization which was not mere conquest of territory and trade, she was branded by her own beneficiaries as a mediæval tyrant and a reactionary. Unable as yet to handle the institutions of modern social life so as to bring religious and political liberty and economic freedom even to herself at home, she could not guide an undeveloped Oriental people, only barely initiated by her into a modified Occidental life, to that stage of development which this people's own leaders dimly feel that they could and should reach.

So Spain gradually riveted caciquism in many ways more firmly than before upon the Filipinos. Her structure of government rested upon the local aristocracy (the *principalía*) of each town, and controlled the masses through them. In all matters of civil administration in the towns, except such as were quasi-military, the life of the people was regulated by their constituted bosses; this was quite as true of matters judicial as of matters purely executive, the two, in fact, being blended in the village communities, where alone, except in case of serious crimes, the mass of the natives would, as

a rule, come into contact with the courts. The same overlordship and aristocracy continued to prevail in matters of economic organization, which, until recent years, centred almost entirely in agriculture. Indeed, one almost inclines to the belief that there was more opportunity for the growth of a class of small land-holders under the primitive feudalism of the Philippines than under the system set up by the Spaniards, — *laissez faire*, hampered by the creation of an all-powerful official class and by ecclesiastical oversight, — at least in those richer valleys of Luzon, where the land, if not in the hands of a few *caciques*, was still more completely concentrated in the possession of church corporations. How far such conditions, economic and political, would render null the democratizing influences of Christianity (the religion, not the church), may be guessed. How at the same time they would foster the growth of socialistic ideas, especially when helped by the acceptance, nominally or otherwise, of Christianity, may be surmised, even by him who has not seen how in recent years many Filipinos have, in obtaining some touches of European education, turned to European socialism, sometimes of the French Revolution school, sometimes of the up-to-date Latin-European school, even in its most fantastic manifestations.

For the Filipino propaganda of 1868-98, culminating in the ill-planned revolt of 1896, was in large part a revolt against *caciquism*. The propaganda, to be sure, originated with the aristocracy, and was, down nearly to the time of actual revolt, mainly carried on by and in behalf of the upper classes. Its open aims were the "assimilation" of Filipino laws and administration to those of Spain, — an illogical programme, overlooking the essential differences between the European mother country and the Oriental colony, but a programme primarily designed to confer upon the Filipino aristocracy greater rights and privileges for themselves, regardless of the evident

unfitness of the masses for privileges which, because of their complex nature, would more easily degenerate into abuses on the part of those qualified to manage to their own ends the new machinery of legal codes and internal administration. But this campaign was something more than it seemed to be on the surface. Had it been merely a clamor for greater privileges on the part of the *principalía*, it would not have led at last to actual revolt; for this class is not composed, for the most part, of fighters. The revolt of 1896 was made by the masses, brought into line by new leaders, not of the upper, but of the middle and lower classes. The very life of the propaganda from about 1886 onward — a "reform propaganda" we may now call it, with evidences of something more about it than the petition for greater class privileges — was the work of a few real "sons of the people," young men like José Rizal and Marcelo H. del Pilar from the heart of the Tagalog country, and Graciano Lopez Jaena from the Bisagas. Their campaign was not alone a protest against ecclesiastical domination, but also against administrative and economic *caciquism*, as may be best seen in Rizal's novels, which preach to his own people their lack of independence of mind and will and their other faults of character, which remedied would remedy the evils imposed upon them from above. Rizal's deserved preëminence among the propagandists lies not so much in his greater ability as a writer, in the keener thrusts he gave, as in his more thorough perception of the need for arousing his people to their own defects, in his more complete comprehension of the fact that to have a better government they must first deserve it by forming a more worthy society. But, to a great extent, the new school of middle-class propagandists aimed at more of democracy in Philippine society, and to that extent struck at *caciquism*. The new industrial era in the Philippines, and the expansion of commerce following the removal of the restrictions upon foreigners engaging in

business in the islands and the opening of the Suez Canal, had begun to develop, especially in the Tagalog provinces centring around Manila, evidences at last of a real middle class. The masses were captained by the more radical of these men in 1896-97. Their demands were rather blind and indefinite, as they had not yet formulated their programme to themselves; but, along with complete exasperation at ecclesiastical dominance in matters of body as well as of conscience, and with an outburst of race-hatred, there was some actual impulse to democracy, some resentment at their own countrymen who were identified with the superior structure of government and society which rested upon them.

The revolution of 1898 was organized by these men, the prestige of a few of them among the masses making its beginning possible. As Spain's power so plainly crumbled, and no declaration of intention came from the United States, the Filipino aristocrats joined the Aguinaldo party, a few at first, then all acquiescing at once, except the very small element of very capable men at the top who wished to wait upon the United States and were able to see clearly that the time had not come to go alone. The younger men of the cacique class had, in advance of their elders, quite commonly sought military or civil office under the revolutionary government. The older men did so more slowly, and partly from policy, partly because of the absence of any other programme to be followed. One might, from a superficial view, say that the Filipino upper classes organized and ran the so-called Philippine Republic while it lasted. In large part, they were identified with it, and most generally the rule of the caciques was not altered in the towns. But the new party of young radicals dominated at the centre of this institution, even though they did not accomplish any reform of the old-time boss-ship, beyond the issuance of unheeded decrees against it. The principal interference with the caciques in the towns came from the new

military leaders, chief among them some middle-class and lower-class natives now tasting the sweets of command. The masses were not the gainers by this fact; they had, in fact, more bosses under this temporary régime than ever before.

When at last the United States began to present a positive programme to the Filipinos, simultaneously with the exhaustion of the country and its weariness of war, this programme quite naturally appealed more effectually to the men of property, to the old cacique class, than to the young radicals. With some exceptions, the latter yielded only when they were forced to, and are quiescent to-day rather through force of circumstances than otherwise; omitting some important districts, where the aristocracy has been tenaciously identified with the prolongation of resistance to the United States, the traditional leaders of the Filipinos are reasonably content with the new régime, particularly if they have been able to regain office and social prominence. The masses are, generally speaking, negligible; they follow their bosses. But they have been, especially in the more populous and advanced districts, in some degree torn loose from the traditional caciques, and, having been subjected to the sway of new leaders during from six to eight years of warfare and unrest, are easily made the prey of political adventurers or religious fanatics.

The radicals of one sort and another a large number of whom are dishonest scapegoats and cheap demagogues, have since 1901 quite generally maintained that the Federal party, which is made up of those who brought peace by accepting the American programme and therefore took office under the new régime, is simply an instrument in perpetuating the old caciquism. There is a large measure of truth in this charge. It is not, however, the fault of the government, nor of the Filipinos who were identified with the formation of the Federal party, but of the social conditions existing in the Philippines. To return to a truth preached by Rizal,

when the Filipinos as a people will reject caciquism, because prepared for something better, then caciquism will cease, and not till then. The organ of those we may call the "Young Filipino party" of to-day, *El Renacimiento*, a daily newspaper published in Spanish and Tagalog in Manila, is conducting a campaign primarily against caciquism (and so, for that matter, is *La Democracia*, organ of the Federal party). But we find a collaborator of *El Renacimiento* saying, in his department of "Hammer-Blows," in a recent issue:—

"There are various forms of caciquism. . . . In one place, the prosecuting attorney dominates everything, is the king. Wherever he goes, all thrust upon him liquors, banquets, and ceremonious courtesies. He is the great man of the day. . . . Elsewhere, the municipal president, elected by manipulations of base and disgraceful politics, directs the masses like a god. His phrases are translated into ordinances; his pleasure is law for everybody. . . . The justices of peace cannot dictate a sentence without consulting him. The health officer must do the same. Of the chief of police, let us say nothing, for it is well known that he is merely the uniformed messenger. . . . Sometimes it is not a public official at all who constitutes

himself the autocrat; it may be anybody soever,—the chief property-owner,—perhaps it may be the local wise man. The latter is the most ferocious: his Latin studies, which back in his best times he pursued in a Manila college, he considers as the supreme synthesis of modern scientific, social, or political theories, etc. His house is visited by the president, the councilors, all those in official position, to hear *suggestions*. . . . When the field hands descry, even from afar, the silhouette of our wise man through the opening of his window, they begin to take off their hats as if they were to pass before the Archangel Gabriel."

Popular education, the chief feature of the new régime, is the greatest enemy to caciquism in the Philippines. Without it, even the most satisfactory economic progress, important as is this sort of development, will not accomplish the programme the best radicals have in mind. Herein lies the chief argument for their coöperation with the Americans, and the line along which it has already in considerable degree been brought about. It may in this connection be suggested to the school of "experts" that Philippine history holds some lessons for them which may shed light on the American policy they regard as so mistakenly conceived.

SIR LESLIE STEPHEN

BY JAMES SULLY

It is well sometimes that a distinguished man should die without having written an autobiography. Leslie Stephen was not the sort of person to be likely to write about himself, and possibly the fact that he had written so many biographies of others further indisposed him to undertake such a task. But by a happy chance he wrote two works in which the reader may incidentally acquire a good bit of information about his ancestry and his early life. These are the biography of his brother, the well-known judge, Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, and of his former college chum, the economist and politician, Henry Fawcett.¹ From the former we learn that Leslie, who was born in 1832, came of a good ancestry, having in its roll some distinguished names. On the paternal side he came, like Gladstone, from a sturdy stock whose will, energy, and wit were developed by business pursuits. We find in it traces of exceptional muscular strength, and Leslie, the famous athlete and Alpine climber, was fond of relating how his paternal grandfather once started in the early morning of his seventieth birthday on a walk of twenty-five miles to Hampstead, at which place he breakfasted. We note, too, evidences of a brave and independent spirit, ready to fight valiantly on occasion for legal rights. Mr. F. Galton finds a good illustration of the heredity of talent in the fact that Stephen and his distinguished brother had for their grandfather a master in Chancery, and for their father a gentleman who won eminence as Colonial Under-Secretary, as a professor of history, and as the author of a noteworthy

book, *Essays in Ecclesiastical Biography*.

The father was a warm adherent of the sombre creed of the Evangelical school known as the Clapham Sect; and the mother, the daughter of Rev. John Venn of Clapham, held the same faith. It is not hard for one who knew Stephen in later life to form a tentative picture of the boy's home. The father was evidently a potent influence in its atmosphere. He was a man of an "exquisitely sensitive nature," "shy in a remarkable degree," and "the least sanguine of mankind." He lived the life of a recluse. This of itself would have given a certain sombreness to the children's world. Yet it was the stern impositions of the Clapham creed which must, one supposes, have brought oppressiveness into the home atmosphere. The youngsters were strictly forbidden such worldly pleasures as the theatre and dances. Nevertheless, glints of a cheerful light were not wanting. Even the stern father would unbend in the relaxing surroundings of family and friends, and go to the length of producing doggerel rhymes for his children's delectation. It seems probable, however, that the mother was the chief source of cheerfulness and hopefulness in the house. She was of a serene temper, and accepted Evangelicalism in a milder form. The interesting detail in the son's description, that she was learned in poetry, suggests that she may have relieved the dullness of the children's surroundings by introducing the entralling pleasures of verse recited by a beloved voice.

The child Leslie was of a delicate constitution, and this circumstance may have strengthened a disposition to self-retirement and sombre reflection which was handed down by progenitors and so well

¹ To these should be added the reminiscent papers by Sir Leslie Stephen which were printed in the *Atlantic* for September, October, November, and December, 1903.

fostered by the *milieu* of the home. It seems hard to think of him as ever having been a playful child. It is even possible that in those first years he developed something of the attitude of critical on-looker. The saving grace of humor could not have come yet; nevertheless, he may have had glimpses of the absurdities inseparable from a narrow ascetic creed brought into touch with the ordinary ways of men. Perhaps he ventured now and again to make caustic observations on the doings of the straiter members of the sect; and one likes to imagine that the serene-tempered and conciliative mother would then give him his first lessons in tolerance.

Owing to the boy's feeble health, and other circumstances, the experiment of schooling did not come off with brilliant success. During four years the two brothers were at Eton as day pupils, and as such came in for the contempt which is apt to be bestowed by boys, as well as by men, on those who are without or only half-way within their set. The harsh régime may have helped to develop in Leslie the grit of the later mountaineer and intellectual fighter; possibly also the keen sense of justice and the sympathy with those who suffer. At the age of eighteen he went up to Trinity Hall, Cambridge, studied mathematics, and after winning a scholarship came out in the mathematical Tripos as a wrangler. In later years he was fond of writing and talking about the good effects of mathematical study as evinced by the number of eminent men in various walks of life who had stood high in the list of Cambridge wranglers. There is little doubt that the discipline conduced to the formation of that high standard of clearness and exactness in reasoning which he impartially imposed on himself and on others.

Soon after taking his degree he gained the emolument of a college fellowship, for which at that time one was still required to take holy orders. In the undergraduate days the severities of mathematical study had been relieved by phy-

sical exercises hardly less exacting, which his better health now permitted him to carry out. He won distinction in running, both as an undergraduate and as a don; and though he did not become famous as an oarsman, he was keenly interested in rowing, and in later life he told amusing stories of his experiences as a coach of his college boat, whose duty it was to run along the river bank regardless of mud or flood and keep the eight up to the mark by stimulative and corrective shouts. It was in this work, perhaps, that he first developed his powers as a leader of men, more particularly his skill in keeping a team of workers together.

As is well known, Stephen made memorable ascents in the Alps and other mountains. He was made president of the Alpine Club in 1865. His first published writings are descriptions, half serious, half humorous, of his ascents, some of which are happily still accessible in one of the most attractive of his works, the *Playground of Europe* (published in 1871). This work is well worth studying to-day, not only for its vivid descriptions, but for its presentation of a conception of climbing at once dignified and modest, very unlike that of many unseasoned men who nowadays rush at the perilous ascent. He relinquished his beloved art in deference to family obligations, and he has given us in a chapter of the same volume, headed "The Regrets of a Mountaineer," his characteristic adieu to the Alps. Stephen's fine record in athletics suggests how curiously nature sometimes combines with considerable delicacy of organism a special degree of muscular power and breathing capacity. He was considerably above the average height, and according to a widespread notion his tallness ought to have handicapped him in the athletic field. Yet exceptional length of limb was certainly an advantage to him in getting over the ground, and no less certainly stood him in good stead in rock climbing; and one may suppose that his stature touched the point where the maximum of these advantages could

be realized without sensible drawbacks.

Athletic pursuits, though a keen interest, were by no means the chief occupation of the young Cambridge don. The biography of Fawcett gives us a charming account of the good fellowship of the fellows of a college in the old days when "society" had not yet invaded the semi-monastic seclusion of the college, capturing its "married fellows;" when outside social engagements did not entice the others to a too frequent absence from the Hall and the Common Room; and when long hours of uninterrupted talk were a chief feature of the day's life. Stephen, naturally shy like his father, needed just this quiet world of keen and sufficiently kindred spirits. Fawcett and other gifted members of the society afforded a powerful intellectual stimulus. He gained from these lively discussions with men of other intellectual pursuits the inestimable advantage of outgrowing his specialism, of reaching a wider horizon, a sympathetic comprehension of the aims and methods of minds different from his own. At the same time this close communion with men of intellect exercised him in the art of debate, in alertness and precision of logical stroke, when called upon to attack the theories of others or to defend his own.

The group of young men to which Stephen was now attached were under the spell of John Stuart Mill. Cambridge may almost be called the university home of Utilitarianism, and one may note in passing that what is probably destined to be the last considerable development of utilitarian ethics was the work of the Cambridge professor, Henry Sidgwick, whose loss the University is still deplored. Stephen seems to have plunged resolutely into the current of freer thought about man and his destiny in which Fawcett and others were being swiftly carried onwards. At the same time he became an ardent disciple of the new teachers of Evolution, Darwin and Herbert Spencer, the influence of whom was to become a much more permanent force in his devel-

opment. These influences brought a crisis into his career. Like many another man at the University, he began now for the first time to examine the foundations of early religious beliefs which had been adopted more from filial duty than from personal conviction. The outcome of these searchings of mind was the abandonment of holy orders, and, as a necessary consequence, the loss of his fellowship.

This plucky resolution laid upon Stephen the unpleasant necessity of finding a career for himself. Under Fawcett's influence he made an attempt to enter the political field. His first visit to America, paid at this time, was undertaken in furtherance of his political education. It was the time of the Civil War, and it was natural that the sympathies of one whose grandfather had been a chief supporter of Wilberforce, and who was a new recruit in the small army of philosophical Radicals, should be drawn to the cause of the North. He was long afterwards pleased at having shaken hands with Abraham Lincoln, and lastingly grateful for the friendships which this and other visits to America secured him. A good many years after this visit, while I was staying with Stephen's family in the country, where Russell Lowell was another guest, I was particularly pleased to be the witness of the warm intimacy as of kinship between the illustrious American poet and my host and his family. The visit has been impressed on my memory by more than one agreeable incident, among others the having Lowell as smoking companion in the morning in the library, while Stephen was busy with his pen, when the poet would graciously vary his talk by taking down a copy of *Tom Sawyer* and reading out extracts.

It is easy for us who knew him later to see that politics could never have been Stephen's life-work. Not only was he too retiring to make his mark in the clamorous political forum; the bent of his mind led him far away from what he saw to be a domain in which indepen-

dence of thought is sadly hampered by the requirements of party loyalty. It is a curious circumstance that Stephen appears to have abandoned the idea of a political career shortly before John Stuart Mill, under strong pressure from his friends, entered Parliament and distinguished himself afresh by a courageous profession of "singular" views. One is tempted to speculate whether, if the fates had arranged the sequence of events otherwise, Mill's example would have modified Stephen's views. It seems more likely, however, that the rejection of Mill on the second contest for the Westminster seat would have confirmed him in his opinions.

The stronger and lasting impulse toward literature now asserted itself. Like most modern writers, Stephen found his apprenticeship to letters in writing for the journals. The *Saturday Review*, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the *Cornhill Magazine*, and later the *Fortnightly Review*, provided him with ample scope for work of various aim and degree of solidity. The *Saturday*, which was now enjoying its palmy days as a formidable censor of books and men, numbered among its contributors some eminent names, such as Freeman the historian and Mr. John Morley, the latter of whom soon afterwards undertook the editorship of the *Fortnightly*. The tone of the journal in theology was robustly Anglican, and in politics severely Conservative; but the literary side offered free scope to writers who by no means shared its views in these matters. The only condition exacted, besides special knowledge, clearness and force in expression, and argumentative skill, was the adoption of a characteristic tone, which included a manly contempt of sentiment and of dreamy or paradoxical ideas, and asserted its superiority to the duller sort of common sense by a delicate yet mordant satire. As a distinguished writer on the staff remarked to me later on, it was an excellent school for training in style. Stephen always seemed to me in his manner of writing

to illustrate the effect of this training at its best.

The early familiarity with theological speculation, and still more the Cambridge studies and discussions, had developed in Stephen a decided turn for the serious kind of thinking, and in the *Fortnightly* he began to give literary form to his ripening views on theological and ethical questions. The appearance in 1873 of the vigorous work, *Essays on Freethinking and Plain Speaking*, clearly indicated that bold attitude of agnosticism, to which, as that other volume, *An Agnostic's Apology*, published in later life, sufficiently shows, he was henceforth steadily to adhere. Meanwhile his growing reputation as a man of letters was demonstrated by his appointment to the editorship of the *Cornhill Magazine*, an office which Thackeray's tenure had stamped with a special literary distinction. A close family connection with the illustrious novelist had been formed about four years earlier by a marriage with his daughter.

It was three or four years after he became editor of the *Cornhill* that I first met Stephen. I had already seen him in the drawing-room of the "Priory" in St. John's Wood, where in the seventies a little circle of literary, scientific, and artistic folk gathered on Sunday afternoons at the tea-hour, on the chance of getting a few minutes' quiet talk with George Eliot, now elderly and much of an invalid, and with the certainty of hearing brilliant sallies from the witty and still lively veteran, G. H. Lewes. I recall Stephen as sitting in the social arc drawn about the fireplace toward the end opposite the door, that is to say, as far as possible from the window end where the novelist sat. His distinguished aspect could not but impress, even in an assembly which was by no means an ordinary one. I seem to see still, as in some Venetian masterpiece, the slight but commanding figure; the long and finely moulded head and face, delicate, yet of a virile keenness; the eyes looking up from under their shaggy

brows as if, like the best music, they had been charged with the impossible task of revealing the secret deeps of a rich personality; and the coloring of the eyes and of the abundant hair, mustache, and beard, well supported by an attire which itself had a note of easy dignity. He did not take a large part in the talk, which was wont to bubble softly here and there along the arc, save when the genial host made a brave attempt to start a general conversation; but he had a smile when others talked. The first meeting was under somewhat trying circumstances. Some one, probably Lewes, had given me an introduction to him, and I called on him to discuss possibilities of work for the *Cornhill*. It was an autumn or early winter afternoon, when the light of a London drawing-room, which is but rarely in excess, falls to a rich low key, bits of flame-lit color standing out against sombre depths of shadow. Stephen had recently lost his wife, and I was warned that I might find him a melancholy recluse. His accost had in it behind its evident cordiality a touch of awkwardness, as if he were forcing himself to forget the books left behind. The memory of his low, winsome voice and of the first of his many kind words of encouragement still comes back to me. I wrote for the *Cornhill* from that day until Stephen ceased to be its editor. He seemed to me the most considerate of editors,—almost too timid, some would have said, before the unpleasant necessity of rejecting a manuscript or of asking a contributor to shorten his article; and ever ready to take a kindly and helpful interest in the younger men who assisted him.

Some years later, toward the end of the seventies, I gained a peculiarly favorable opportunity of knowing Stephen intimately. London sets up cruel barriers between busy friends, and next to proximity of dwelling, if indeed inferior to this, is the chance of meeting on off-service days in the country. The Alpine climber, who had wisely given up risky ascents, was still vigorous enough; and he

conceived the happy idea of a fortnightly walk in the country with a small band of friends. A sort of informal club was started with Stephen as chief, and was christened by him, with a characteristic disregard of fine language, the Sunday Tramps. The members, carefully chosen by the chief, consisted of literary men, lawyers, and others. Every fortnight, toward the end of the week we received a post card on which was indicated in Stephen's firm pointed writing the train by which we were to set out, as well as that by which we were to return. The aim of our chief was to secure a cross-country walk from one railway to another. Attractive scenery, especially that of the hilly and heathy districts of Surrey and Kent, together with the more picturesque portion of the Thames, counted in the selection; and where possible the route was made to include some house, church, or natural object having historic interest or literary associations. Stephen showed great skill in planning our route, having an acute instinct for direction, and for divining short-cuts not indicated by the maps. His fondness for the latter prompted him on one occasion to defy a notice board warning trespassers, a defiance which brought us face to face with a keeper, who dignified his office by going through the formality of taking down names and addresses. Stephen always had something of the solicitous look of a schoolmaster as he stood on the London platform crowded with people bent on a Sunday excursion, and looked round for his flock. We used to pack ourselves as best we could into a second-class smoking compartment, Stephen and others of us having a keen appetite for the morning pipe. We would start walking in a compact body at a good pace, but disintegrating tendencies in the shape of unequal degrees of energy and special mutual drawings soon broke up the squad into twos and threes, the numbers which proved to be the most favorable for talk. I believe that it was found, too, that when we were a good number and marched in a

close body, we exposed ourselves to the contemptuous remarks of juvenile on-lookers, who took us for a procession of the Salvation Army. Our chief brought with him a beautiful collie dog, who occupied himself with running to and fro between the front and rear groups, as if we were sheep needing to be kept together. The loss of that dog, who was poisoned during a walk with his master in his favorite London park, affected him profoundly, so that we avoided speaking of it.

The chief, of course, gave the pace, which had a delusive look of moderation, so quietly did his limbs appear to move, before we had learned the range of his stride. He found it difficult sometimes to allow for the limitations of weaker brethren; and the catching of a train at the end of a quickish walk of twenty miles or more was apt to impose a nasty run on the tail of the company. But a tolerance like that of a big dog for feebler creatures, and a genuine kind-heartedness, soon corrected any tendency to overestimate average powers of locomotion; and I remember well his once speaking to me, with an unusual tenderness and something of self-reproach in his voice, of a friend in poor health who had, unwisely perhaps, essayed a walk and suffered from the effort. Lunch was enjoyed in a humble "pub"—the meaner-looking the inn, the better Stephen seemed to be pleased; for he had not christened us Tramps for nothing. There was a distinct note of asceticism in his discipline. He would smile rather contemptuously if we brought our drawing-room standards of art to bear on the wondrous oleographs of the inn parlor. Bread and cheese and a pint of beer was our allowance, and there was, indeed, but rarely the choice of other fare. When we happened to stray into a hotel and found a hot joint going, our chief good-naturedly left us free to indulge; though I shall never forget his expression as on one cold day shortly before Christmas we allowed ourselves to be allured by piquant odors into

partaking of hot turkey. As he sat faithfully consuming his bread and cheese, he eyed us with something of the sad despair of a Greatheart watching some backsliding in his pilgrims, yet with more, perhaps, of that of a good-natured schoolmaster who catches sight of his boys launching out at a tuck-shop. The severe regulations, as we were sometimes disposed to regard them, of the former trainer of college athletes, were now and again formally relaxed when there came an invitation to lunch or afternoon tea. Among other hospitable houses was that of Charles Darwin at Down; it was a thing to remember to see the signs of mutual regard between the literary editor and his scientific master. Another roof which offered generous hospitality, and perhaps the most brilliant talk to be obtained in England, was that of George Meredith at Box Hill, Stephen's intimate friend, the one man, as he once remarked to me, of undoubted genius whom he had known.

The various experiences of these days in the country served to bring out the qualities of our chief. He was now tasting the new happiness which came with his second marriage, and had lost much of the look of sadness and of self-withdrawal of earlier days. He was not what is called a brilliant talker, but spoke slowly, often with a visible as well as audible effort, and preferred to pitch his voice in a low key for one or two listeners. Yet what he said was of the best, and worthy of the man and the scholar. His words apropos of his beloved Johnson apply to himself: "A good talker, even more than a good orator, implies a good audience. Modern society is too vast and too restless to give a conversationalist a fair chance." The Sunday walk gave him the needed quantity and quality of audience. Sometimes in the railway carriage or at the luncheon table conversation would become general. Topics inviting to humorous treatment were often started. It was natural, perhaps, that a company consisting largely of young writers should raise the question of the comparative demerits of this

and that London publisher. Stephen would good-naturedly descend to our level at such times, joining in now and again with some pithy observation or appropriate story. But it was in the privileged hours when one found one's self on the road alone with him that he opened himself up, mind and heart. He loved to talk of men and their doings. In the *Cornhill* days he would take one into his confidence and speak of his contributors, for example of Robert Louis Stevenson, or of Grant Allen, who was now beginning under a *nom de plume* to strike out a new line as a story-writer. When, as in these two cases, the risks of literary enterprise were faced on a slender basis of health, his interest was intensified. He would show the same kindly interest in his listener, questioning and trying to understand his aims, and often suggesting facts, such as striking instances of the precocity of genius, and apparent exceptions. But he could not long keep off the subjects of his own ardent study. In the first days of the Tramps we often discussed ethical points which he was just tackling in connection with his forthcoming volume, the *Science of Ethics*, a work in which he was to make excellent use of the new sociological conceptions of the Evolutionist.

In the second half of the seventies appeared the two important works, *Hours in a Library* and the *History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century*. He was now steeped in the writers of that period, and he would entertain his fellow Tramps out of the abundance of his knowledge with many interesting facts and curious problems. He seemed even in these intervals of country repose to be ever near the time and the world which by close reading he had made his own. This preoccupation of mind with his literary researches, which made his talk delightfully instructive, grew more marked after the year 1882, when he gave up the editorship of the *Cornhill* for that of the *Dictionary of National Biography*, the great undertaking on which his friend

and publisher, George Smith, was now embarking. The work of searching out every name which by any sort of notability could lay claim to admission in the volumes was in itself colossal, and in carrying this out he had to grapple with many an intricate and perplexing question. His accounts of these editorial investigations gave one a clear insight into the peculiar nature of his work, as also into the manner of working of his mind, the exercise of a sportive instinct for scenting out undiscovered facts, always watched and controlled by a trained logical faculty. Such labors had, of course, their moments of delay and seeming bafflement. What tried him more was the task of keeping his team of contributors up to time. As in the case of the Tramps, a habit of applying a high standard to his own performances may at the outset have led him to underestimate others' difficulties, especially the limitations of time which pressed on men who did not enjoy his own freedom from other than literary occupations. Then there was the problem of confining contributors to the limits of space prescribed, and, what was probably a still more knotty one, that of securing the necessary degree of uniformity in the treatment of subjects. The *Dictionary* undoubtedly weighed heavily at times on Stephen's shoulders, especially toward the end of the nine years of his management. He often spoke to me of the difficulties with just a shade of complaint in his tone. At the same time, another weighty undertaking, the *English Utilitarians*, was hanging fire, and Stephen often relieved his soul by pouring out his sense of weariness. Yet no one was at heart less of a growler than he. After talking of the difficulties, he would often wind up with a sigh, followed by some humorous observation. Among these I remember his once saying to me that as our initials fell late in the alphabetic order there would be no need of hurry in the case of notices of ourselves. For the rest, these talks always brought out his manly spirit, his courage in facing diffi-

culties, and his deep love of his work. He brought into it something of the spirit of the sportsman, liking nothing better than cutting his way through some knotty thicket of false tradition and misrepresentation, and tracking facts to their lair.

Manly himself, Stephen had a genuine admiration of the manly temper in others. He had quite a partiality for invalids of the uncomplaining sort. The gifted young Clifford, smitten with a fatal malady, had drawn out from him an affectionate half-fatherly care. Later on, Croom Robertson, the editor of *Mind*, was added to his visiting list, during a long and painful illness. He often talked to me of his visits to the latter, who showed his pluck when struck down by a cruel and relentless foe, not only by bearing his sufferings without complaint, but by holding on to his professorial and editorial duties with the tenacity of his Scotch race. Then I would hear of visits to James Payn, and how, when overtaken with bouts of acute pain, the novelist still persevered in writing entertainingly for his readers. Stephen was a man of unusually tender sympathy for real distress; but the sufferer had to show himself a man in order to receive the full overflow of his kind-heartedness. His estimate of courage was not precisely what one might have expected from so keen an admirer of athletics. As readers of his *Playground of Europe* will remember, he had a contempt for foolhardiness; and it is significant that in discussing in his book on ethics the virtue of courage, he raises the question whether courage is in itself always a virtue. And for him courage was much more than readiness to face physical evil and pain. Among other subjects talked over in these walks was the case of a man who had just been sentenced to a year's imprisonment for a particularly unsavory and irritating act of blasphemy. Stephen's fine sense of the dignity of things led him to recoil from the man in disgust; yet being convinced that the sentence was excessive and vindictive, he courageously threw himself into the work of getting signa-

tures to a petition praying for a mitigation of the penalty.

I always thought that his great respect for intellectual industry and thoroughness in work was deeply tinged with admiration for courage. To him the hasty and slovenly worker, the charlatan who made a pretense of seeking truth, was branded with the meanness of the poltroon; he was one who shrank from the irksomeness of strenuous work. It has been said that he was a shade too hard on the ignoramus; but it was only the ignorance which comes from dislike of exertion that incurred Stephen's contempt. His attitude toward the ignorance which results from intellectual incapacity was widely different from that of Swift, of whom he writes: "He scorns fools too heartily to treat them tenderly and do justice to the pathetic side of even human folly." Stephen's contempts were undoubtedly numerous and active, and they were wont to be vigorously expressed. R. L. Stevenson once remarked to me that a good way of getting at a man's character was to induce him to confess his pet aversion, to answer the question: "What sort of action would you most dislike to be accused of?" This test would certainly have been applicable to Stephen. All that was mean-spirited excited his contempt: he had something of Carlyle's fierce hatred of whatever had the ring of falsity; and his finely disciplined character recoiled from every exhibition of animalism in man. His account of the vice of gluttony, in the *Science of Ethics*, has a peculiar interest for those who remember the character of the man. Yet, though a man of strong antipathies, he was not what is called a good hater. At the season of life of which I am now speaking, which may be indurating, though in the case of the best it is mellowing, he was at the core a sociable and kindly man, who, while a fighter, dealing blows many and vigorous, never, I believe, excited animosity in the persons whose cause he attacked. To those who really knew him the idea of Stephen's having

an enemy would not have been entertainable.

So far as I could make out, Stephen's tastes were few and simple. His chief pleasures were books and the society of friends. His love of nature was genuine and deep, but during our walks he rarely dwelt on the beauties of scenery. He would stand and enjoy a fine view silently. I suspect that with his dislike of everything that smacked of sentimentalism he had a wholesome suspicion of gush in this domain; perhaps, too, he had been sickened of this sort of thing in his visits to the resorts of tourists in Switzerland. His book about the Alps serves among other purposes as a valuable corrective for what one may call the Baedeker standard of nature's beauty, the estimation of a view according to the number of mountain peaks and lakes comprehended in it; and there seems to be a touch of mischievous satisfaction in his warning to the aspiring seeker after mere extent of view, that from the summit of Mont Blanc the range of outlook dwindles to contemptible dimensions. As regards art, his love seems to have been largely absorbed by literature. He had, especially after his second marriage, many points of contact with the art circles of London. Yet one doubts whether he had developed his taste in this direction to a noteworthy degree. Toward music, as he once remarked to me, apropos of an article I had just sent him, he entertained a positive dislike, saying with a characteristic touch of playful exaggeration, no doubt, that it affected him much in the same way that it did his dog, in whom it gave occasion for a melancholy howl.

No reader of Stephen's books need be told that he possessed a rare quality of humor. His amusing remarks during these country walks illustrated the various qualities of laughter. Sometimes it was slightly acrid, reminding one of donnish and *Saturday Review* days; at other times it would take on something of Carlylean grimness, as in the remark about our chances of dying in time to get a place

in the *Dictionary*. But for the most part, in the agreeable surroundings of country and friends, it had a mellow, kindly tone, as when some of us would protest against the miseries of a ploughed field in the wet winter season, over which Stephen, looking like the figure of inexorable fate, insisted on leading us.

The fellowship of the Tramps had to come to an end like other fellowships, and the end affected us as a change in the old order of the world. Stephen's health made it necessary for him to keep to short, slow walks. It was pathetic to see, toward the close of the tramps, our valiant chief beginning to bring a special lunch with him, and, what was perhaps worse, a wrap. After the Tramp days Stephen liked now and again to take a quiet Sunday ramble with one of his friends. I enjoyed his companionship in this way through the years of his declining health, and noted how these years were bringing more patience and charity to help him to meet their burden. Those last walks together over the meadows gay with June brightness, to the secluded house of our friend at Box Hill are things not to be written about. By this time cruel family bereavements had come to make further trial of him, and his spirit had to make more strenuous efforts to come forth wearily to meet friendly accost. Yet even in these desolate days his humor did not fail him. The last time I saw him, a few months before his death, he talked of the plans of his family for passing the summer holiday in the country; and with a characteristic movement of the body and a gentle sigh, added: "I shall sit still: I'm getting uncommonly good at sitting."

In dealing in this article with Stephen's character and life, I have followed his own method of approaching a man's writings. For him the works of Johnson, Sterne, Balzac, even the scientific treatises of Bentham, were the expression of an individual mind and character, and only to be fully understood through a knowledge of these. Stephen's writings were

of diverse texture, varying from the popular, an insistence on the necessity of starting from clear principles, for example, in his complaint that "principles" were "prejudices in the highest degree,"—in which we may see more than one influence of his teacher. A further unity is given to this varied work by reflections of those of temperament and character on which we have here been dwelling. One needs to know something of the writer's temperament in order fully to appreciate some of parts of the *Science of Ethics*. Nothing is more remarkable than the way in which the tenderness and humor of man accompany him throughout, facing the edge of adverse criticism, appearing now and then in a half disguised form a humane note into the serious of his scientific writings.

With this he combines a dignified method, rarely written *Playground of Europe* and the studies of Johnson, Swift, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and the rest, to the weightier and more scientific treatises, the *Science of Ethics*, the *History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century*, and the *English Utilitarians*. Notwithstanding this diversity of subject and of treatment, his writings had a real unity of purpose and of spirit. A deep humanity, an intense interest in character, shone through even the abstract form of exposition of the work on ethics; and, on the other hand, the critical appreciation of poet, novelist, or other man of pure letters, is essentially an appreciation of a mind and character at work. This mind and character he presents to us as conditioned by its surroundings, and here his studies in evolutionary sociology stood him in good stead.

TORIAN EPOCH

HIGGINSON

for a moment to an earlier generation, not so much because of his advanced years, as because he seemed to have made his definitive and crowning contribution to human thought more than twenty years ago,—perhaps in his *Principles of Psychology* in 1872,—and to have been about his detached seeds of thought ever since, to take root widely, yet in an essentially fragmentary way. Spread far over men's minds, their scattered harvest has often proved and even obstructed the local growth, just as our Southern battle-fields are now covered with blossoming peach-trees, which have sprung from the stones that the Union soldiers threw. Seeming in one point of view a failure, this result, nevertheless, corresponds greatly with the impression produced by the recently published letters

THE CLOSE OF THE VICTORIAN EPOCH

BY THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

THE deaths of Herbert Spencer and Philip James Bailey, following on those of Lord Houghton, Thomas Hughes, and Aubrey de Vere, have taken away the last of the figures who peculiarly represented, for Americans at least, the Victorian literary epoch. The first two among these owed their earliest really enthusiastic readers to this country, while Hughes made himself half American, first by his sympathies, and then by his colonial experiments. Aubrey de Vere published poems in our magazines, and Lord Houghton opened his heart and home to all of us,—as he did, indeed, to all the outer world. Of these authors and some of their contemporaries, I propose to set down a few notes of remembrance.

The death of Herbert Spencer (1820-1903) seemed in a manner to shift men's

of Darwin, where every letter suggests some inquiry still pending or the germ of some still unexplored harvest for the future. This helps us to understand why it is that Spencer's fame still remains the more insular of the two. Neither of them wrote, of course, with French terseness, or paid that penalty of shallowness to which French intellect is so often limited. Neither Darwin nor Spencer can be said to have imagination or humor; but the charm of an absolutely ingenuous nature is always felt in Darwin, whereas in Spencer, at his best, there is an atmosphere which, if not self-assertion, at least bears kindred to it. Even in the collection and combination of details, as made by these two, there is a difference. Darwin is methodical, connected, and above all things moderate and guarded; while Spencer's mind often seems a vast landing - net thrown out for the gathering of every fact which he desires to find, however scanty the harvest. He accounts the hearsay of a single traveler to be more than equivalent, if it tends in his own favorite direction, to the most elaborate tissue of evidence that inclines the other way.

Spencer had what Talleyrand once defined as "the weakness of omniscience," giving unflinchingly his opinions on banking, on dancing, or on astronomy; and, although he went through life constantly widening his allusions and interests, while Darwin modestly lamented the steady narrowing of his own, yet it is hard to see how any person brought in contact with both, either personally or through reading, can help finding in Darwin, not only the sweeter and humbler, but the richer and more lasting, nature of the two. Writing at once for trained students and for the liberal public, Spencer reached the latter easily, and the former with less marked success. His generalizations were often vague, and in a manner anticipatory; he relied on evidence yet to come in, and while he thus popularized in a manner irresistible, he did not so surely carry with him the profoundest minds. His criticisms of other

authors were often superficial and shallow, as in the case of Kant and Hamilton; and had not, in short, the profound and self-controlled patience of Darwin. This being true of Spencer even as a home - keeping student, it became especially visible in his one noticeable experience as a traveler, and those present at his farewell dinner in New York still recall vividly the amusing effect produced by his cautioning his hearers against baldness as an outcome of the eager American life, whereas those who sat with him at the banquet seemed like an assemblage of highly bewigged men compared with the notoriously baldheaded congregation of English barristers to be seen every Sunday at the Temple Church in London.

The recognized host of literary Americans in London, during the latter half of the last century, — after the death of Samuel Rogers in 1855, — was unquestionably the late Lord Houghton (1809-85) who, however, bore his original name of Milnes until 1863. Never was a phrase better employed in the mere title of a book than that given by his biographer, Sir Wemyss Reid, to the work entitled *Life, Letters and Friendships of R. M. Milnes*; for his friendships were as lasting as his life, and almost as numerous as his letters. Responding to all introductions with more than even the accustomed London promptness, Lord Houghton was often the first to call upon any well-accredited American of literary pursuits arriving in London, to follow him up with invitations, and, if necessary, to send him home at last with formal resolutions of regard, either moved or seconded by Lord Houghton. Better still, he was loyal to this nation itself in its day of anguish, when even Gladstone had failed it. Indeed, he wrote to me, when I sent him two volumes of memoirs of Harvard students who had died in the Union army, that they were men whom "Europe has learned to honor and would do well to imitate." Not striking in ap-

pearance, he was a man of more than English range of social culture; and he puts on record somewhere his difficulty in finding half-a-dozen men in London besides himself who could be invited to a dinner-party to meet Frenchmen who spoke no English. His *Life of Keats* still remains an admirable and a very difficult piece of work; and his sketch of Landor in *Monographs* certainly gives us the best delineation of that extraordinary man, unsurpassed even by that remarkable account of his later life in James's *William Wetmore Story and his Friends*. No one enjoyed more than Lord Houghton the Florentine legend that Landor had, one day, after an imperfect dinner, thrown the cook out of the window into his violet bed; and, while the man was writhing with a broken limb, ejaculated, "Good God, I forgot the violets!" Another remark attributed to Landor, who liked to dine alone, when he said that a spider at least was "a gentleman, for he ate his fly in secret," was by no means to be applied to the hospitable soul of Lord Houghton.

Lord Beaconsfield has described Lord Houghton, under the name of Mr. Vavasour, as one who liked to know everybody who was known, and to see everything which ought to be seen. "There was not," he says, "a congregation of sages and philosophers in any part of Europe which he did not attend as a brother. . . . He was everywhere and at everything; he had gone down in a diving-bell and gone up in a balloon." Carlyle called him the "President of the Heaven-and-Hell-Amalgamation Company," and Matthew Arnold wrote of him to his mother, during the Chartist Riots of 1848, that Milnes refused to be sworn in as a special constable, in order that he might be free to assume the post of President of the Republic at a moment's notice. He had known more authors of all nations than any Englishman of his time, probably; yet his comments on them, especially in later time, sometimes suggested the reply of Samuel Rogers to some one who de-

scribed the members of a distinguished literary fraternity as being like brothers: "I have heard they were not getting on well together, but did not know that it was quite so bad as that." I remember, too, Lord Houghton's comment when I described a brief interview with Tennyson, how he frankly said of his Cambridge companion and lifelong friend, "Tennyson likes unmixed flattery." The same limitations affected all his criticism; and while vindicating Keats in his *Life*, Milnes could not help hinting that the Lake poets marred their "access to future fame" by "literary conceit," thus suggesting toward the poetry of others the same injustice which threatens his own. Yet the present writer, at least, who learned Milnes's poems by heart in youth, and found in *Sister Sorrow* and *Beneath an Indian Palm* something second only to Tennyson, must still retain love for the poet, as well as gratitude to the ever kindly host.

Next to Lord Houghton, perhaps, in cheery cordiality to Americans, was the late Aubrey de Vere (1814-1902), whose smallness of size and poetic face seem to substitute him in place of Tom Moore as the typical representative of the Irish poetic spirit. His name alone seemed to impair the genuineness of this Irish quality, but it was borne before him by his father, Sir Aubrey de Vere, Bart., of Curragh Chase, County Limerick; the family name having been originally Hunt, but having been changed by royal license many years ago to the family name of the old earls of Oxford, a race with whom there was a remote connection. The name of the later poet of this family — for the father also had published poems — was well known in America, where he had at several times contributed to the *Atlantic Monthly* and other periodicals; and also it was gratefully known for that sympathy in our national cause which he had freely expressed in two sonnets of high grade, the one called the *Principle*, and the other *Principle a Power, or Logic a History*.

He had already written, before the Civil War, two sonnets touching on the same theme and addressed to Professor Charles Eliot Norton; and throughout all these poems he had recognized the abolition of slavery as the great need of our nation. In yet later verse, he had become more and more thoroughly identified with the revival in Irish tradition, and, like most of his fellow bards, had sung of Queen Meave, of the sons of Usnach, and of the Children of Lir. Himself latterly a Catholic, he needed but little effort to speak for Ireland's heroic age, as he himself loved to call it.

Sir Leslie Stephen tells us that de Vere was one of the most delightful of men, and he speaks truly; but when he goes farther and informs us that he himself has never read a line of his charming friend's poetry, it is uncertain whether he is casting doubt upon this friend's intellectual claims or his own. Many of de Vere's minor verses have in them a touch amounting almost to genius; and perhaps no great national sorrow was ever more nobly preserved in song than was accomplished in the *Hymn in Time of Famine*, in Ireland. These verses appeared first in a magazine, anonymously, and were at once attributed to Tennyson, nor could Tennyson have surpassed them. They were of themselves sufficient, like Kipling's *Recessional*, to make a reputation; and that Sir Leslie never took the pains to read them shows that he could not safely have risked the reputation of his *Dictionary of National Biography* on his own unguided judgment. All else that is claimed by him for Aubrey de Vere was absolutely true, and we may add that this poet had all the charm of the Irish temperament, combined with a sweetness and gentleness not always identified with that heroic island, while all its pathos and sorrow were incarnated in him. Supposing England and Ireland to have become separate nations, it would have been by no fighting on his part, although he would have accepted the result; and many an English heart, warm beneath

its seeming coldness, would have looked from the windows of the Athenæum Club, vainly hoping for his return at the accustomed season. That famous club must indeed seem as essentially transformed by not meeting him in the reading-room as by discovering that Herbert Spencer is no longer knocking billiard balls about in the basement.

De Vere's published recollections, although somewhat too diffuse, especially in dealing with his "submission" to the Catholic Church,—an event which did not occur until he was nearly forty,—are yet full of delightful pictures of home life, with many touches of that racy Irish humor which was a part of his inheritance. In the narrative are intermingled some anecdotes of Wordsworth, who was his father's literary model; and he tells an amusing story connected with the ruins of Kilchurn Castle in Scotland, to which Wordsworth addressed an early and now forgotten poem. It seems that, while still a boy, de Vere was requested to read from Wordsworth to two ladies, his mother's friends, and he began at this poem, reading in a solemn voice:—

"Skeleton of unfleshed humanity,"
on which one of the two ladies, who was, he says, certainly as thin as a skeleton, leaped up and said, "Well, I *am* the thinnest woman in Ireland, but I cannot approve of personal remarks." Another good story of his telling is that of a groom in Dublin Castle, who was required to attend a Protestant service at the opening of court, in which the chaplain prayed that all the lords of the council might always hang together "in accord and concord." At which poor Paddy forgot where he was, and exclaimed at his loudest, "Oh, then, if I could see them hanging together in *any* cord, 'tis myself would be satisfied!"

Thomas Hughes (1823-96), too, is gone,—Tom Hughes would still seem the more accustomed name,—one of the many men who illustrate the somewhat painful truth that the heights of

philanthropy and self-devotion do not yield so sure a fame as a spark of genius, however wayward it may be. When he came to this country in 1870, he was justly received as the one man who, more than any other, had served as the main tie between Americans and Englishmen at the darkest hour of civil war. His single testimony in his parting address convinced America, for the first time, that the English antagonism which cut so deeply during the war was really the antagonism of a minority, and that the vast mass of Englishmen were on our side. More than any other witness, he convinced us, moreover, that war between America and England under any conceivable circumstances would be essentially a civil war, and that we never again should see such a war between English-speaking men. Perhaps no address made on this side the Atlantic during, or immediately after, our Civil War afforded such a triumph of international influence as that made by him at Music Hall in Boston on October 11, 1870, and printed in his *Vacation Rambles*. His immediate service to us in England during the war itself had certainly prepared the way for this, and doubtless his whole American prestige dated back to the period when his *Tom Brown's School Days at Rugby* found its way to all boyish hearts. In 1880, it will be remembered, he was here for the inspection of certain colonies which he had founded for young Englishmen of the more educated class, at Rugby, Tennessee. Personally, I met him several times in England in a very pleasant way, but had seen him first in this country, when I exerted a doubtful influence over his personal comfort by guiding him to Spouting Rock in Newport just before an inhospitable wave came up "like a huge whale," as he says in his printed diary, deluging him completely, while sparing me. "The sight," he says, "was superb, and well worth the payment on an unstarched coat and waistcoat."

Philip James Bailey (1816-1902) not

only achieved the distinction of being rarely mentioned, save in connection with a single book of his authorship, but of being actually dismissed from life nearly fifty years before his real departure, by the highest historic authority, the *Konversations-Lexikon* of Brockhaus, where he who runs may read that Bailey died in 1858. *Festus* had, indeed, the strange experience of being largely written before its author was twenty years old,—of being compared on its first appearance to the works of Homer, of Virgil, and of Goethe,—of having passed through eleven or more editions in England and thirty or more in America, growing bulkier and heavier as it went on,—and of being at last practically forgotten, with its author. The book itself undoubtedly owed something of its success to the mood of the public mind at the time of its first appearance. It was printed in the transcendental period; it was long-winded, sometimes imitative, often feeble, and yet rising in single passages into strong lines and regal phrases, suggestive, at least, of Marlowe and of Keats. The young poet's very conception of literature is on its stateliest side:—

Homer is gone: and where is Jove, and where
The rival cities seven? His song outlives
Time, tower and god—all that then was, save
Heaven.

Some of his lines have had the highest compliment paid them by drifting into the vast sea of miscellaneous literature, and reappearing, from time to time, assigned to any one of a dozen different authors, as in case of that fine passage,—

Trifles like these make up the present time;
The Iliad and the Pyramids, the past.

It is testified by all who recall the period of the first appearance of *Festus* that the book distinctly tended to the training of ardent and even heroic souls; and if the author himself belonged to that class, he certainly could not have felt, at eighty-six, that he had lived in vain.

The death of Alexander J. Ellis (1814-90) took away one of those men of ready and versatile powers who seem more

American than English in temperament; and he was one who perhaps strengthened this impression by his faithful allegiance to our fellow countryman, Mr. Conway, whose Sunday services he attended in London. After distinguishing himself successively in the higher mathematics, the theory of music, horse-taming, and phonology,—having, indeed, been a fellow laborer with Sir Isaac Pitman in forming the phonetic alphabet,—he was when I knew him the president of the Philological Society, and one of the most agreeable of companions. While frankly critical of so-called Americanisms in conversation,—declaring, for instance, that he had rarely met an American who habitually pronounced the name of his own country correctly, inasmuch as they almost all said *Ame'ica*,—he was as yet by no means narrow or autocratic. When I asked him, for example, how he pronounced the word “either,”—that is, *ether* or *ither*,—he laughed and said that it made no difference, but that he sometimes said it in the one way, sometimes in the other. Upon this his daughter, a lively maiden, broke in merrily and said, “Oh, but I think that such a useful word! It reveals a person’s age by the way he pronounces it. Everybody in England under forty says ‘e-ther,’ and every one over forty says ‘i-ther.’ So surely as I hear a man say *i-ther*, I know he is above forty, no matter what he pretends.” Then we talked of Americanisms, and Mrs. Ellis said that it had always seemed odd to her—since Americans were so cordial and sociable and the English were justly regarded as stiff—that it should, nevertheless, be Americans who addressed every newcomer as stranger, “or strahnger,” she added, when English people would more naturally say “My friend.” When I defended my fellow countrymen against the charge, and described the offending epithet as belonging to the newer and more unsettled parts of the land, she said with surprise that she had always been told that we addressed every new acquaintance with “Well, strahnger, I

guess.” I got the advantage of her a little, however, when we came to talk of railway travel. She inquired if it was true, as she had been told, that American railway conductors often stopped the trains in order to drive stray cattle off the track. I did not feel called upon to tell her that I had seen this done in my childhood, when the first railways were built, within a dozen miles of Boston, but I explained that it might still be done, sometimes, in the great farming and grazing regions of the country, were it not that we had a contrivance in the shape of a frame built out in front of the locomotive to guard against that danger. This valuable invention, I told her, was known as a “cow-catcher.” She listened with deep interest, and then asked with some solicitude, “But is it not rather dangerous for the boy?” and I asked in some bewilderment, “What boy?” “Why,” she answered, “the boy of whom you spoke, the cow-catcher!”

The death of Doctor Jowett, Master of Balliol College, Oxford (1817-93),—whom it was the proper etiquette to address as “Master,”—recalls associations dear to American students because of his marvelous translation of Plato, with others, only less admirable, of Aristotle’s *Politics*, and of Thucydides. To me, personally, it also brings back the happy Commemoration Day at Oxford in 1878, when I sat at his dinner-table with the present Duke of Devonshire, Sir James Stephen, and others, and heard that singular mixture of sermonizing and sharp retort which is so well preserved in the brilliant pages of Mallock’s *New Republic*. He appears there, it may be remembered, as “Dr. Jenkinson,” and preaches an imaginary sermon which, it is said, annoyed the subject of the parody very much. Many are the stories yet told at Oxford of his abrupt and formidable wit. On one occasion, at one of his own dinner-parties, when the ladies had retired and a guest began at once upon that vein of indecent talk which is, perhaps, less in-

frequent among educated men in England than in America, or is at least more easily tolerated there, Doctor Jowett is said to have looked sharply toward the offender, and to have said with a decisive politeness, "Shall we continue this conversation in the drawing-room?" He then rose from his chair, the guests all, of course, following, by which measure the offender was, so to speak, annihilated without courtesy. They tell also, at Balliol, of a dinner at Doctor Jowett's table, when the talk ran upon the comparative gifts of two Balliol men who had been made respectively a judge and a bishop. Professor Henry Smith, famous in his day for his brilliancy, pronounced the bishop to be the greater man of the two for this reason: "A judge, at the most, can only say 'You be hanged,' whereas a bishop can say 'You be damned.'" "Yes," said Doctor Jowett, "but if the judge says 'You be hanged,' you *are* hanged."

London seemed to me permanently impoverished, when I went there last, by the death of one of its most accomplished and most delightful women, Lady Pollock, mother of the present Sir Frederick Pollock, who has lately visited us in America, and also of Walter Herries Pollock, former editor of the *Saturday Review*. With the latter, she published *A Cast of the Dice* under the pen name of "Julian Waters" in 1872, and *Little People and Other Tales* in 1874; and ten years later she published from her own pen *Macready as I knew Him*. This is perhaps the most admirable sketch ever written of a great actor, and suggests more of ripe thought and observation about the dramatic profession than any book I have ever read. Of the stage itself she was an expert critic, being as much at home in Paris as in London, and being sometimes expressly summoned across the Channel by members of the Théâtre Français to see the preliminary rehearsal of some new play. Her husband, the second Sir Frederick, — the present baronet

being the third, — was a most agreeable man, of tall and distinguished appearance and varied cultivation. It was at his house that I first had the pleasure of meeting two attractive guests, Mr. Venable, then well known as a writer for his annual summary of events in the London *Times*, and Mr. Newton of the British Museum. The former read aloud, I remember, some of the brilliant *Leading Cases* of the present Sir Frederick Pollock, a book of satirical imitations of leading poets; and I have always associated Mr. Newton with a remark which any person largely conversant with great libraries can understand, when he said that on Sundays, when he went into the British Museum and wandered about among the empty halls, he found himself absolutely hating books.

There still remain to be mentioned two men, the one Scotch, and the other what may be called English-American, whom I met at a London dinner-table under rather odd circumstances, nearly thirty years ago. It was at the house of an eminent American journalist then residing in London, an old acquaintance, who had done me the kindness to invite a few friends to meet me at dinner. This being the case, I was placed at table, according to custom, on the right of the hostess, and saw on her left a very tall, strongly built man of intelligent and good - natured look, but with an overpowering voice, soon bearing down on all others with hearty vehemence and jocund anecdote. He seemed like one who might consort with a hundred wandering gypsies, and lord it over them all. On my side of the table sat, with one lady between us, a man much younger and widely different in appearance, having the look of a small and rather insignificant Jewish salesman. He was, as my hostess explained to me, a young Scotch journalist who had won quite a reputation by a novel called *A Daughter of Heth*. His name, then wholly new to me, was William Black (1841-98), while the other and more stalwart

neighbor was Charles Godfrey Leland (1824-1903), of whom I knew something by his earlier writings. As for Black, I had heard of his book, but had not read it, and I remember that, after the ladies had withdrawn, I moved my chair so as to come nearer to him, and made some attempt at starting a conversation, which altogether failed, as his attention still clung, not unnaturally but exclusively, to Leland, who went on telling uproarious stories. Abandoning my effort at last, I turned to some one else, and after a while we returned to the drawing-room. It was getting late, and I had promised to take home in my carriage a daughter of Horace Greeley, also a guest; and while talking with our host about this plan, Mr. Black rather surprised me by coming up and proposing quite eagerly that our host and myself should go with him to his club and finish the evening. This the former declined, because he could not leave his guests, and I, because of my escort duty toward the young lady. I was a little amazed at this rather tardy attention on Mr. Black's part, after my previous ill success in winning his ear; but it was soon necessary to take leave, with my young companion, who, as soon as the carriage door was shut, burst into a merry laugh and said, "I have had such an odd

time with that Mr. Black." It seems that he had sat down beside her on our return to the drawing-room, and had remarked to her that she, being an American, was probably acquainted with all the persons present. She replied that, on the contrary, she knew very few of them. "Then I can tell you," he said, "who some of them are. That," he said, "is an American author whom we are invited here to meet," and he pointed to Mr. Leland. "No, it is not," she said. "You are entirely mistaken. I know the gentleman of whom you speak very well, and that is an entirely different man, Mr. Leland." The key was now given to the young author's sudden cordiality toward a stranger. But what surprised me was that he should have looked on the left side of the lady of the house, not on the right, to find the guest for whom the dinner was given. It appears from his recent memoirs, however, that although Black had then spent half-a-dozen years in London, he had had at first but little experience in its social life, and may have needed elementary instructions in its ways almost as much as I myself did, although I was doubtless visiting the Old World, as my friend Madame Th. Bentzon has suggested, somewhat in the inexperienced capacity of Voltaire's Huron Indian.

THOREAU'S JOURNAL III

1850

A FAMILY in which there was singing in the morning. To hear a neighbor singing! All other speech sounds thereafter like profanity. A man cannot sing falsehood or cowardice; he must sing truth and heroism to attune his voice to some instrument. It would be noblest to sing with the wind. I have seen a man making himself a viol, patiently and fondly paring the thin wood and shaping it, and when I considered the end of the work he was ennobled in my eyes. He was building himself a ship in which to sail to new worlds. I am much indebted to my neighbor who will now and then in the intervals of his work draw forth a few strains from his accordion. Though he is but a learner, I find, when his strains cease, that I have been elevated.

I have an uncle who once, just as he stepped on to the dock at New York from a steamboat, saw some strange birds in the water and called to [a] Goth-amite to know what they were. Just then his hat blew off into the dock, and the man answered by saying, "Mister, your hat is off;" whereupon my uncle, straightening himself up, asked again with vehemence, "Blast you, sir, I want to know what those birds are." By the time that he had got this information, a sailor had recovered his hat.

November 9.

It is a pleasant surprise to walk over a hill where an old wood has recently been cut off, and on looking round to see, instead of dense ranks of trees almost impermeable to light, distant well-known blue mountains in the horizon, and perchance a white village over an expanded open country. I now take this in preference to all my old familiar walks. So a new prospect and walks can be created

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where we least expected it. The old men have seen other prospects from these hills than we do. There was the old Kettell place, now Watt's, which I surveyed for him last winter and lotted off, where twenty-five years ago I played horse in the paths of a thick wood and roasted apples and potatoes in an old pigeon-place¹ and gathered fruit at the pie-apple tree. A week or two after I surveyed it, it now being rotten and going to waste, I walked there and was surprised to find the place and prospect which I have described.

It is pleasant to observe any growth in a wood. There is the pitch pine field northeast of Beck Stow's swamp, where some years ago I went a-blackberrying, and observed that the pitch pines were beginning to come in, and I have frequently noticed since how fairly they grew, dotting the plain as evenly as if dispersed by art. To-day I was aware that I walked in a pitch pine wood, which ere-long, perchance, I may survey and lot off for a wood auction and see the choppers at their work. There is also the old pigeon-place field by the Deep Cut. I remember it as an open grassy field. It is now one of our most pleasant woodland paths. In the former place, near the edge of the old wood, the young pines line each side of the path like a palisade, they grow so densely. It never rains but it pours, and so I think when I see a young grove of pitch pines crowding each other to death in this wide world. These are destined for the locomotive's maw. These branches which it has taken so many years to mature are regarded even by the woodman as "trash."

November 11.

I am attracted by a fence made of white pine roots. There is, or rather was, one

¹ A place where wild pigeons were netted.

(for it has been tipped into the gutter this year) on the road to Hubbard's Bridge which I can remember for more than twenty years. It is almost as indestructible as a wall, and certainly requires fewer repairs. It is light, white, and dry withal, and its fantastic forms are agreeable to my eye. One would not have believed that any trees had such snarled and gnarled roots. In some instances you have a coarse network of roots as they interlaced on the surface, perhaps, of a swamp, which, set on its edge, really looks like a fence, with its paling crossing at various angles and root repeatedly growing into root, — a rare phenomenon above ground, — so as to leave open spaces, square and diamond-shaped and triangular, quite like a length of fence. It is remarkable how white and clean these roots are, and that no lichens or very few grow on them, so free from decay are they. The different branches of the roots continually grow into one another, so as to make grotesque figures, sometimes rude harps whose resonant strings of roots give a sort of musical sound when struck, such as the earth spirit might play on. Sometimes the roots are of a delicate wine-color here and there, an evening tint. No line of fence could be too long for me to study each individual stump. Rocks would have been covered with lichens by this time. Perhaps they are grown into one another that they may stand more firmly.

November 16.

I love my friends very much, but I find that it is of no use to go to see them. I hate them commonly when I am near them. They belie themselves and deny me continually.

I was pleased to-day to hear a great noise and trampling in the woods produced by some cows which came running toward their homes, which apparently had been scared by something unusual, as their ancestors might have been by

wolves. I have known sheep to be scared in the same [way] and a whole flock to run bleating to me for protection.

What shall we do with a man who is afraid of the woods, — their solitude and darkness? What salvation is there for him? God is silent and mysterious.

November 20.

It is a common saying among country people that if you eat much fried hasty pudding it will make your hair curl. My experience, which was considerable, did not confirm this assertion.

Horace Hosmer was picking out to-day half a bushel or more of a different and better kind of cranberry, as he thought, separating them from the rest. They are very dark red, shaded with lighter; harder and more oblong, somewhat like the fruit of the sweetbriar or a Canada red plum, though I have no common cranberry to compare with them. He says that they grow apart from the others. I must see him about it. It may prove to be one more of those instances in which the farmer detects a new species and makes use of the knowledge from year to year in his profession, while the botanist expressly devoted to such investigation has failed to observe it.

The farmer, in picking over many bushels of cranberries year after year, finds at length, or has forced upon his observation a new species of that berry, and avails himself thereafter of his discovery for many years before the naturalist is aware of the fact.

December 16.

I am struck with the difference between my feet and my hands. My feet are much nearer to foreign or inanimate matter or nature than my hands; they are more brute, they are more like the earth they tread on, they are more clod-like and lumpish, and I scarcely animate them.

1851

January 4.

The longest silence is the most pertinent question most pertinently put. Emphatically silent. The most important questions, whose answers concern us more than any, are never put in any other way.

It is difficult for two strangers mutually well disposed so truly to bear themselves toward each other that a feeling of falsehood and hollowness shall not soon spring up between them. The least anxiety to behave truly vitiates the relation. I think of those to whom I am at the moment truly related, with a joy never expressed and never to be expressed, before I fall asleep at night, though I am hardly on speaking terms with them these years. When I think of it, I am truly related to them.

It is an important difference between two characters that the one is satisfied with a happy but level success, but the other as constantly elevates his aim. Though my life is low, if my spirit looks upward habitually at an elevated angle, it is as it were redeemed. When the desire to be better than we are is really sincere, we are instantly elevated, and so far better already.

I lose my friends, of course, as much by my own ill treatment and ill valuing of them, prophaning of them, cheapening of them, as by their cheapening of themselves, till at last, when I am prepared to [do] them justice, I am permitted to deal only with memories of themselves, their ideals still surviving in me, no longer with their actual selves.

It is something to know when you are addressed by divinity and not by a common traveller. I went down cellar just now to get an armful of wood, and, passing the brick piers with my wood and candle, I heard, methought, a commonplace suggestion, but when, as it were by accident, I reverently attended to the hint, I found that it was the voice of a god who had followed me down cellar to

speak to me. How many communications may we not lose through inattention.

It is remarkable how few passages, comparatively speaking, there are in the best literature of the day which betray any intimacy with nature.

February 13.

As for antiquities, one of our old deserted country roads, marked only by the parallel fences and cellar-hole with its bricks where the last inhabitant died, the victim of intemperance, fifty years ago, with its bare and exhausted fields stretching around, suggests to me an antiquity greater and more remote from the America of the newspapers than the tombs of Etruria. I insert the rise and fall of Rome in the interval. This is the decline and fall of the Roman Empire.

Tuesday, February 18.

If it were not that I desire to do something here,—accomplish some work,—I should certainly prefer to suffer and die rather than be at the pains to get a living by the modes men propose.

I wish my neighbors were wilder.

April 22.

It is not the invitation which I hear, but which I feel, that I obey.

May 10.

Heard the snipe over the meadows this evening.

Wednesday, May 21.

I think that we are not commonly aware that man is our contemporary,—that in this strange, outlandish world, so barren, so prosaic, fit not to live in but merely to pass through, that even here so divine a creature as man does actually live. Man, the crowning fact, the god we know. While the earth supports so rare an inhabitant, there is somewhat to cheer us. Who shall say that there is no God,

if there is a *just* man. It is only within a year that it has occurred to me that there is such a being actually existing on the globe. Now that I perceive that it is so, many questions assume a new aspect. We have not only the idea and vision of the divine ourselves, but we have brothers, it seems, who have this idea also. Methinks my neighbor is better than I, and his thought is better than mine. There is a representative of the divinity on earth, of [whom] all things fair and noble are to be expected. We have the material of heaven here. I think that the standing miracle to man is man. Behind the paling yonder, come rain or shine, hope or doubt, there dwells a man, an actual being who can sympathize with our sublimest thoughts.

The revelations of nature are infinitely glorious and cheering, hinting to us of a remote future, of possibilities untold; but startlingly near to us some day we find a fellow man.

The frog had eyed the heavens from his marsh, until his mind was filled with visions, and he saw more than belongs to this fenny earth. He mistrusted that he was become a dreamer and visionary. Leaping across the swamp to his fellow, what was his joy and consolation to find that he too had seen the same sights in the heavens, he too had dreamed the same dreams!

From nature we turn astonished to this *near* but supernatural fact.

Friday, May 23.

Distantly related things are strangely near in *fact*, brush one another with their jackets. Perchance this window-seat in which we sit discoursing Transcendentalism, with only Germany and Greece stretching behind our minds, was made so deep because this was a few years ago a garrison - house, with thick log walls, bullet-proof, behind which men sat to escape the wild red man's bullet and the arrow and the tomahawk, and bullets fired by Indians are now buried in its

walls. Pythagoras seems near compared with them.

Saturday, May 24.

Our most glorious experiences are a kind of regret. Our regret is so sublime that we may mistake it for triumph. It is the painful, plaintively sad surprise of our Genius remembering our past lives and contemplating what is possible. It is remarkable that men commonly never refer to, never hint at, any crowning experiences when the common laws of their being were unsettled and the divine and eternal laws prevailed in them. Their lives are not revolutionary; they never recognize any other than the local and temporal authorities. It is a regret so divine and inspiring, so genuine, based on so true and distinct a contrast, that it surpasses our proudest boasts and the fairest expectations.

My most sacred and memorable life is commonly on awaking in the morning. I frequently awake with an atmosphere about me as if my unremembered dreams had been divine, as if my spirit had journeyed to its native place, and, in the act of re-entering its native body, had diffused an elysian fragrance around.

The Genius says, "Ah! That is what you were! That is what you may yet be!" It is glorious for us to be able to regret even such an existence.

A sane and growing man revolutionizes every day. What institutions of man can survive a morning experience? A single night's sleep, if we have indeed slumbered and forgotten anything and grown in our sleep, puts them behind us like the river Lethe. It is no unusual thing for him to see the kingdoms of this world pass away.

I am struck by the fact that, though any important individual experience is rare, though it is so rare that the individual is conscious of a relation to his maker transcending time and space and earth, though any knowledge of, or communication from, "Providence" is the rarest

thing in the world, yet men very easily, regarding themselves in the gross, speak of carrying out the designs of Providence as nations. How often the Saxon man talks of carrying out the designs of Providence, as if he had some knowledge of Providence and his designs. Men allow themselves to associate Providence and designs of Providence with their dull prosaic every-day thoughts of things. That language is usurped by the stalest and deadest prose which can only report the most choice poetic experience. This "Providence" is the stalest jest in the universe. The office-boy sweeps out his office "by the leave of Providence."

May 25.

A fine, freshening air, a little hazy, that bathes and washes everything, saving the day from extreme heat. Walked to the hills south of Wayland by the road by Deacon Farrar's. First vista just beyond Merron's (?) looking west down a valley, with a verdant-columned elm at the extremity of the vale and the blue hills and horizon beyond. These are the resting-places in a walk. We love to see any part of the earth tinged with blue, cerulean, the color of the sky, the celestial color. I wonder that houses are not oftener located mainly that they may command particular rare prospects, every convenience yielding to this. The farmer would never suspect what it was you were buying, and such sites would be the cheapest of any. A site where you might avail yourself of the art of nature for three thousand years, which could never be materially changed or taken from you, a noble inheritance for your children. The true sites for human dwellings are unimproved. They command no price in the market. Men will pay something to look into a travelling showman's box, but not to look upon the fairest prospects on the earth. A vista where you have the near green horizon contrasted with the distant blue one, terrestrial with celestial earth. The prospect of a vast horizon

must be accessible in our neighborhood. Where men of enlarged views may be educated. An unchangeable kind of wealth, a *real estate*.

Now, at 8.30 o'clock p. m., I hear the dreaming of the frogs.¹ So it seems to me and so significantly passes my life away. It is like the dreaming of frogs in a summer evening.

May 27.

I saw an organ-grinder this morning before a rich man's house, thrilling the street with harmony, loosening the very paving-stones and tearing the routine of life to rags and tatters, when the lady of the house shoved up a window and in a semi-philanthropic tone inquired if he wanted anything to eat. But he, very properly, it seemed to me, kept on grinding and paid no attention to her question, feeding her ears with melody unmasked for. So the world shoves up its window and interrogates the poet and sets him to gauging ale casks in return. It seemed to me that the music suggested that the recompense should be as fine as the gift. It would be much nobler to enjoy the music though you paid no money for it than to presume always a beggarly relation. It is, after all, perhaps the best instrumental music that we have.

June 7.

It is a certain faeryland where we live. You may walk out in any direction over the earth's surface, lifting your horizon, and everywhere your path, climbing the convexity of the globe, leads you between heaven and earth, not away from the light of the sun and stars and the habitations of men. I wonder that I ever get five miles on my way, the walk is so crowded with events and phenomena. How many questions there are which I have not put to the inhabitants!

¹ Thoreau afterwards learned that this was the summer note of the common toad, a sound which is harsh and discordant to most ears.

June 29.

I am interested to observe how old-country methods of farming resources are introduced among us. The Irish laborer, for instance, seeing that his employer is contemplating some agricultural enterprise, as ditching or fencing, suggests some old-country mode with [which] he has been familiar from a boy, which is often found to be cheaper as well as more ornamental than the common; and Patrick is allowed to accomplish the object his own way, and for once exhibits some skill and has not to be shown, but, working with a will as well as with pride, does better than ever in the old country. Even the Irishman exhibits what might be mistaken for a Yankee knack, exercising a merely in-bred skill derived from the long teachings and practice of his ancestors.

(To be continued.)

I saw an Irishman building a bank of sod where his employer had contemplated building a bank wall, piling up very neatly and solidly with his spade and a line the sods taken from the rear, and coping the face at a very small angle from the perpendicular, intermingling the sods with bushes as they came to hand, which would grow and strengthen the whole. It was much more agreeable to the eye as well as less expensive, than stone would have been, and he thought that it would be equally effective as a fence and no less durable. But it is true only experience will show when the same practice may be followed in this climate and in Ireland, — whether our atmosphere is not too dry to admit of it. At any rate it was wise in the farmer thus to avail himself of any peculiar experience which his hired laborer possessed. That was what he *should* buy.

LYRICS OF EVENING

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY

I

THE SWEETEST MUSIC

Not in the light is sweetest music made;
But when the evening shadows, tardy, staid,
Sleep-flowers are bringing,
And the loves are sitting round,
Their eyes upon the ground,
And the dreams are singing.

II

TO THE EVENING STAR

A SOUND as of the falling leaves
While yet the summer dies,
When the tired wind no longer grieves,
And only the silence sighs;

A grace as of the mist that clings
 In tops of faded trees,
 Or where the gray-beard thistle swings
 In pastures of the bees;

A scent as of the wilding rose
 Fond Summer's heart must keep,
 In dreamland of the under-snows
 Sweetening all her sleep;

A fair face out of memory
 And love's long brooding made,
 Too fair for rude reality,
 Too real for a shade; —

Are these thy gift, lone Winter-star,
 Hung 'twixt the night and day?
 They come with thee, and from afar;
 Chance up thy golden way.

III

MEMORY

SOFT follower of the early star,
 Once more I feel you drawing near.
 Come! for my evening is not come
 Till you are here.

You make it — as yourself is made —
 Of loveliest, sweet, untroubled things,
 Fled with love's day. I feel love's night
 Fall from your wings.

IV

EVENING RAIN

TWILIGHT down the west
 Wanders once again;
 With a gentler guest,
 Singing in her train.

Harkens every breast,
 Every heart and brain:
Peace, oh, peace is best!
 Runs the sweet refrain.

So the world is blest,
Joy is not, nor pain;
Love itself learns rest
Of the summer rain.

LOVE AND HOPE AND MEMORY

THREE sisters by the Sacred Spring
Sit, soft-eyed, and sing;
When the sunset colors die,
And the moon comes up the sky,
'T is to that melody
Under the Sacred Tree.
It follows the stars along,
And they, too, shine to the song,
The evensong, of the sisters three,
Love and Hope and Memory.

VI

“NOW WINTER NIGHTS ENLARGE”

THE moon is up, the stars are out,
The wind is in the naked tree;
And up and down and all about
Pipes the winter minstrelsy.

Weird shapes whisk here and there,
Betwixt the boles and bushes brown;
They skim along the ledges bare,
They dance the jaggy gulches down.

The moon is up, the stars are out,
Pipes on the winter minstrelsy;
They wave at us, the ghostly rout,
Beck my merry mates and me.

Aha, and had they heart's desire;
The phantom rabble — if they knew
The fling and crackle of the fire
The sibilation of the brew!

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S RESPONSIBILITY

BY JANE SEYMOUR KLINK

[This is the third paper in the *Atlantic's* series dealing with problems of domestic service. The previous papers were the *Intelligence Office*, by Frances A. Kellar, in October, 1904, and *Put Yourself in Her Place*, by Miss Klink, in February, 1905. — THE EDITORS.]

THE average domestic employee in American homes to-day is, I think, the most discontented wage-earner in the world. She may be said to be a product of the times and general labor conditions on the one hand, and of inefficient, inconsiderate, and indifferent employers on the other.

She is a product of the times to this extent. The semi-feudal relation that may be said to have existed between mistress and maid is becoming, happily, a thing of the past, and the prevalence of the democratic spirit has made the domestic employee realize that she has an individuality, quite as much as her employer. This causes a feeling of independence on her part, a readiness to assert her opinion, a disposition to resent rebuke, and an impatience of direction when it conflicts with her own ideas.

I do not share the opinion which a gentleman expressed to me recently, that "one of the best assets of a domestic employee is an exaggerated humility, a pronounced subservience," but I do realize that this spirit of independence is often carried too far. It should have a solid groundwork of capability and efficiency, in order to flourish properly.

The domestic employee is a product of general labor conditions, in so far as she is willing to grasp the advantages which may accrue from short hours, high wages, and improved standards of life; but she has not yet understood the business principles upon which these demands should be based. The operation of these principles in domestic service is one of the main reasons why this question is rightly regarded as part of the whole labor problem.

In other departments of labor workmen of certain grades are engaged to do certain things, and paid accordingly. If a man engages a stenographer, he does not expect her to carry in coal; if an intelligence-office keeper has an assistant manager, she does not require her to build the fires and sweep the halls. Yet only yesterday I overheard a lady engaging a maid to serve as cook and laundress. She engaged her as a general house-worker, on the plea that when the girl got there and found the place was easier than general housework, she would stay. I wondered if, later on, when the cooking did not suit, the employer would remember that she had not engaged a cook.

In another place a girl was hired as nurse, and then was set to work cleaning the house from top to bottom, on the plea that the baby was good, and she might as well be busy. Why? Because a nurse receives smaller wages than a charwoman. I might multiply instances. I believe firmly in doing the thing that lies next to one, and doing it well; but I do not believe in hiring a domestic employee in one capacity, and then complaining because she is not proficient in a dozen others.

There are standards of excellence in professions, or proficiency in crafts, to which those practicing them must attain; their ability to do required work is thus tested, and as far as possible it is known to what extent and for what duties the worker is qualified. Are there any general recognized standards in domestic service? If so, where are they?

In 1895, the Committee of Economics

of the Philadelphia Civic Club published a set of requirements for a cook, a waitress, a laundress, and a chambermaid, and sent it to the members of the club with the request that the ladies should endeavor to put them in practice, if possible. The standards were fair, the requirements sensible, the wages adequate. Some years after, I wrote to the president of the club, asking how the scheme had worked out. She replied that "only ten per cent of the club members replied to the circular or took any interest in it."

That is one trouble. Each one is a law unto herself; not only each maid, but each mistress, for it works both ways. I was sitting in an intelligence office when I heard a girl ask for a position as chambermaid. There was none to be had, but the office keeper offered her a position as waitress. "I guess I can take it, it's easy picked up," said the girl. Anything that is "easy picked up" is counted as of little value, and no worker will be respected, or respectful, unless she respects her work. She may "pick it up" sufficiently to suit Mrs. A, but Mrs. B, Mrs. C, and Mrs. D may require more, while Mrs. X may require less. An "experienced salesman" means an experienced salesman, judged by known commercial standards, but "an experienced waitress" may or may not be such. A first-rate compositor understands the correct use of capitals, spelling, and punctuation, but a "first-rate cook" may be only second, third, or even fourth rate. I learned this truth through bitter experience.

In starting upon my investigations I began in the capacity of general house-worker, and received the following recommendations:—

"Jane —— having been in my employ for a few weeks, and having proven herself capable, obliging, and considerate, I am pleased to recommend her as a good cook, and faithful in all things."

"I take pleasure in recommending Jane —— as a good housekeeper, economical, careful, tidy, and ever ready and willing to do her best, which is good."

I was pleased with these testimonials, for I had begged the writers not to say anything but what they felt to be the truth. Consequently, on going to another city, I acted on the advice of my fellow employees, and applied for work as "a good plain cook." I was not, as may be seen, exactly a greenhorn; nevertheless, I came to grief through this lack of standards. Just because I was "capable," I might see things more readily, might make my head serve my hands, might the sooner become efficient; but I was not capable enough. I needed more of a foundation. One lady said to me, "You are above the average, and will make a very good servant, but you have much to learn."

However, backed by my references, I took a place as cook, with the understanding that I was to be given a two weeks' trial, and if at the end of that time I was not satisfactory to my employer, nor she to me, we would part amicably. We parted amicably, at the expiration of ten days, simply because our standards of "good plain cooking" differed widely.

It may be interesting to know in what I failed. I have taken three consecutive menus, from Saturday evening till Sunday afternoon, to serve as an illustration.

Dinner.

Clear soup, with squares à la Berlin.
Stuffed roast chickens with giblet gravy.
Sweet potatoes, Southern style.
Spaghetti and tomatoes.
Green peas.
Apple pie, cream, and coffee.

Everything was "good," yes, "satisfactory," but the apple pie. The crust was only "fair," and adhered more to the pan than was consistent with Miss Farmer's principle that "it is a poor crust that cannot grease its own pan."

Breakfast.

Boston brown bread.
Boston baked beans.
Codfish balls and pork.
Toast. Hot rolls. Coffee.

I do not like to think of that breakfast. In the end it really consisted of —

Brown bread.

Codfish balls and pork.

Hot rolls and coffee.

I burned the beans, and the toast was unsatisfactory.

Dinner.

Tomato bisque soup and croutons.

Roast beef and Yorkshire pudding.

Mashed potatoes. String beans.

Waldorf salad. Salted nuts.

Vanilla ice cream, with chocolate sauce.

Layer cake, and black coffee.

The next morning the following dialogue took place. I give it verbatim.

"What do you think about staying with me, Jane?"

Jane hedged. "What do you think about it, Mrs. —?"

"Well, I think your cooking lacks daintiness. Your toast yesterday morning was three quarters of an inch thick; none of us could eat it."

"I was sorry about that toast, Mrs. —. I forgot it, and I was in a hurry, and cut it too thick. I would have served more, but I had no more stale bread."

"Then your rolls I did not like. They were light and delicious, but they were so big they looked as if they had been made for the kitchen."

I said nothing.

"Then your fishballs. I could n't wish to have them taste better, but they were too round."

I thought ruefully what a time I had had moulding those selfsame balls, and murmured that I was "sorry not to have pleased" her.

"But your ice cream was delicious; the sauce was good, too," she added, seeing my crestfallen look.

Now I began to question. "Were the soups all right?"

"Very nice; you make good soups."

"Were the meats cooked to please you?"

"Yes, you certainly cook meats well, and the Yorkshire pudding was good, but your cooking lacks the daintiness I wish."

"Were the nuts all right?" I asked.

"Yes, they could not have been nicer."

"Did you like the salad?"

"Very much; but this week I have had very plain cooking. I shall have a great deal more than this, however. Do you feel inclined to stay?"

"Frankly speaking, Mrs. —, I do not care to stay, for I never pretended to be anything but a good plain cook."

"Yes, but I do not think you are quite that. Then you do not care to stay?"

"I think you would be better satisfied with some one else."

"Well, I will see, then, about getting another girl. Why do you not take chamberwork? That does not require so much head."

What was the trouble? Not enough "head"? No, I think it was difference of standards. She had hers, I had mine. I was mortified at having failed, she was discouraged because I had not come up to her expectations. It means a good deal more to be a plain cook nowadays than it used to; cooking is no exception to the rule that life has grown more complex. Look at the repertoire of the potato today. It used to be counted almost on the fingers of one hand. Boiled, baked, mashed, steamed, fried, and warmed over. Now there are potatoes creamed, hashed, scalloped, croquetted, or au gratin. Potatoes from à l'Anglaise to à la Zulu. They are served in balls or in boats, in Saratoga or Kentucky style, and a good plain cook must have these various ways at her fingers' ends.

There is the old-fashioned hash. Would it recognize itself in all the friandiseaux, friandelles, croquettes, boudins, and timbales, of which it is the legitimate parent? Sauces there are "too numerous to mention." Yorkshire pudding still holds its own; but what a progeny of "soufflés," from potato to prune, has sprung up around it. Washington Irving's "family of cakes" now embraces all the connections between angel and devil. Nevertheless, there is nothing but varying individual standards to determine the reper-

toire of a good plain cook. It is the same in any other branch of domestic service. It is dismal work for the housekeeper, trying one girl after another to find that difference of standards renders recommendations as to ability almost valueless.

Another principle which obtains in business is simply the matter of keeping one's word. An article is bought and ordered sent home; you expect it to be there. You may engage a maid, and there is no certainty whether she will keep her engagement or not. At first I could not understand why, when I took a place, the employer would say, "Now you will surely come, you won't disappoint me;" or, "Be sure and do not fail me."

One day I asked, "Why do you act as if I would not come? I'll keep my word." And the reply was, "I have had so many disappointments." I lived to learn that the merest whim on the part of either employer or employee is sufficient to cause both one and the other to "change her mind."

This is not right. If a maid promises to go to an employer, and disappoints her without good and sufficient reason, the office from which she was engaged should strike her name from its books. And when an employee is engaged, after spending time, trouble, and expense to obtain a place, only to be told that the lady has "changed her mind," it would seem to be the wisest thing for the keeper of that intelligence office to request the discontinuance of such patronage.

There are many offices which either demand no fee from the girls, or can be cajoled out of asking one by a plea of poverty. Something for nothing is neither right nor businesslike. It tends to make maids careless, and the value of the place is not appreciated. The municipal employment bureaus give good service free of charge, and if girls have no money, they are the best places at which to apply for work. It would be more businesslike, and I believe altogether more satisfactory, if upon engaging help a written contract

for one week were signed by employer and employee, stating clearly under what conditions either might be released from its terms. The Women's Educational and Industrial Union of Boston uses such a contract with marked success. The employee is engaged to come at a certain hour, to a certain place, to perform certain duties, for a certain period of time. At the end of that period, she may or may not be permanently engaged. If such an engagement should be made, the understanding should be clear and explicit as to what would be considered sufficient grounds for breaking it.

The domestic employee as she is today is in part the product of inefficient, inconsiderate, and indifferent employers. I have experienced all three, and may have a choice as to which I should prefer; but the question here is not one of personal choice, but what sort of domestic employees will these different sorts of employers produce.

Take the inefficient first, and let the girls themselves answer the question.

"She don't know anything about keeping house; what's the use of trying to do it right?"

"The idea of her givin' us orders, when I know it all, and she don't know no more than a baby."

"Mrs. —— thinks she can cook, but she says, 'Ann, take a little of this, an' a pinch of that; you know how; I want it to taste right!' and I don't know what she means."

Under such employers, maids grow careless, contemptuous, and impertinent, — three very unpleasant characteristics, for which they are not wholly to blame.

Then there is the inconsiderate mistress, not unkind, perhaps, but inconsiderate through ignorance. This sort of mistress is apt to give the maid so much to do that the girl feels the work is never done, no matter how hard she works; consequently there is the temptation to dawdle, to make a little work last a long time, lest work be "made" for her. Such an

employer does not realize how tired a girl can become after working fifteen hours a day. You do not "see" the other side of anything, from hearing or reading it, with anything like the force that comes home to you through the actual doing of it. I never knew how tired girls could become, until I had lain awake nights discovering muscles in my body of whose existence I had been unconscious. I never appreciated how worried and nervous and *slow* a new girl can be, until I cooked my first dinner in my first place. I never realized the utter dismay of the green girl who is confronted by a bewildering array of strange utensils, until I had to make my first hard coal fire. "Slow!" Breakfast was to be at eight o'clock, and I rose at half-past five to struggle with that fire. I did n't make it, after all. The coachman did. But there is n't always a coachman.

Girls are not machines. They cannot keep going from dawn till dark, and always be pleasant, cheerful, and good-natured. They cannot rise above illness or weariness, and be perpetually willing and obliging. They cannot experience disappointment and trouble, yet always wear a smiling, happy countenance.

The capable mistress is generally the most considerate, and there is no question but that she is the strongest factor in the production of whatever good service is given in the household to-day. Nevertheless, she is sometimes inconsiderate, and in this way. She can "turn off work" so quickly herself that she often forgets that others lack the same faculty. Girls in a new place are often slow just because they are so nervously anxious to please. A capable mistress, impatient because things are not moving so rapidly as she knows they can move, does not always give a maid the two weeks' trial by which she could do herself justice. The capable mistress does not always realize how much more quickly a thing can be done by itself, than when taken in conjunction with a half-dozen other duties. For instance, she comes into the kitchen to make a cake. Everything is ready to her

hand, and she whisks up the cake in a few minutes, telling Jane to bake it carefully. She goes upstairs and contrasts her quickness with Jane's slowness, forgetting that she had neither placed things in readiness, nor cleared them away, nor superintended the baking.

Or she takes the broom from Jane's hand,— "There, I'll show you,"— and gives the finishing touches to the sweeping of a room. But it is what has been done before, and will be done after, that takes the time. This sort of mistress discourages a timid girl or a slow-moving one, and she becomes disheartened. She feels that she can never come up to what is required of her, and seeks an easier place, not knowing that this Spartan training would be invaluable to her.

The indifferent mistress is in some respects the most difficult of all, and for the reason that there is an utter absence of sympathy between the domestic employee and herself. Her side of the personal equation consists, in so far as her attitude toward the maid is concerned, of negative values, and the latter feels that.

"Why should I try to please her? she does n't care whether I live or die." Indifference begets indifference,— it is inevitable. The average household worker has not been trained to take such a pride in her work that the doing of it alone will satisfy her. We are all human. If a thing is done well we like to be told so, we like to know that it is appreciated. Many a time have I waited in the kitchen, eagerly watching till the waitress came out and I could ask whether my dinner had been a success. How heavy my heart has been when a dish was sent back untasted!

Now, of necessity, the service of the household employee brings her into such close personal contact with her employer that it seems to me that sympathetic interest, friendly kindness, warm appreciation from that employer would balance, to a great degree, the loneliness, the isolation, the weariness of the employee.

The spirit of the times, the sentiment

of the trades-unions, the opinion of employers, are all in the same direction,—that more education and more training is necessary. In stating this, I am only repeating what has been said many times before. But here is the point. Are domestic employees being trained?

It is continually said that the domestic employee of the future must be educated and trained, that cooking is a scientific pursuit, that it should be dignified as a profession, that housekeeping is really one of the fine arts, that the household worker must respect her work, and other words to the same effect.

The fact of such utterances shows a healthy state of public opinion; but are these things being done? Are the schools of domestic science and household arts training the girls we wish to have trained, the domestic employees of the future? Are the classes in Pratt, Drexel, and kindred institutions patronized, to the degree that they should be, by domestic employees?

Business colleges, normal schools, nurses' training schools, are crowded, but by far the greater number of those attending schools in domestic science go there so that they may learn to teach others, or become able to superintend their practical work.

It has seemed to me from my study of this subject, that just at this point it illustrates the proverb, "You can lead a horse to water, but you can't make him drink." The domestic employee does not realize that she needs training. She does not comprehend that she needs more education of the right sort. In fact, she does not see things in their right proportion, any more than some of the rest of us do. Is it not a part of our problem to help her see things in their true perspective, not as we see them, not as she thinks she sees them, but as they really are? It is very plain that simply saying, "You need training, education, you should go to school," will not send her there. Why should it, when there are dozens of places open to her now, untrained and ignorant

though she be. There is something more necessary, and that is to make her see for herself the need of such training. It is of little avail to appeal to pride of craft, for there is no standard by which excellence can be judged.

A little waitress said, "Mrs. —— taught me. She knew how things should be done."

"But you do not do the things here that you have been telling me of," said I.

"What's the use? Mrs. —— does n't know the difference. What's the use of doing things when you don't have to?"

"Is n't there a right way and a wrong way?" I asked.

"Oh, it is n't that. Some people like so much more style than others; but they don't care much for it here."

"I think it is not so much being stylish, as doing things a nice way, don't you?"

"As long as she don't care, what's the difference?"

I have found cooks who, from heights of pecuniary prosperity, would look down upon the general houseworker, and boast of superior skill, but I have seldom heard them speak of their craft, or their profession, whichever one may call it, with pride.

How is it with the general houseworker? She is simply, in nine cases out of ten, working at that employment until she can specialize, and obtain higher wages, and work fewer hours.

Miss Salmon, in her admirable study of *Domestic Service*, says:—

"The general servant, who is expected to unite in herself all the functions of all the other employees named in the list, becomes, on account of this fact, an unskilled worker, and therefore receives the lowest wage."

She certainly receives the lowest wage; but is it fair or just? She "unites in herself the functions of all the other employees;" that is true. The question is, how does she perform those functions? It is not difficult to discover how she is expected to perform them. Read any column of advertisements for "Help Wanted."

"Wanted, a girl for general housework; must be a good cook and competent laundress."

"Wanted, a young girl for general housework. Good cook, washer, and ironer; must know how to wait on table."

She must be at least "a good plain cook." The laundry work must be well done, and many families keeping but one maid require almost as expert table service as where there is a regular waitress. For doing all these things well, she will receive less than if she confined herself to the doing of but one thing. I confess that I do not see quite why this should be. It would be fairer to give the general houseworker six, seven, or even eight dollars a week, if she perform the duties of cook, waitress, laundress, and chambermaid.

In families where two maids are kept, it is often true that the work could be easily performed by one. It would certainly be more economical in many ways.

The plea will be made that it would be impossible for employers having a limited income to pay the general houseworker such high wages.

It may be urged:—

1. That there are inexperienced workers who should not command such high wages as the expert.

2. Such an experienced worker will be able to save the difference in wages.

"Jane," said my employer one morning, "I shall have to speak to you about the table."

I crimsoned. "Yes, please."

"You are setting such a good table, things are so rich, and I have so much, that I fear I shall have dyspepsia. Please do not set such a good table."

I flushed again. "It is pleasant to hear you say that, for I have reduced your bills this month from fourteen dollars a week to eight dollars," said I.

It is not so very strange that the domestic employee, particularly the general houseworker, should not feel the need of special training to fit her for her work. I have met many women who confessed that they could not sew, could not sing,

could not take care of children, but I have yet to meet the woman who will confess that she cannot keep house. I have heard women say that it was a bore, that they did not like to do it, but that they "could n't" — never. The feeling that it is a woman's inheritance extends from mistress to maid. She "can pick it up."

Both mistress and maid need education and training; but do they need training in the same things? I have never thought that a woman should be able to bake bread in order to keep house well, any more than a teacher should know how to make a slate in order to teach arithmetic; but is it not necessary that she should have education in the correct values and proportions of things pertaining to the household? Housekeeping that is truly worthy of the name makes demands upon one's strength, one's intellect, one's patience, and, most of all, on the finer moral sense. I wonder if we have faced this question squarely. With the growing complexity of life, housekeeping has not remained simple, and the education which our young women have received has not always tended toward practical home-making. Has it not been easier to fit one's self to do men's work than to undergo the training necessary to manage a house? Have not women in the main been endeavoring to fit themselves for anything but housekeeping? And housekeeping is neither easy nor simple; it demands a knowledge of chemistry, dietetics, sanitation, economics, market values, and, above all, a considerate and sympathetic spirit, tempered by common sense.

The housekeeper's responsibility is great. It is not enough to be efficient. Something more is needed, and it is just through this "something more" that we may hope to reach the domestic employee and make her feel the need of training.

We hear a great deal of ethics at present, and altruistic tendencies are the fashion. Sometimes I wish they were felt a little nearer home. I know a domestic employee, a Protestant, who has had but one opportunity in a year to go to church.

Her employer subscribes liberally to foreign missions. I know another household where the maids habitually go out and buy meat, paying for it from their own pockets; yet the employers entertain largely. In another home, where three maids are kept, two occupy a room together, the third sleeps in the bathroom.

Do we not need a little more human interest in this domestic employee, who is a member of the household, yet not of the family, who is not houseless, but who may be homeless in your home? You and your family have interests, pleasures, pursuits in common; what has she? Sharing these joys gives life a keener zest; may she not be a stranger in a strange land? You have friends, you enjoy giving and receiving hospitality, the afternoon tea, the social call, the evening party, the formal and informal dinners. Are her friends always welcome? Does she always have a place in which to receive them?

I have a friend who was coachman where I was cook. We were talking together one evening after the work was done. Tom looked up suddenly and said, "Do you know, I feel sorry for the poor girls sitting in the kitchens in the evenings, nothing to do, nowhere to go; if they only had a club or something once a week to take up their interest, it would be better for them. I don't wonder many of them go wrong."

You have your church, and that is complex too, in that it is the centre of much social life and activity, for religion has preëminently its social side.

But what church life has the average domestic? In fact, do Protestant girls in domestic service have much opportunity to go to church? I most certainly had not. I might almost as well have been in Guam, so far as church privileges went.

You have your clubs. The club civic, charitable, social, formed for bridge or planned for study, as the case may be. Why should n't your maid belong to a club as well as you? She does not want to join your club, but how about having one of her own? I have had some very ple-

sant hours teaching my fellow employees to play bridge. Why not? It amused and refreshed them, and gave them something else to think about than the regular routine. If clubs are "good for women living lonely lives in small towns," who is so isolated as the general houseworker? If clubs are good to occupy leisure time for pleasure or profit, why could not the domestic employee be encouraged to spend her leisure moments in self-improvement, under the stimulus of occasionally meeting with others who are engaged in like pursuits?

The trades - union has accomplished much in having obtained shorter hours, better wages, a higher standard of living. Not the least good it has done lies in the fact that it has afforded social meeting-places for men and women. There men and women have worked out part of their problem through coming together socially.

Now cannot this problem of the training of the domestic employee be approached from the social side? It would seem that it could, with the interest, sympathy, and coöperation of employers. We need interest in the idea of a common meeting-place for domestic employees, sympathy with their need of it, and co-operation in the matter of making it possible for them to attend meetings, classes, lectures, or "evenings at home," which may be planned under the auspices of such a club.

I am not suggesting a domestic employees' club as a sole solution of the problem of domestic service, but it would be worth considering for these reasons:—

1. The domestic employee from her isolated position has little opportunity of meeting her fellow workers. There are many objections to meeting them in intelligence offices, one of the most potent being that many of the best girls do not patronize the offices. Another objection is the gossip that goes on in many of the offices. I have sat and listened to it more than once, and know its influence upon the girls. There are many intelligence offices where men and women wait in the

same room. The ceremony of introduction is not needed for the freest exchange of conversation.

2. An organization which should belong to them, which they could support, for whose welfare they should be held responsible, would appeal to their pride in its maintenance, and give them a common interest.

3. It would attract the better class of domestic employees, who are experienced, who are trained, and whose influence is needed to benefit and broaden the others.

4. Those who need the training will be far more apt to seek it when seeing the difference between themselves and the trained employee, than upon being simply told that they "should go to school"! They are quick enough to see such differences, although they will not always admit them.

5. One of the very hardest things in the life of a domestic employee is the constant repression. The carefully modulated voice, the studied demeanor, the respectful attitude, the impassive face,—sometimes it seems that "it is almost impossible not to do something outrageous." George Eliot says that "there is a great deal of unmapped country within us that must be taken into account in the sudden storms of passion that sweep over us." Do you ever wonder why the maid gets angry when you "hardly said a word to her," and why she "flies all to pieces"? She cannot help it. She is simply tired to death of repressing her tones, her laughter, her manner, her motions. Do you, who have had generations of cultivated ancestry, associations of refined environment, years of education, never find difficulty in controlling yourself? She needs to have some place where she can be herself, among her own friends, among her own class.

6. The idea of union is prevalent. Domestic employees, isolated though they be, are not uninformed as to what the unions have done and are doing. In talking with them I have often known them to say, "We poor maids should form

a union;" and one evening, after five or six of us had been discussing various questions as to wages, real, nominal, and the like, Bridget said to me, "Jane, why don't you start a union? we would all join it."

"I would n't start a union to give you higher wages," I said.

"But you'd see that we were treated right, would n't you?" asked Bridget.

"Only just so long as you treated others right. You can't always do as you please, you know."

"Well, the girls are going to have their unions, as well as anybody else," replied Bridget.

7. If they are going to have them, why not endeavor to have them of the right sort, have them start upon the best principles, have them carried on in the most helpful way, with the coöperation of employers.

A club for domestic employees, with club privileges such as other people have, where there could be some social life for them, with library, reading-room, and parlor, where classes could be held, where they would not only be welcome, but have a feeling of proprietorship, could be made possible if employers would interest themselves in it to a sufficient extent. Great interest is taken in clubs for other workers,—the factory girl, the shop girl,—and efforts have been made to broaden their lives, to elevate them, to help them to higher and better things. The domestic employee comes closer to our lives than any other worker. In fact, is she not so close that for that very reason she has been overlooked?

I have met many employers who thoroughly appreciate this lack that exists on the social side of the life of the domestic employee, and who are asking, "Is there anything that we can do to remedy it?"

Yes, there is. Think over this plan of a club; if one be started in the right manner, give it your encouragement, and allow your domestic employees to attend its meetings. Make it possible for them to do so, interest them in it. Recently a club-

room for women in domestic service was opened in Brooklyn, New York, at 262 Schermerhorn Street, in a very simple way, but the interest is most marked. The Protective Service Club, at 150 Fifth Avenue, believing that the best way to reach this question of training is from the social side, has opened clubrooms with fair conditions of membership. Already the girls are asking for training classes, and they are willing to pay for the lessons. The influence of this club has been felt in giving the girls a sense of honor about keeping their word, and not leaving places where they have been permanently engaged, because former employers, who have "been kind to them," write and offer higher wages if they will return to them.

One day I was looking for work in Chicago, answering advertisements for a place as a general housemaid. At one place, the lady opened the door a few inches, and I said,—

"Madam, I have come to apply"—
She interrupted me with, "I want a

young girl," and slammed the door as quick as a flash.

Do you know, I never felt *old* before.

Now most people want young girls. The intelligence-office keepers say, because they can "drive them around." That may be the reason, but if the girls can once be made to grasp the fact that training will make their heads save their heels, their brains save their hands, so that they will not be old at forty-five, worn out at fifty, and at sixty be satisfied with the fact that they have enough to be buried with, but will still be capable of earning their living, then I believe they will seek for themselves the training and education which they need. The movement for their own uplifting must come from themselves, but it is within our province to encourage and direct the tendencies which shall culminate in such a movement.

I do not put forth this suggestion of the club as a remedy for all the difficulties of the domestic problem, but the idea is worth trying.

A GIRL OF THE ENGINEERS

BY ELIZABETH FOOTE

WE are a wandering family. Partly from restlessness, though I think we could be home-lovers, practically because our men are engineers, my father, my brothers, my cousins,— I have one in South Africa and one at Nome,— and we are not devoted to one branch of the profession. It is from the way in which camps and sojourning places take root in our lives that I infer our love for a home if we had one. Bridges, railroads, mines, irrigation, we have builded our house upon them all, and left it to those who would have built differently.

This summer my father is adding to the Long Line B. & C. electrical plant, and our home is ten miles from anywhere

in the bottom of Turning Gorge. Strictly speaking, not in the bottom, for the river is the bottom,— all else is walls, and we live, as it were, in the act of scaling them. The power-house is built on the brink, the camp is pitched tier over tier above it. Our cabin is above the camp, and beyond us the road climbs out of the gorge to the summit.

It is a beautiful place, with its late sunrise and deep shadows, the turn and sparkle of the river to where the winding of the gorge shuts it from sight, and its roar that covers all sounds less big and drowsy; but I have sometimes thought that walls are walls, though they are great and pine-clad, and that we have

been shut somewhat closely between them this summer. Papa says I take my responsibilities as elder sister too hard, but it seems to me that it is the others, Jimmy and Marianne, for instance, who take things hard, and I who sit by helplessly and wonder what is the matter with them.

Jimmy is my brother, younger than I, a dear, grim-looking fellow, not distinctly plain, as I am, but too harsh-featured to be handsome. It is Laddie who has stolen all the beauty in the family (and we know that mamma was beautiful), and absorbed it into her own enchanting little person. Her name is Gladys, though she makes no further use of it than to sign it formally. She is sixteen, and the peculiar delight and torment of her sister Kate's existence. She has bright, dark eyes, and a singing voice. The voice is to be trained next year. I hope they won't train something out of it. Now it is as haunting as a bird's.

The other two members of the household are not of the family: George Romney is a chum of Jimmy's (if their tacit friendship can be described as chummy), — also an engineer on the works. I remember him first when he and Jimmy were at Groton, and he was a beautiful boy, just growing up, and losing an unusual soprano. The voice has come back as a man's, and it seems to be his only means of expression. I had thought Jimmy the most silent of beings, but George is more than silent, he is impenetrable. But he sings for us, and we give him pretty much the privileges of a relative, partly because we feel sure we should like him if it were possible to know him, and partly because we are walled up with him and can't help it.

Marianne is more nearly one of us, inasmuch as she is engaged to Jimmy, — otherwise she could hardly be more different. She comes to us fresh from Boston and Europe, to know the family and the life she is entering, — I might add, the man she is to marry. She is an only child, peculiarly devoted to and depen-

dent upon her father and mother, and accustomed to the most exquisite and thoughtful consideration from all around her. Through her eyes I notice for the first time how little our family affection takes the form of outward courtesy.

She is sitting out there on the hot pine steps, as white as a flower in her dark habit, questioning Laddie, with her eyes on the slopes of the gorge.

"Is there only that road? — only one way out?"

"There is a trail on the other side of the river," Laddie says. "We will go up some time if you like, but it's pretty steep, and you have to do it on foot, — the ponies are all on this side." They have been riding, and Laddie is flushed and Marianne pale with the heat.

Later: I stopped to make some sandwiches for Jimmy. He came striding up the trail from the works and ran up the steps, — the girls swept their skirts aside to let him pass.

"Can you get me something to eat, Kate?" he called through the window; "something I can put in my pocket. I'm going up to the dam and I won't be back to dinner," and he went off to the stable. He rode round as I came out on the piazza with my packet, reached across the railing for it with a brief "Thanks!" and spurred his pony up the road. I think he had not glanced at Marianne. He was, as I have often seen him, hot upon his work, with not one stray faculty to spare. There was a set look about her mouth which I have seen there before. Poor child! She is taking Jimmy hard, I'm afraid, and I don't so much wonder, — we are a dreadfully casual family at best, and Jimmy is perhaps the most so of any of us. If she only knew him as I know him! But of course she will.

I fear I am becoming a very Martha sort of girl; indeed, troubled about many things does n't begin to describe me these days. Our Chinaman, for instance, I had always regarded as sufficient unto the summer, because he was honest and clean, and cooked in a wholesome way, if you

shut him off on baking-powder. But I begin to see that the meals are by no means dainty, that Marianne tries to eat what does not really tempt her, yet she feels badly when I make little things for her alone.

It is very hot. After lunch, when the shadow of the gorge withdraws to the other side of the river, and the white road above and the white trails below dance in the heat, the sense of being shut in becomes a very nightmare. Marianne sits for hours on the steps, over her beautiful needle-work, and Laddie, who has refused to dust the sitting-room, wanders about the premises with her guitar hanging from her neck, sits down with a sigh to learn the ninth position, and strays off into accompaniments and shrill, sweet snatches of song that make one feel more restless than soothed. And I blunder with my accounts, and sit long over my letter-writing because there is nothing to say. I generally have a good deal of it to do, as the rest of the family hate to write letters.

The evening is the time that we have always looked forward to, because then our men come home. But there has been a rush in the work this week, and Jimmy is in the office till late, and I have deserted papa, to make a fourth on the evening rides. Usually I am Marianne's companion; George and Laddie ride ahead, leaving a trail of singing and whistling to follow them by. Their voices blend in a peculiar chord,—Laddie's so clear and shrill, George's with a depth, an almost passionate sweetness, that constantly surprises me. His speaking voice is entirely without expression. Laddie is an enchanted being on these night rides. She lets her hair down (she wears it on top of her head all day for coolness), and it is one sweep of black, and she rolls up her sleeves, and her arms are glowing white in the moonlight. I am sorry for George! But I know we can trust him, after a few words that I had with him once at the beginning of the summer. I really was alarmed for my little Laddie, he seemed to seek her so much, and of

course they were always singing together,—and we wanted the singing. I said something to him as incidentally as I could about Laddie being only sixteen, and I thought we older children sometimes forgot, and treated her as if she were our age, and that we wanted her to stay young as long as possible. He looked at me a moment, and though I could gather nothing from his face,—you never can,—he apparently could from mine, and he said, "You can depend on me." So I know he will wait bravely and let nothing touch her unconsciousness till the right time comes. It cannot be for years yet, but they are a beautiful pair, and, indeed, he looks nearly her age, his face is so unmarked,—I believe he is within a few months of mine.

No; it is not Laddie and George that are troubling me now; it is Marianne and Jimmy. I thought at first it was the heat and getting very tired with learning to ride that made her seem often listless and unhappy, even with Jimmy. But she says she is well, and her seat is pretty firm now, and she always has the easiest pony. It must be something more than that,—probably nothing of any importance, but I am afraid of the "little rift."

Jimmy caught up with his office work yesterday, so he won't have to work in the evening for a while. He was very late to dinner, and he came in and took his place with a hard-worked sigh. Laddie fired a melon-seed at him. I said across the table to papa, "I think you'll have the pleasure of my company on the piazza to-night, dad."

"You can have my pony. I'll stay behind," said Laddie valiantly.

"Not if I have to have you around the house the next day," I said. "You've got to be exercised, Laddie, or you're too hard to live with."

Laddie looked relieved.

"You'd better both go," said Jimmy. "I shall not ride to-night."

Marianne blushed, and I felt a twinge of sympathy. It was the first chance they

had had in weeks to be alone together in the evening. There would be other rides, of course. But I could see that for some reason Marianne was living fiercely in the present, and that the loss of that ride meant to her far more — than the loss of a ride.

"What are you going to do?" asked Laddie.

"Go to bed," said Jimmy. "I'm simply done."

Marianne left the table somewhat before the rest of us. I found her standing on the steps waiting apparently for the horses, but staring out into the dusk with a tormented face. She turned as I joined her, and asked in a sweet voice, "What is the matter with Jimmy? Is he ill?"

"He's very tired," I suggested.

"Is he as tired as all that?"

"He has something on his mind."

Her smile was like a dainty little snarl. "You take things so serenely on the surface, Kate. You'll be telling me next that he has me on his mind."

I knew that she instantly repented this confession. I covered the silence. "It seems to be something that he wants to talk over with papa. They are smoking in the dining-room, and they've sent Wing out. Apparently he's not to be allowed to clear the table to-night. I hope he won't leave."

There was a shuffle of hoofs round the corner of the house, and step of feet, and the measure of a song: —

"Far and high the cranes give cry and
Spread their wings.
Angry is my darling, for she
No more sings."

Round came George and Laddie, each with a pair of tugging ponies in tow, and a wail went up from Laddie: "Oh, Kate, go and change your skirt *quickly*! We shall never get started!"

Papa told me last night (while Jimmy was telling Marianne at the other end of the piazza) what they had been discussing in the dining-room while the rest of us were off riding. It was very late; Laddie had been sent to bed, remarking that she

had thought it was Jimmy, not she, who was going to bed early, but it appeared she was mistaken. George had withdrawn himself discreetly; once I saw him cross a lighted space in the camp below, on his way to the office; it was a stifling night, and there were still groups of men at the doors of the tents, smoking and playing with the dogs. Well, it seems that Jimmy has been offered a position with a very good copper crowd, on a rather unusual salary, at Nacazari in Northern Mexico. The understanding would be that he shall stay three years. It is very interesting work, and papa says that if he suits these people the opportunities ahead are practically unlimited. And Jimmy's work in Turning Gorge is nearly over; they are needing fewer and fewer men here. He has been applying for a position, with very discouraging results.

"He will take this one," papa said. "He would be a fool not to." His eyes followed the involuntary turn of mine toward the end of the piazza where Jimmy and Marianne sat speaking together in dim silhouette. Behind them heat lightning played along the rim of the gorge.

Both boys were out before breakfast next morning, and consequently late, and we left them to a deserted table. Afterwards Jimmy came tramping through the kitchen to the back piazza where I was surreptitiously beating up a sponge-cake that Marianne had evidently liked and attributed to Wing, — whose sponge-cake is impossible. He pulled up a candle-box and sat down opposite me with his chin very close to his knees. He rubbed it against them meditatively.

"Dad told you about my chance?"

"Yes," I said. "And Marianne says you must go, does n't she?" I was sure she had, — also I thought I knew how she had said it.

"Oh yes, she says I must go," said Jimmy ruefully, "and she says it's a good thing and all that, only — Kate, what is the matter with Marianne? Is she ill?" — Marianne's question of the night before.

"She's not ill, Jimmy. But I don't think you are so very nice to her, do you?"

"Not nice to her?" Jimmy stared.

I went on beating my cake. Presently I suggested: "She's used to very different people from us. We are n't particularly nice to each other, you know. We're busy and we're lazy, and we forget."

"But she is n't a fussy girl,—not that kind at all. You don't understand her."

"No, I don't think she's fussy. But I think she's not used to our sketchy way of living, and she has a good deal of time to think about things these days, and *Turning Gorge*"—

"Oh yes, this living in the bottom of a hole!" growled Jimmy.

"Well, she told you to go. And you want to go, don't you?"

"Why, of course. A man wants to go to places."

"Did you tell her that?"

"Oh yes."

I could not help laughing. "Jimmy, if you don't give Marianne a pretty thorough understanding of the nature of a man, why, nothing ever will."

"I suppose I'm rather something of a *fool* not to be able to run my own affairs," said Jimmy scowling, his eyes on the rotation of my mixing-spoon. "But could n't you say something to her that would make her understand the way a man feels about going to new places and all that?"

"No, my child, I could n't. But can't you do something to make her see how a man feels about a woman he"—

"I thought I did that when I asked her to marry me."

"I should have said you did myself, knowing you," I admitted, and wished I had had the bringing up of Marianne from infancy. Then I was struck with a solution.

"Jimmy, Jimmy," I said, leaning across my bowl and looking into his eyes which were big and troubled. "Ask her again, and ask her to go with you when you go."

"No! To Nacazari!"

"To the North Pole, if you happen to be going there."

"It is n't a place,—she's never heard of it, nor any of her people. It's copper, and that means smelters, and that means smelter smoke."

"There's a sky, is n't there?"

"Her people would n't like it."

"They'll let her do what she sets her heart on."

"Ah, you don't know how she feels about them."

"I know how she feels about you."

I rose and began to pour my cake batter into the pans. A smile stole upon Jimmy's lips, which he strove unsuccessfully to restrain; his face glowed, he tried to look gloomy.

"Well, I should n't call that showing that I cared for her, I should call it giving her a chance to show that she cared for me."

"It's exactly the same thing," I said. I scraped the last flecks of sweet dough from the bottom of my bowl and held the spoon out to Jimmy. "There, take your 'scrape' and be off with you."

He grinned and reached up to taste as he used when we were children and begged for the "last scrape," and then he departed whistling.

I had barely got my pans installed in the oven and shut the door upon them, when he came in again with a teased look on his face.

"Kate, where is Marianne?"

"Oh, Jimmy, I thought I had got rid of you. Marianne, indeed! And you a workingman. Go back to the camp where you belong."

But he really was bothered.

"She's not in the house anywhere. Laddie has n't seen her since breakfast, and none of the ponies have been taken — she could n't saddle one anyhow. — I said I would teach her," he added irrelevantly.

"She has gone for a walk, — to the summit most probably."

He looked up the first glaring bend of the road with anxious brows.

"I think she wanted to get away — by herself. You know the gorge seems pretty small at times."

But after Jimmy had started for the summit (coolly disregarding the fact that he was wanted at the works), I had another idea. I got my hat and started down the trail. Laddie called to me derisively from the steps, "Are you going to hunt for Marianne in the seclusion of the camp?"

"I'm going across the river," I said. I remembered Laddie's telling her about the trail to French Corral.

The current of the river is too strong through Turning Gorge to row against; the boat is slung across on a cable, and it is every one's business and no one's business in particular to run the ferry.

I picked my way through the dust of the camp and escaped by degrees from its enthusiastic dogs. I presently became aware that George was waiting for me at the boat, and watching my progress with a suggestion of a smile.

"Do you know if Marianne went across this morning?" I shouted to him between the roar of the power-house behind us and the river at our feet.

"Yes," he said. "Shall I take you over?"

He asked no questions (impassive people are very tactful in the negative), and did not offer to help me up the trail on the other side.

I think it must have been made down hill before it was made up, it is so uncompromising. It rises up before you and seems to hit you in the face. Five minutes of it are like an hour. But each time you stop to pant there is amazement at the height you have gained. The river drops to a gleaming line, the grand slopes of the gorge sink deeper and deeper, their bases are but the tops of trees, the sky grows vast around one, a breath of freer air draws across the summit. "Oh, Marianne," I thought, "if you are up here on the walls of Turning Gorge this morning, have you not forgiven Jimmy for being more of a boy than a lover?"

I found her hidden under the low pines, flung on a drift of needles, with flushed cheeks and tear-stained eyes, like a grieving child. I felt guilty to have stolen upon her so, but it was too late to go back; she had seen me, and was saying, "Oh, Kate, why have you come up here after me? How broiling hot you look!"

I took off my hat and sat down beside her; she pulled herself nearer and laid her fair, rumpled head in my lap.

"I thought I should have died sooner than any one should know how I felt," she said in a voice from which all energy seemed to have been wept away, "but I don't seem to mind you." Her eyes gazed up at my hot face thoughtfully. "Do you know that Jimmy is going to Mexico?"

"Yes," I said. "It will be hard for you, but you know he is doing it for you. With that start he'll be able to give you the comfort you ought to have when you are married."

"Kate, Jimmy is *glad* to go!"

I smoothed her hair back and looked down into her eyes; they were full of trouble, like Jimmy's.

"Marianne, I have lived all my life among these big boy men. Will you let me tell you something about them,—just as if I understood them and you did n't?"

"Yes," she said.

"It is the engineers I mean,—the profession selects its own men, you know. And then out of those men some want the jobs in the cities near the crowds and the theatres and the girls; and others—Those are the men I know; they have been trained to stand alone, to talk little, never to complain, to bear dullness and monotony,—some of them are dull and monotonous themselves. But they are n't petty; and in every one of them is a strange need that drives them out into the deserts; a craving for movement and freedom and fresh, new air that nothing can kill. And oh, but I'm glad it is so. It's what keeps them young; it's what makes them strong and exciting and different; it's what makes their gentleness

so wonderfully gentle; it's what makes us love them. We could not do here the things our men do, but they need us all the more. And as long as we know that, why, we can forgive them if they are too busy to show it every hour of the day.

"You see, I could be quite lofty on the subject, and make you laugh at me very much. As a matter of fact, when I came up the trail this morning I was not at all disturbed about Jimmy's feeling for you; but I was wondering how much you care for him,—whether it's just Jimmy before any one or anything in this world,—including yourself. Because I think you are going to have that question shrewdly tested pretty soon,—perhaps this morning."

Marianne stared up at me, and I held her back against my knees and laughed into her pretty, wondering face.

"I know mighty well how you are going to stand the test. I have watched you, plucky little Bostonian. You are the stuff that soldiers' and engineers' wives are made of, and I want you for my Jimmy." I kissed her and got upon my feet, and stepped out into the trail again.

"Shall I go with you?" she murmured. "Must you go?"

"There were some things I was doing at the house; but stay here and let the wind blow through you for a while. It's nice, don't you think?"

"Splendid! So big and broad."

"You have been shut in a good deal!"

I left her gazing across the slopes with a far, sweet look. Halfway down I met Jimmy.

"You did n't find her?" he said, but he knew by my smile that I had. I pulled his hair softly, and slipped past him down the trail.

I'm afraid I have been taking a good deal upon myself, and I'm just a little bit scared, but papa thinks it is all right. He took mamma to Deadwood when it was six hundred miles to get in by stage, and she must have been more inexperienced than Marianne, and he says she was

happy. Papa does n't think people are happy when they are not. I went over to the office, and we had a long talk about it out of "hours." We are great friends. He often hardly speaks to me for days at a time when he is preoccupied (Jimmy gets his silence from him), but every now and then we clear things up with a splendid talk!—and it does away with all misunderstandings or complications. That is the way Jimmy and Marianne will manage when they are married.

They came in to lunch, both rather pale, but all the strain gone from between them. Afterwards Marianne went to her room to write to her mother. It will be nearly two weeks before she can have an answer.

In the meantime the days go monotonously on. Jimmy and Marianne are planning a house together. He goes first, and will see to the building and arrange for her coming when all is ready for her. She laughs when he says he will be ready in a month! They are to be married in San Francisco, and I suppose we shall all be down there for a confused week or two. Marianne does not mind his boyish blundering now; she has other things to think of.

As for me, I can't help bothering my foolish head over a fancy that the strain of Laddie's tormenting presence is beginning to wear very hard upon George. The fact that there's nothing very tangible to make me think so is, I believe, one reason why I am bothered. Real anxieties have such simple expedients: you have only to decide what can be done and what cannot, and do immediately what you can. The question of how Marianne, with her sheltered up-bringing, is to be made comfortable and well and happy in the rough life she is going to does fill my mind, but not with uneasiness. I believe it can be done, like many another supposed impossibility, where people work together with a thorough good understanding. And even if it can't, there remains the good understanding. It is the little strain that is not worth speaking of, that

no one dares to speak of for fear of making it seem more real than it is, that worries me to a point I know must be absurd. It is certainly fed by the most absurd trivialities.

It was Sunday of last week that was such a long, hot day; the men all at home, but it was too hot to ride. We sat around on the shady side of the piazza: Jimmy cleaning his gun, and protecting Marianne and her white linen skirts from the dogs, who had been in the river and were very proud of it; Laddie fingering her guitar softly, and whistling to herself. George and I professed to be reading, but what I read did not hold me, and as often as I looked away from my book I saw that George's black eyes had risen from his and were sweeping the rim of the gorge. He dropped them as Laddie's low-breathed whistle turned suddenly into loud sweet singing:—

“Far and high the cranes give cry and
Spread their wings.”

— It was what they so often sang together as they rode, and it needed the vent of motion to carry off the restless thrill its cadence stirred in your blood. The deeper notes died up into highest, softest treble:—

“But there yet shall be a day when
Love is heard;
She shall listen, and her heart shall bid her
Come forth at my word.”

“Where did you get that song?” papa called from the doorway. He has a way of waking up to things that have been going on beneath his notice.

“It's a Hungarian folk-song,” Laddie answered pompously.

“Why, in Heaven's name,” said George unexpectedly, “do you sing it on a day like this, to an accompaniment you have n't half learned?”

“Goodness!” said Laddie, and she really jumped. “I did n't know George had nerves. I'm finding out things about him every day.” And she improvised an air to—

“The fishes answered with a grin,
Why, what a temper you are in!”

and sang it at some length.

I never interfere with Laddie's impudence, partly because it would do no good if I did, partly because I can't resist wanting to hear what she will say next. We have all sharp tongues, but only Laddie is gifted with a ready one. George can usually defend himself, briefly and with point, and it is rather entertaining to hear them. This afternoon he was not responsive. Laddie made one or two sallies, and there was silence.

“Jimmy, you are more dangerous than wet dogs when you have vaseline on your fingers,” said Marianne at the other end of the piazza.

“I think you *might* quarrel with me!” said Laddie. “Even Marianne and Jimmy are making out to, and we do it so much better! — Will you sing, then?” She started the crane song, but he did not join in.

“Is you mad, Honey?” she quoted, and put her head on one side and wrinkled her brows inquiringly, as the dogs do. “Because if you are, I'm sorry. I did n't mean to plague you as much as all that.”

“You don't plague people when you mean to, Laddie,” George said. “Only sometimes when you don't.”

I was beginning to read again, but something in his words went through me with a pang, and I looked up. He had pulled one of the dogs down into his lap and was fondling it, bending over it so that I could not see his face.

That Marianne's letter from home fell like such a bomb amid our confident schemes showed how little we had really expected opposition. I think we are rather apt to be surprised that any one in his senses should object to what seems to us desirable.

She read it, flushing and paling by turns, and then cleared her throat and said she would like to read it aloud. “It will give mamma's point of view more clearly than I can,” she said. It was a

sweet, anxious, mother's letter; not, I think, such a letter as our valiant little mother would have written. It cost Marianne a visible effort to read it to us, but she probably did not wish us to think her too easily quelled.

It said: "You must know, my dear child, how loath we are to refuse our consent to your dear, brave little plans, but you will realize some day how utterly wild and impracticable they are. And, forgive me, dear, — with all our affection for Jimmy, should he persist in such reckless dreams for your future, papa and I could not think him fitted to take care of you, for many years to come, if ever. This is the side of his profession we have always dreaded, but we thought that now he would be looking for a position nearer home. There are many engineers doing well in the cities, with comfortable homes like other people's.

"It is not as if there were some older woman there whom we knew, or as if I were well enough to be with you for the first year, or even if you could have with you some strong, capable girl-companion accustomed to frontier life, such as you describe Jimmy's sister to be. Then I should feel, perhaps, quite differently." . . .

When she finished, Jimmy was leaning forward, looking intently at me. He turned as Marianne said to him imploringly, "I can't — I can't do what they refuse their consent to! Mamma is not well: I am all she has. It would n't be the right way to begin."

"Of course it would n't," said Jimmy gravely. His voice was very deep. Marianne covered her face with her hands and went to her room. Jimmy departed to the works; he was too hurt to comfort her just then.

Later I knocked at her door, and went in without waiting for an answer. I had come with a plan that brought the light into her face. We had a short, eager talk, the results of which I prepared to convey to Jimmy as I put on my hat and went down the trail to the office. Papa had gone to the dam. The cool outer room

was empty; in the one beyond, George and Jimmy were prostrate across the drawing-table with their collars off, toiling at the maps. I summoned Jimmy with my eyes. He closed the drawing-room door behind him and stood with his back to it, smiling at me.

"I know. You're going to help us out as usual. Kate, you're a bully girl!"

"I hate third persons," I said, "but I don't see what else there is to be done."

"You're no more a third person than a nice dog would be," said Jimmy affectionately, and with intent to be complimentary. "But perhaps it won't be easy for you. Do you hate the thought of it?"

"No," I said. "I like to go to new places, and I like difficulties, if I know just what they are, and I like Marianne; — for that matter, I like you," and we grinned at each other. "The only thing that troubles me is Laddie. She is n't going abroad with Aunt Gladys till the spring, and there'll be months and months in Turning Gorge."

"Too much responsibility for her?"

"Oh no, she's old enough for that; and with all due affection for sister Kate, she'll probably be enchanted at the prospect of being housekeeper for dad, and the whole thing generally; but she will be lonely — after a while, you know, when dad begins to take her and her housekeeping as a matter of course, as he does with me."

"She has her pony; and George Romney is going to be here till spring, and he's very nice to her."

"Do you know him well, Jimmy?"

"Surely."

"Do you really mean well, or just better than any one else?"

"I think I do. He's opened up to me somewhat now and then, especially lately," Jimmy half smiled, as if recalling something. "He's a good fellow, — unusual. Dad's watched him at his work, and he says so, too. Don't be hard on him, Katy."

And so Jimmy had noticed it! Well, he certainly is nice to Laddie.

I wish I might go peacefully to bed to-night. It is very late, and I have finished all my packing; but George said, "When you are through upstairs, may I speak to you for a moment?" and as a matter of fact I ought to speak to him about Laddie. Only I dread to, and I am very tired.

The month in San Francisco went like a most unrestful dream. One never had any time to think, and shopping for—and with—other people is so very tiring; but indeed it was fun as well. How sweet Marianne's mother was! How impossible it was to get anything done quickly with which she had to do, and how little one grudged the fact as long as one remained in her presence. Afterwards one made up time as best one could. How pretty Marianne was in her wedding dress, how more than pretty Laddie in her bridesmaid's blue. (Ah, but she was lovelier still to-night, riding with the wind in her hair!)

Well, it is over now, and Jimmy is at Nacazari. Marianne and I are ready now to join him. We start to-morrow.

How could poor little Laddie go so comfortably to sleep in the midst of all my walking to and fro on the cradly boards of our room and opening and shutting drawers! The packing is all done now, though, and George is waiting for me. — Laddie is talking in her sleep, and smiling; her cheeks are all flushed with the wind. Is it "George" that she says? — No, "Judy," — the name of her pony, — and they don't sound in the least alike; I think I am certainly morbid about her. — George is waiting, but what am I to say to him? What *can* I say?

I stood in my indecision in the dark end of the living-room. The table with the lamp had been drawn to the other end, and George sat by it reading. Against the yellow pine of the wall his black, bent head and grave profile were in strong relief. A feeling almost of hatred went over me as I looked at him. He seemed a menace in our house. My poor little Laddie! How was her heart to be kept free

and light beside the power of his love, — told or untold,—he who had charmed us all with his imperturbable beauty, his words that told nothing, his voice that seemed to tell so much!

He rose as I approached the table, and turned to me with a strange softening in his face that rather confused me, — it was too like that sweetness in his singing voice.

"You wished to speak to me?" I said. "I want to speak to you, too, before I go, — about Laddie. It may be that there is no reason why I should, but I am leaving her in your charge,—in papa's, of course, but in yours for all the hours when you will be together. I do trust you, but — I am trusting you with a great deal."

"Yes," he said in his even, unemphasized way. "You may be sure that no harm will come to her that I can prevent. You can depend on me."

"You said that before," I suggested.

"But have n't I done it? You surely don't mind the little rows we have? That's just to show that there's no hard feeling."

"Oh, don't put me off!" I said. "I must say what is in my heart, whether I intrude on your feelings or not. I have trembled for her so this summer, — and there is all the winter before her. We want you to have her, George; but do be vigilant! She is happy and unconscious now. It is dreadful of me to talk like this when I have not your confidence, but I cannot help hearing in your voice, in your songs, even seeing in your face,—what she might see, too."

"Kate, you are the only one who does not see."

I did not heed him. "You know as well as I do there are more ways of letting a girl know you love her than — than just saying so!"

"I had thought there might be," he said, "but the time has all gone by, and the only way to make her know is to tell her."

I looked at him in utter amazement.

"Kate, I have loved you ever since you were — Laddie's age," he said.

His words were ceasing to have any meaning for me. "I — don't understand," was all I could answer.

"Not yet? It is very hard to make you understand."

I have come away to my room to think quietly, which, of course, I could not do downstairs with George. I have been

trying to arrange my thoughts with some clearness, but they throng too heavily. I seem to know that when this has taken its proper place it will be seen to simplify things very much — for Laddie. For me it does not seem at all simple; hardly even right, and I cannot understand it. I am very tired. Perhaps I shall understand — to-morrow.

RECENT EVENTS IN GERMANY

BY WILLIAM C. DREHER

AMONG the foreign interests of the German people in 1904 the war in the Far East naturally occupied the foremost place. The unusual developments in the relations of the country with Russia, and the extraordinary steps taken by the Government to strengthen these, kept Russia continually in the foreground of public attention. In respect to the war two distinct currents of sympathy early manifested themselves. While the people at large have taken sides with growing enthusiasm for Japan, the Government, its closest political supporters, and to a less extent the financial and commercial classes, give their sympathies to Russia. The Government, however, has maintained a fair degree of neutrality in outward acts, notwithstanding its assiduous wooing of Russia's favor in matters having little direct connection with the war.

The Kaiser, indeed, has taken pains to show how he feels. Now it was an autograph letter sent to the Czar through a special commissioner, now a telegram declaring "Russia's sorrow to be Germany's sorrow," now a deputation of high officials sent across the frontier to convey his greetings to the Czar, now the distribution of money to a Russian frontier guard drawn up to salute him on one of his deer-stalking excursions, — such are the forms that the Kaiser chose for the frank expression

of his sympathies. His attitude is doubtless partly dictated by family relationship, partly by personal pity for a friend in a distressing situation, partly by the traditional policy of protecting Germany on her western frontier through a strongly cemented friendship with Russia; but it is certainly affected also by his feelings toward Japan. It was the Kaiser who brought into vogue in Germany the expression, "the Yellow Peril." Nobody here is so thoroughly convinced as he that the rise of the Japanese race to the rank of a great power must ultimately give to it the mastery of the Far East. Moreover, the line of cleavage between Christian and heathen nations marks, in the Kaiser's mind, a difference that affects the political aspects of the present struggle in Manchuria.

The precarious character of Germany's foothold in China certainly has some part in determining the attitude of her rulers at this moment. German statesmen, from the Kaiser down, know that if the Japanese win a conspicuous success, and then take hold of China and modernize it in an economic and military sense, Kiao-Chau must inevitably be lost to Germany. Already Germans are troubled by the Japanese commercial invasion of the colony and its hinterland. It is Japanese merchants, not German ones, that are set-

tling along the line of the new German railway extending from Tsingtau into the interior, and are winning the trade of the country with their cheap manufactures, — a result facilitated by the fact that the Chinese like their racial kinsmen better than they like the Germans.

Russia, on her part, has done little to make Germany feel comfortable in her Russophile policy; indeed, it has seldom occurred that the friendliness of one country seemed to be so ill requited by the other. It is not that Russia deliberately designed to snub Germany; but her bungling officers and officials unwittingly created the appearance of reckless contempt for Germany's rights on sea and land. The mails were carried off one German steamer, and another was captured by an auxiliary cruiser in the Red Sea; another German vessel sailing under a Japanese charter, and carrying a cargo not recognized as contraband by international law, was sunk by the Vladivostock squadron; and a German fishing schooner, the Sonntag, was fired upon by the Baltic fleet when that curious Armada was going forth, like Don Quixote, to seek adventures.

The last named incident, occurring just off the German coast, afforded a luminous view of German policy toward Russia. The Government apparently did not at first intend to make representations of any kind at St. Petersburg; such action, the word was given out at the Foreign Office, would depend upon whether the owner of the vessel asked the Ministry's aid in getting redress. Meanwhile, the press furnished a remarkable illustration of how German editors sometimes take their cue from the Government in matters of foreign policy. At the moment when the newspapers were printing columns about the Anglo-Russian difficulty growing out of the Dogger Bank affair, they quietly brushed aside the Sonntag case as of no importance whatever; only the Socialist press struck a sharp note of protest. In the Reichstag, Count von Bülow showed how small a matter the whole

thing was: "Nobody was wounded on board the Sonntag. . . . Russia at once met our just demands;" and the owner of the schooner got his seven hundred and fifty dollars for torn nets and a damaged hawser.

In another direction, however, the relations with Russia caused profound discontent and gave occasion for repeated attacks upon the Ministry. For the purpose of coöperating with the St. Petersburg authorities in preventing Russian anarchists from establishing themselves at the Prussian universities, and continuing their propaganda at home from those centres, the Government allowed Russian detectives to enter Germany and keep a sharp surveillance upon the Czar's subjects. Naturally, where Russian officials could determine who was an anarchist, and could designate the subjects for expulsion, things happened that caused sharp controversy; for everybody knows that in Russia any opponent of the Government is likely to be classified as an anarchist. When, moreover, a minister admitted in the Reichstag that obnoxious Russians were transported across the Russian frontier, a still more serious aspect was given to the matter, and the public mind experienced a disagreeable shock; for this was equivalent to transforming the right of expulsion into that of extradition, even where no crime was charged. Also the Government's practice of returning to the Russian authorities military fugitives trying to evade service in Manchuria, except such as were provided with tickets to America by one of the German steamship lines, caused loud protest; and the practice had to be abolished under the pressure of public opinion.

The Government's defense of its policy of expulsion was not such as to satisfy people not committed to its support. A Prussian minister argued in the Reichstag in behalf of exceptional treatment of fugitive Russian liberals, upon the ground that the reforms they were seeking in Russia would have, if carried into effect, a reflex democratic influence in Ger-

many. The Government's critics were also amazed to hear the Chancellor read from the unpublished records of the Government to prove that Bismarck had gone still farther than he, and had expelled Russians merely as a personal favor to the Czar.

The trial at Königsberg in July of seven Socialists for *lèse majesté* and high treason against the Czar was one of the most sensational events of the year, and was a curious piece of bungling for a country governed with so much system and efficiency as Germany. The accused persons had been arrested in the autumn of 1903 for smuggling literature of anarchistic tendencies into Russia. During the trial, however, it was shown that the pamphlets did not contain the incriminating sentence which the Russian Consul of the city had reported to the court in his "translation." A still graver matter was the discovery that the translation of Russian law paragraphs, which this official had supplied to the court to prove that Russia guarantees reciprocity of treatment in cases of *lèse majesté*, omitted some essential matter, so that the court was misled. An authentic translation cleared up this error; and an appeal to the Foreign Office brought the answer that no treaty guaranteeing reciprocity existed. Thus, after the trial had proceeded at great length and had attracted the attention of the country to an uncommon degree, the very basis on which it rested was destroyed at one blow. The accused got only light sentences for secret association contrary to German law.

The Government had to meet repeated assaults in the Reichstag and Diet in connection with this Königsberg affair. All political parties, except the Conservatives, joined in these attacks; and the Socialists in particular made much political capital out of the matter. The Prussian Minister of Justice frankly confessed that serious mistakes had been made, and the Government press admitted that the trial had damaged the reputation of Prussian courts, and had compromised more than

it had helped Russia. The impression left upon the country was that the Government had gone too far in its zeal to win Russia's good will, and had suffered a loss of dignity.

The state of feeling in England toward Germany has remained such as to give grave concern to German statesmen and publicists. The behavior of the German press toward England has visibly improved within the past two years; nevertheless, the English windows that it smashed during the Boer War have never been repaired. Indeed, the attitude of several leading English newspapers and magazines creates the impression in Germany that they are deliberately trying to transform a popular antipathy into an extinguishable hatred, which may have grave practical results. Their suspicion of Germany took some queer forms of expression last year. They found it easy to believe that Germany was plotting against British interests in Thibet; and when several damaged Russian vessels, fleeing before the victorious Togo, took refuge in Tsingtau, they saw fresh proof of their theory that a secret treaty exists between Germany and Russia. The fact that Japan declared herself satisfied when Germany ordered the vessels to be disarmed and detained till the close of the war, made little difference to these London political critics; they were more Japanese than Japan. The English Government went even farther at the time of the Dogger Bank incident. Downing Street actually believed that Germany had instigated the gallant attack of the Baltic squadron upon the Hull fishermen! Could anything illustrate more strikingly how an international hatred "doth work like madness in the brain"?

This frenzied state of the English mind toward Germany is all the more noteworthy when it is considered that France has already succeeded in completely mending the windows which its press had broken during the South African War. The German press certainly behaved no worse than the French at that time; yet

Count von Bülow still finds it necessary to protest in the Reichstag, and in the English press itself, that he entertains none of the sinister designs against England attributed to him. The conclusion of the Anglo-French agreement last spring awakened curious sensations here. The feeling that Germany had been ignored in a matter that closely affected her interests was widely expressed; and even the saner organs of public opinion thought it was a most inopportune occasion for Count von Bülow to "lay his flute on the table and withdraw from the concert," as he once said. The assumption that he made no music merely because the concert was not to his liking was rejected by wiser people than the Pan-Germans. The latter, of course, were ready with a quixotic proposition: Germany should immediately seize a part of Morocco as a compensation! What has become, they asked, of the Kaiser's utterance that no important decision could be taken anywhere in the world without Germany's assent?

The attitude of the German Government and people toward the United States, it is pleasant to note by way of contrast, has continued to grow more friendly. The Kaiser's cordial good will for us has found frequent expression, and our President's overtures for the negotiation of an arbitration treaty with Germany led to a speedy result. Germany also readily accepted the President's tentative proposal of a second peace congress. It is pleasant to record here that the Berlin Government is more favorably disposed toward a second congress than it was toward the first; its skepticism toward a permanent arbitration court has been overcome by the practical efficacy of the Hague Tribunal, and it is convinced that the latter is capable of further development in the service of the world's peace.

The President, moreover, is himself one of the chief influences in Germany making for a better appreciation of our country. Many stalwart patriots, indeed, saw an intentional affront to the Empire in the unfortunate delay in setting up the

statue of Frederick the Great; but even these were appeased by Mr. Roosevelt's tactful speech at the unveiling, which seemed to atone for a multitude of American sins. His message, too, while many moralists thought that his ethical flights were too heavily weighted with cannon, pleased the German commercial classes at its most radical point, — its frank declaration of police authority over delinquent debtor-states in South America. The President has undoubtedly touched a most sympathetic chord among all classes here, notwithstanding what they regard as his excessive imperialism. The interest in him as a man is growing, — the German public clearly wants to know better this strong American who dares to have high ideals in the midst of what it traditionally regards as our sordid and corrupt politics. Various newspapers have been running translations of his books as serials; and a complete edition of his works has been announced by a publishing house.

The visits of Germans to our shores last year assumed far larger proportions than ever before. Many business and professional men who had long wanted to see what is called here "the great republic," availed themselves of the St. Louis exhibition to gratify their wishes. The columns of the newspapers have been filled with the impressions of these travelers. It is a significant fact — one that is not very flattering to our national pride — that few of these writers point their countrymen to our experience in government, still fewer to our conduct of general politics, and none at all to our management of municipal affairs, as examples for imitation at home. What interested our visitors chiefly was material things, — our methods of producing and distributing goods, and social and labor questions as affecting these. And on this plane, what was the impression made? A favorable one, indeed, but far from the overwhelming impression that our vast economic self-esteem would have expected. What expert technical writers saw at St.

Louis and in their travels about the country tended rather to diminish their awe for the "American Danger" than to enhance it. One of the foremost of these gave the following summary of his impressions: "Our well-known pessimists, who shudder whenever a ton of American iron is landed at Ruhrort, should be compelled to visit St. Louis. Let them here study the actual state of technical development, especially let them inform themselves as to the effects of the protective tariff and the trusts upon technical progress; let them also study the ever increasing friction between capital and labor, — then, if they are acquainted with conditions at home, they must relegate the ostensible 'American Danger' to the realm of fable."

It is probable that new commercial treaties with various continental countries will have been ratified by the Reichstag before this article appears in print. These arrangements will take effect January 1, 1906, and will continue in force twelve years. In view of the near approach of the time when Germany's commercial relations shall be placed upon a new tariff basis, no little concern is felt as to the future of the country's trade with us. The importance of removing all uncertainty about the matter is fully realized; and it has been asserted repeatedly in the press and in the Reichstag that it is more important for Germany to get a satisfactory commercial treaty with the United States than with her immediate neighbors. It may be easily understood, therefore, that there is much amazement here that our Government seems wholly to ignore the seriousness, from the American standpoint, of the situation that will exist after January 1, 1906. I outlined that situation in this magazine one year ago; and all that was said then has equal force to-day. Our commercial people who are interested in the export trade with Germany should lose no time in convincing Congress that the "stand-pat" policy is an extremely unwise one, so far as Germany is concerned. If that policy is to continue, I can

see no other result than that all our exports to Germany shall be placed under the German general tariff duties, while those of our competitors will come in at greatly reduced treaty rates.

The uprising of the Hereros, and later of the Witboi Hottentots, in German Southwest Africa has given the country a most unwelcome reminder of the dangers and uncertainties of colonial possessions. This little negro war has proved to be very troublesome to the Government, and equally so to the Imperial finances, which are otherwise in an unsatisfactory state. Worse than the heavy cost in money has been the sacrifice of human life, the German troops having lost heavily from malarial diseases. Some features of the struggle are of interest to us, in view of our position in the Philippines and our perennial negro question at home. It is highly interesting to note that the dwellers in Southwest Africa — although the Germans have little of social repugnance to the negro as we know it — have adopted a view of that race hardly less favorable than prevails in the most anti-negro sections of the South. The settlers who wrote letters to the newspapers at home, and the deputation of farmers who came to Berlin to seek financial aid from the Government, were of one mind as to the régime of ex-Governor Leutwein; it was too mild for negroes, who must be made to feel the stern hand of authority. Some of his critics complain that he permitted the blacks to appeal to police and courts in protecting their rights against the whites; and they are now demanding that the lands of the natives be confiscated, even those of the tribes remaining friendly to Germany, and that they be reduced to a state of quasi-slavery till they learn to work.

Various causes for the uprising have been put forward. The local authorities laid it largely to the extortion of wandering traders who went about the country enticing the natives to buy goods on credit, and seizing their cattle later and selling them to secure payment. The Imperial Government lays little stress upon this

cause, and says that the "uprising would have occurred if there had never been a white trader in Hereroland." The official view is that "the Hereros, being a freedom-loving, conquering, infinitely proud people, felt the extension of German power and the diminution of their own to be growing more and more intolerable; also" — what was really the decisive factor — "they had gotten the impression that they were stronger than the Germans."

The Imperial Chancellor has now announced that it will be the policy of the Government to make such uprisings forever impossible again. To this end the natives are to be disarmed and their captaincies abolished; the colony will be placed under a civil governor, and military rule will be discontinued; but sufficient troops will be kept there permanently to quell any future uprising in its incipiency. Local self-government, so far as consistent with the Imperial authority, will also be introduced in the colonies. The passage of bills by the Reichstag for railways in Togo and German East Africa, for the encouragement of cotton-growing, has a direct economic interest for us Americans. Of course it is quite problematical what will come of this experiment, — just as everything about Germany's colonies is more or less problematical. The Governor of East Africa was saying the other day that it was still quite uncertain whether that colony would prove to be adapted for white settlement. But it is the fatality of these colonial experiments that the Empire cannot recede from the course once chosen, — the honor of the country, it is thought, would forbid that; and so Germany goes on spending life and treasure many times more valuable, to all appearances, than all her African possessions will ever be worth.

Among the home interests of the country nothing loomed up so large last year as the subject of industrial combinations. The process of consolidating industries and banks into powerful organizations again made gigantic strides; and the public mind, dazed and disquieted, is wonder-

ing what will be its final outcome. All the largest steel manufacturers united in an association that shall have complete control of the steel and iron products of the country; and it is already effecting agreements with manufacturers of other countries for parcelling out the world's markets. At the same time the Coal Syndicate was reorganized to include all the independent producers of the West; and, in connection with it, a great shipping and selling company was formed for the purpose of controlling the retail trade and eliminating recalcitrant dealers. These steel and coal combinations are working in complete harmony, and no independent manufacturer can exist against their will.

In that great industrial region many large iron companies had come into possession of coal mines. In order to induce these to put their mines into the Syndicate, they were given the right to produce, over and above their allotments, all the coal that they might need for their own furnaces. A new impetus was thus given to the process of consolidation. Strong coal companies hastened to absorb iron establishments, in order to earn larger profits by consuming their own coal in indefinite quantities. Furthermore, as the allotments were fixed absolutely for a long period, the strongest companies proceeded to buy weaker, less economically worked collieries, in order to shut them down and produce their allotments elsewhere at lower cost. This movement assumed large proportions. Miners by the thousand had to betake themselves to other parts of the country, and entire communities were threatened with depopulation. Industrial towns held indignation meetings, to protest, and to demand the nationalization of the mines; and excited operatives are still holding conferences to discuss a general strike. The Government has sent a commission to inquire into the movement; and the Minister of Commerce has urged the coal magnates to proceed as mildly as possible.

This powerful concentric movement of industries has taken a strong hold upon

the thoughts of people and Government alike. The public is deeply concerned at the growth of private monopolies, and many persons who had hitherto favored letting economic development take its own course now call for drastic measures of prevention and repression. Country squires of the most conservative type advocate the nationalization of all coal deposits; and it is already asserted that a majority of the Prussian Diet would vote for such a measure. This convergence of the views of extreme Conservatism and radical Socialism is certainly one of the oddest results of the movement under discussion,— and one of the most instructive. The natural trend of events is unquestionably in the direction of some form of socialism. The Social Democracy clearly perceives this, and so hails every industrial consolidation as but another milestone on the way to state collectivism.

The foes of Socialism, too, see the line of development with equal clearness. Last year the German Government printed the proceedings of a commission that had been appointed to investigate industrial consolidations. At one of its sittings—held prior to the events related in the foregoing paragraphs—Professor Adolf Wagner of Berlin University, for many years one of the leaders of that school of German economists which demands the extension of state authority at the expense of the individual, said: "In such a tendency as is at work in syndicates and trusts, are we not preparing the way for what the Socialists themselves represent as the final goal of development? When it comes to pass that all industries are amalgamated into trusts, kartells, and gigantic establishments, as in America, then the ultimate question arises of itself, whether everything ought not to be taken over by the State. Then you have the Social Democratic State, the productive system of Socialism." The professor's attitude of mind is typical. Most Germans who think upon these problems at all now betray similar incertitude as to the groundwork of their economic creed,—

"Wandering between two worlds, —one dead,
The other powerless to be born."

The Government itself affords a most luminous illustration of what has just been said. It is fully convinced of the economic soundness — nay, the economic necessity — of industrial consolidations. The ministers have reiterated in various legislative debates the arguments for the syndicates, laying special emphasis upon their effectiveness as weapons of economic warfare with foreign countries. American competition in the world's markets, they asserted, could only be met by such organizations on a large scale. Hence the syndicates have been most tenderly treated by the State. Count Posadowsky, the economic mouthpiece of the Imperial Government, has recently given deep offense to the country squires by openly defending great capital combinations against their attacks; and he once spoke of the investigating commission on syndicates as designed rather in the interest of the syndicates themselves than in that of the State. The Prussian Minister of Commerce recently expressed the conviction that the system of free competition was no longer available under modern industrial conditions. The Ministry shows its faith by its works, too: the Prussian Fiscal Bureau, as owner of several of the best potash mines of the country, boldly took the initiative in reviving the Potash Syndicate last summer, and it assisted in suppressing several works through a manipulation of prices,—all quite after the usual trust tactics. In the Saar region, too, the state coal mines take the lead in practices that consumers regard as very oppressive.

Yet the Government is convinced that great combinations of capital threaten grave dangers to the public welfare, and feels that it must do something, if not to prevent harmful results, at least to watch developments from its vantage-ground, and discover, if may be, where the danger line is crossed. When the Ministers of Finance and Commerce observed the new pace set last summer in the fusion of

coal and iron companies, they at once determined to buy some great coal company, in order to secure a seat in the Syndicate, where they might watch tendencies and influence prices. They accordingly commissioned a bank quietly to buy the majority of the stock of the Hibernia Coal Company; and the Berlin Bourse, usually so quiet, experienced a new thing in its history, — a regular American "fight to secure control." Who the mysterious "plunger" was that was "bullying" Hibernia stock so recklessly, only became apparent some weeks later, when the Government found it expedient to throw off its disguise and make a public offer for the remainder of the stock. But the passions of the leading stockholders had been too much inflamed by the Government's secretive methods; and it failed to secure the coveted prize. The Minister of Commerce had later to suffer the indignity of going to the Diet for an appropriation to pay for the minority stock, and of hearing himself berated there by the friends of the Syndicate as an impudent poacher upon its preserves.

A startling turn has recently been given to this controversy. The Coal Syndicate, which had early mobilized its forces to defeat the Government's plan, has now joined hands with several of the largest banks of Berlin, to organize a trust, or holding company, to control all the Hibernia stock not yet secured by the Government, and to keep it in a fixed, inattackable form. It is a German adaptation of our famous Northern Securities Company, and so illustrates anew how American example can "corrupt the world." On German soil, however, the very organization of this company was — in view of the hostility to great capital prevailing here — a display of astonishing audacity. The Minister of Commerce felt this when he warned the Hibernia capitalists against what he called their "Defiance Trust," and characterized their action as "a strong provocation to the great majority of this House."

What shall be the remedy for these

great combinations of capital, or, indeed, whether any remedy at all is needed, are questions that have not been remotely answered in Germany. Almost everybody wants Government action of some kind, — except the Socialists, who wish to accelerate, rather than retard, the concentric movement of capital. It is a curious fact that the Socialists, the party of discontent *par excellence*, are the only political group that is wholly satisfied with the movement; they feel that they can logically classify it in the historical development of their system. The radical Liberals offer free trade as a remedy, particularly where the syndicates sell their products more cheaply abroad than at home; but the trouble is that the people cannot be persuaded to take this course, being too fully committed to the policy of protection. The Congress of German Jurists discussed the subject again in September, and voted against Government interference in general; but it adopted by an overwhelming majority a declaration that interference would be justifiable in cases of excessive price advances. The Government, too, while trying to discover its ideal of syndicates "inwardly so constructed that they shall act reasonably and rightly," feels that some legislation may become necessary. It realizes, however, the extreme difficulty of legislating wisely in such a complicated matter, and is evidently afraid that any bill it might propose would be given a more radical character in the Reichstag than it could accept. Under this view the ministers take frequent occasion to warn the magnates of the trusts not to provoke legislative action.

A curious movement has been inaugurated to counteract the effects of large capital combinations, — a movement to "rescue the middle class." A national organization with this end in view was recently formed by the Agrarian and Anti-Semitic element. Their immediate plan is to secure harsh laws against department stores, which one of their number has called the "crying evil of the

time," in the interest of the small shopkeepers. They even want to close up the large coöperative stores of army and navy officers and Government officials. These so-called "middle-class rescuers" are strong in the Diet. The rigorous law against department stores having failed to check these, the anti-capitalistic majority now proposes to sharpen its provisions, reducing the limit at which the tax begins to an annual turnover of \$50,000, instead of \$100,000. At this point, however, the Government raises a warning voice and defends the great bazaars as natural products of modern conditions. Moreover, this tendency to call for state action whenever something seems to be out of joint in the affairs of the people, is evidently going too far for the Government; but, as the Minister of Commerce recently pointed out, "this tendency is really not with the Government, but with the whole population. Whenever an abuse is discovered anywhere to-day, the State is at once called to: 'Help us out! Your strong arm must bring a remedy!' Forty years ago nobody would have said this; people would not have called on the State for help. To-day it is done everywhere."

From the discussion of these matters it is but a step to Socialism. The Social Democratic party suffered the loss of three of its eighty-one seats in the Reichstag last year, and in several other by-elections its vote was greatly reduced. The setback was attributed to internal dissension in the party, growing out of the famous Dresden Convention of 1903, and to the autocratic methods of the National Committee in interfering with the nomination of candidates. The newspaper controversies within the party, too, have been frequent and hot. Some followers have doubtless become disgusted at the vitriolic amenities exchanged so freely by Socialist writers; and all this has tended, for the moment, to diminish the voting strength of the party. Conservative editors take much comfort in these developments, and are trying to hope that

Socialism has now reached its culminating point. More unbiased judges, however, are sure that the phenomenon is only an eddy in the current, and that we have not yet reached the full breadth of the stream.

The prodigious amount of attention given to the discussion of Socialism in the Reichstag is a sure index of the intense preoccupation of the Government and the so-called "law and order parties" with that movement. Far more time is given to speeches about the doings of the Social Democratic party than to any other subject; and several of its leaders, like Bebel and von Vollmar, are sure of the breathless attention of the House and the Ministers, as the speakers of no other party are. "Our entire public life revolves about this party," said a National Liberal leader recently, in complaining that the Ministers gave such elaborate replies to the attacks of the Socialists, while ignoring criticism from other sides. This is perhaps but a natural result from the fact that the Socialists are becoming more and more the only effective opposition party. They are the only party that fights the Government as if it "meant business." The attack is often exaggerated or wide of the mark, indeed, but the Socialist speakers do lay bare the weak places in the Government's policy, and abuses in administration, with a fullness and vigor that win admiration far beyond the limits of that party. As one travels about Germany, one is surprised to find how frequently one meets men of influence, not Socialists, who praise the service that this party is doing for the country. In their view it is a cleansing tempest that purifies the political atmosphere. But the Socialists also receive recognition from higher quarters. The Minister of the Interior of the Grand Duchy of Baden recently said: "The Social Democracy is in large part a movement that has proceeded from justifiable and sound motives;" and Count von Posadowsky has expressed himself similarly in the Reichstag.

The most disappointing development

of the year in the Social Democratic party — for outsiders who had hoped to see the Revisionists get the upper hand — was the further strengthening of the radical main body; while the prospects of revisionism certainly look less bright than for several years. The old school of Socialists are taking active measures against the Revisionists. The leader of the latter, Eduard Bernstein, established last year a weekly newspaper at Berlin in which to argue his case, but the local lights of the party pronounced a boycott upon it before it was born, and it lived only thirty weeks. At the International Socialist Congress at Amsterdam, too, Bebel won, with his Dresden resolutions, emphasizing the class-struggle character of the socialistic movement, a sweeping victory over Jaures and the opportunists of other countries. The victory, however, will remain without practical effect upon the further development of Socialism in Europe; since men of the Jaures type will continue to make alliances with other parties; and thus, although weaker relatively than the German Social Democracy, they will continue to achieve better practical results in alleviating conditions for the working classes than the "Three-million party" of Germany.

Inside the latter, too, the conviction is undoubtedly gaining momentum that a policy of mere negation, of unconditional opposition to Government measures, is unwise. At the annual convention of the party at Bremen the representatives of the labor-unions advocated coöperation with the Government and other parties in carrying forward the policy of social reform. The significance of this is apparent, since these unions number over a million members and constitute the best element of the party. As for the rest, the Bremen Convention was tame, in contrast with that of Dresden. A noteworthy step was a vote of sharp censure upon one of the party's delegation in the Reichstag for espousing a mild form of protection. The vote gave much comfort to the foes of Socialism, who saw in it merely another expression

of Socialist intolerance; but it was certainly in harmony with the party's consistent free-trade history.

The danger of the Socialist movement to the State continues to haunt many minds; and the abolition of universal suffrage as an extreme remedy is frankly proposed in some quarters. The high Conservative noblemen of the Prussian House of Lords openly advocated that course; and Chancellor von Bülow offered only a mild objection, which seemed equivalent to saying, not yet. A still more radical proposition has been put forward by a professor of constitutional law at Heidelberg University. Anticipating the time when the Socialists shall have a majority in the Reichstag, he asserts the right of the German sovereigns to break up the Empire whenever the majority there becomes too difficult to handle; and he was able to defend this view by quoting a petulant utterance of Bismarck's, that the German princes could easily take the notion of treating the entire Imperial constitution as a "*bon-mot* of yesterday." A Socialist speaker in the Reichstag, in answer to such suggestions of a *coup-d'état*, boldly announced that "our majority will prove man enough to quell your minority." This playing with future fire, however, is obviously not to the liking of the thoughtful Socialist leaders, who anticipate with some dread the time when the majority of the nation shall stand with them, and they must inaugurate an open conflict between two eras.

The Polish question entered upon a new phase in 1904, through the passage of the so-called "Settlement Law." Some years ago the Polish party organized a land-bank, the Ziemska, for the purpose of counteracting the Government's plan of buying up large estates in the provinces of Posen and West Prussia, dividing them up, and settling German peasant farmers upon them. This Ziemska, together with a number of similar concerns, adopted precisely the same plan for settling Polish peasants; and their success

was so great that the two provinces have been growing more Polish than before the Government Settlement Commission began to Germanize them. Indeed, the work of the Commission has hitherto yielded most unsatisfactory results. A public document shows that it had spent, from its organization in 1886 to the end of 1903, nearly \$42,000,000, of which above \$25,000,000 was paid for lands already in German hands. When the Commission commenced its labors it paid an average of \$34 per acre for land; in 1902 the price had advanced to \$87; and in 1903 it reached \$111. The Poles resisted more and more the attempt to buy their lands for the extension of German influence. Hence less than eight per cent of the Commission's purchases in 1903 were from Polish owners. In other words, the Commission has been compelled to buy German lands at fancy prices, in order to prevent their falling again into Polish hands. The Polish settlement agencies have beaten the Commission at its own game; and the Prussian Minister of Agriculture admitted to the Diet, that from 1896 to the end of 1903 above 106,000 acres of German lands in the two provinces had been transferred to Polish ownership.

Confronted by such conditions, the Prussian Government resorted to a Draconian remedy. It brought forward a bill forbidding private organizations to acquire and divide lands without the permission of the provincial governor, which must be based upon a certificate from the Settlement Commission to the effect that the agency in question is acting in harmony with German national aims. This will effectively throttle all Polish settlement work. The opposition in the Diet resisted the Government with uncommon vigor, pointing out that the measure was the rankest kind of class legislation, besides being unconstitutional, since the Constitution asserts the equality of all Prussians before the laws. The argument from expediency, however, prevailed with the majority; and the questionable bill became law.

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The position of the Clerical party in the Empire, and its relations with the Government, came up for an unusual amount of discussion last year, owing to the passage of a bill repealing a section of the Jesuit law. This gave the Government the power to expel foreign Jesuits and to restrict German ones to a limited territory. The repeal, however, is without practical effect, since the paragraph in question has not been enforced for many years; but it caused significant discontent in a large part of the Protestant population, which is growing restive under the extension of Clerical influence with the Government.

Passions were still more deeply stirred by a resolution passed by the Diet, favoring a law to make all elementary schools either Protestant or Catholic, each having exclusively teachers and pupils of the same confession, and boards of school inspectors having representatives of church interests. An intensely sharp agitation followed for months in educational and political circles. The annual gatherings of national teachers' organizations rejected the proposed law with decisive emphasis, as certain to introduce confessionalism into the schools, and to give the clergy of both churches too much influence over them. The National Liberal party, the originator of the objectionable resolution, saw a great movement of protest break out within its ranks; and the younger element of the party, the so-called "Young Liberals," held a convention and strongly declared against the new policy of the leaders.

In a higher sphere of educational life, too, the year was marked by ferment and action. Theological teaching has for some years been the centre around which continued controversy, partly religious, partly political, has revolved. The orthodox wing of the state church has grown bolder in its demand that theological teaching at the universities be brought into harmony with its views, and that the unrestrained freedom of investigation and instruction hitherto enjoyed by the professors of theology be abolished. Alarmed at the grow-

ing urgency of that demand, and the increasing influence of the orthodox party upon the policy of the Government, the friends of free investigation organized in October a national society to resist reactionary encroachments upon the liberal traditions of the theological faculties. The organizers of the movement appre-

hend that the retrograde tendency will still further weaken the hold of the Evangelical church upon the intellectual life of the country. Doubtless the next few years will witness a sharper alignment of forces opposing and defending the intellectual liberty of the theological faculties.

LETTERS TO LITERARY STATESMEN

BY "ALCIPHRON"

I

TO THEODORE ROOSEVELT

[The next letter in this series will be addressed to Mr. Balfour. — THE EDITORS.]

MR. JOHN MORLEY has described you as a man of letters temporarily assigned to other duty. Humor such as that will appeal to you more than cynicism like Disraeli's. He, you will remember, said smirkingly, when urging Lord Lytton to accept the viceroyalty of India, that he himself had known what was the pain of abandoning literature for public life. Of that pretense you are incapable. You would no doubt frankly and heartily subscribe to the dictum of that other literary statesman, Adolphe Thiers: "Writing is a poor thing after action. I would give ten successful histories for one successful session, or for one successful campaign."

Not that your delightful studies were ever conducted in still air. A clangor as of camp or ranch attended them from the first. With a versatility and sure instinct of publicity equal to Alfred Jingle's own, you utilized the breathless intervals of sport to woo the Muse, to whom you dictated your addresses vociferously and at lightning speed. With you the writing of books always had the air of being a kind of exhilarating intellectual exercise. So you passed from the punching-bag to authorship with no sense of abrupt transi-

tion. Your volumes hurtled through the air like missiles. Yet they were always intended to put ideas into people's heads, even if their skulls had first to be broken to get the ideas in. Consequently it is sky, not soul, that you have changed in becoming a public man. You have no occasion for long regrets over the forsaken occupation of letters, for the words of Condorcet to Turgot may be applied to you with peculiar force: "You are very happy in your passion for the public good, and your power to satisfy it; it is a great consolation, and of an order very superior to that of study."

Yet devotion to literature is a species of original sin, and bewrays its hidden taint even in the writer turned statesman. You, for example, have said that you "claim to be an historian." But a peril lurks here. Are you always able to keep clear the distinction between writing history and making it? May not too keen a sense that present politics is future history prevent you from fixing your eye on the goal before you,—as if a sprinter were to carry a stop-watch in his hand, and were to look at it eagerly from one moment to another, to see what time he

was making? That would be a serious handicap for a runner; and so is, to a statesman, a haunting wonder how his deeds will *read*. Such a secondary conscience, literary in its nature, impairs absorption in the work at hand; and *totus in illis* is still the recipe for success in great affairs. Let presidents pant for posthumous fame as dying Garfield did, and as may be done in all honor, but let them know that intent and unconscious present achievement is the root from which alone the future bays can grow. You know that saying of Seneca's: "Fame follows merit as surely as the body casts a shadow." He added that the shadow sometimes falls in front, sometimes behind. In your case, your friends would urge you not to be too anxious that it fall in front. Tacitus anticipated Milton in saying that the lust of fame is the last infirmity that a wise man shakes off. For such a glutton of work as you, however, it should be easy to jettison that perilous cargo earlier in the voyage, and to face the future in the proud spirit of the line: *Nulla est fama tuum par aequiparare laborem.*

You have assured your countrymen that you model your public conduct upon Lincoln's. Let us hope that this is not because your published list of the poor creatures among your predecessors in office did not come down to him. But your imitation should include his quality of "dreading praise, not blame." And President Harrison, who said that your chief fault was wanting the millennium (all but the beating of spears into pruning hooks) *right off*, would scarcely have thought of fitting to you the truthful lines on Lincoln:

He knew to bide his time,
And can his fame abide

Till the wise years decide.

It is one of the misfortunes of the literary statesman that he jogs the literary memory. Suggesting one comparison, he invites others. You somewhat rashly challenge measuring by Lincoln, but it is safer to turn to the ancients. In your

reading of Thucydides, — and your admiring friends have told us, with pardoned indiscretion, how your habit is to read the speeches which that historian put into the mouths of Greek statesmen, between train-stops for speeches of your own, in like manner to go down to posterity, — one wonders if you never were startled by coming upon unconscious prophecies. There was that description of the Athenian character, for example, made by a Corinthian orator: "They deem the quiet of inaction to be as disagreeable as the most tiresome business. If a man should say of them, in a word, that they were born neither to have peace themselves nor to allow peace to other men, he would simply speak the truth." And if you are ever tempted to think that you succeed because you hit off perfectly the passing mood of your day, you might do well to re-read what Thucydides had to say of popular standards in times of unrest in the Greek cities: "Reckless daring was held to be loyal courage; prudent delay was the excuse of a coward; moderation was the disguise of unmanly weakness; to know everything was to do nothing. *Frantic energy was the true quality of a man.*"

No one has ever accused you of being among the "wiry logicians." Yet they, according to Cobden, make the most "reliable politicians," because, although they may be "liable to false starts, . . . when once you know their premises you can calculate their course and where to find them." Jefferson and Calhoun were of this stamp. In unpleasing contrast to them, Cobden mentioned a man of what he called the *genus sentimental*. "They are not to be depended on in political action, because they are not masters of their own reasoning powers. They sing songs or declaim about truth, justice, liberty, and the like, but it is only in the same artificial spirit in which they make odes to dewdrops, daisies, etc. They are just as likely to trample on one as the other, notwithstanding."

With you, however, it has not been a

question of a body of political principles, rigorously held and rigidly worked out. You have been content to make your election among the current doctrines of parties. And your procedure seems now to be pretty clearly established. Your violence in denouncing political opponents is equaled only by your coolness in appropriating their programmes. The old motto used to be: Find out what your antagonists want to do, and then do the opposite. But you have improved upon that, so that your own maxim seems to read: Discover what the other party proposes, hold it up to scorn, warn the country against it, and then do it yourself. Great men before you have stolen the clothes of the Whigs, but no one has rivaled you in abusing them for not having better clothes to steal.

Yet you believe devoutly in your own party. The fact that it sustains you is proof enough that it deserves your allegiance

and your praises. And you depend upon it as the means to your ends. But there are two sides to that. It also depends upon you—temporarily. If you propose to use it, it intends to use you; and where you think you have wings, you may any day find that you have a weight. Hence no more friendly advice could be given to you, in this great crisis of your political fortunes, than the advice which was given to that other aspiring young man, Vivian Grey: "If by any chance you find yourself independent, never for a moment suppose that you can accomplish your objects by coming forward to fight the battles of a party. They will cheer your successful exertions, and then smile at your youthful zeal; or, crossing themselves for the unexpected succor, be too cowardly to reward their unexpected champion. . . . There is no act of treachery or meanness of which a political party is not capable."

PRESENT TENDENCIES OF RUSSIAN LIBERALISM

BY PAUL MILYOUKOV

EVERY one knows, or thinks he knows, what Russian Nihilism is; every one has heard of the Russian revolutionary movement; but not every one understands what Russian Liberalism is. Until a few weeks ago it was generally thought, and with reason, to be something amorphous, everything and nothing, a disposition of mind rather than a political programme. But a few weeks ago the Associated Press correspondent began to mention the Russian Liberals as a political group, and Russian Liberalism as a political programme. Just what this group and this programme are is not quite clear to the correspondent in St. Petersburg. Now he mentions a group which he calls the "Conservative Liberals," which, he says, stands with Prince Sviatopolk Mirski. Now he refers

to some "Extremists," wicked people who put sticks in Mirski's wheels and endanger the progress of Russian reform. Again, after the Czar's manifesto, he seems to join with the Extremists' criticism of Mirski's programme. And now that M. Witte is elbowing M. Mirski out of his berth, to take it himself, it is not clear whether M. Witte is with the Extremists, or with the Conservative Liberals, or with any Liberals at all. The correspondent seems to be at sea, and we are at sea with him.

A few suggestions by one who is not entirely foreign to the Russian Liberal movement may perhaps help the American reader to find his way among the intricacies of late events in St. Petersburg.

Liberalism is not a new creation in Russia. In a sense it has always existed there, as long as there has been any public opinion, for Russian public opinion has always been liberal. But in its present meaning of a political current tending to political reform, Liberalism has existed only since 1861, the year of the emancipation of the serfs. In the forty years which have elapsed since then, Russian Liberalism has passed through three stages. In the sixties it was tinged with landlordism, and was quite unacceptable, in consequence, to the radical political group. Nor did this make it acceptable to the Government. In the eighties, Liberalism was more definite and determined in its demands, but it still was willing to side with the autocracy against the growing revolutionary movement at that time. For a moment the Government was inclined to listen to the Liberal representations, but it turned a deaf ear to Liberalism as soon as the revolutionary movement was stifled. No wonder that now, when the revolutionary movement is rife again, and stronger than ever before, Russian Liberalism is in no hurry to play the part of a mediator. It is now in a radical third stage, in the sense that it does not wish a revolution, but it is uncompromising in its demands that autocracy shall be abolished, as this seems to be the only peaceful issue possible.

One can see, therefore, that Russian Liberalism is very much changed in temper and in its political psychology, so to say. Where it was aristocratic and conservative, it is now democratic and radical.

But does this mean that the aristocratic and conservative elements have entirely disappeared from Russian Liberalism? Not in the least, though these elements are not what they formerly were. They no longer have the lead, and therefore they are the more easily alarmed by the plans of the Extremists.

But what are the Liberals themselves planning? Here again we must state the great difference between the Liberal

schemes of to-day and those of twenty years ago. Twenty years ago, in the eighties, the programme of Russian Liberalism was as wavering as its mood. If we re-read the political pamphlets and papers of that time, we shall find at least five different proposals for political reform, all of them "liberal," but no one of them generally accepted. The most moderate at that time was the scheme of the Nationalistic Liberals of the elder generation, who dreamed of reviving the ancient Russian popular representation of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the so-called Zemsky Sobor, which possessed only a consulting voice, and was thus quite compatible with the preservation of autocracy. Another scheme discussed in some influential circles among the higher officials was the plan to take the existing board of legislation, the Council of State, for a starting-point, and to admit into it some representation from the local self-governing bodies, the so-called Zemstvos. A third scheme was to form a separate representative body out of the representatives of the Zemstvos, but to make of this body an upper house, while a lower house should be directly elected by the people. A fourth scheme was to constitute only one chamber, directly chosen by the people, and to give the people general suffrage. The fifth scheme was to convoke a constitutional assembly freely chosen by the people, and to let this assembly decide what should be the new order of things. This last scheme met the wishes of the Revolutionists and Socialists, who at that time expected from such an assembly a more or less complete overthrow of the existing social order.

In comparison with this medley of programmes and schemes, our present Liberalism shows a much greater unity of opinion. No Liberal questions that representation must be real and not fictitious, that it must represent the people directly, and not the local self-governing bodies; nor is there any doubt among Liberals that the representative body must be given

real political rights, that is, the right to legislate, and this means to limit autocratic power. Thus any possibility of satisfying Russian Liberalism by granting a sort of consulting assembly, or by introducing representatives into the existing legislative body chosen from the officials of the Czar, is out of the question. There has been some doubt among the Liberals as to the advisability of the extension of suffrage, but this vacillation is nearly over, and the necessity of granting the people suffrage is coming to be recognized by all who speak in the name of Liberalism.

There exists still a difference of opinion as to whether it is better to have one or two chambers, but people who defend the two-chamber system do not do it in any class interest. They use two arguments for their view: First, that side by side with representation of the whole people in the lower house there must be a representation of provinces, and of their particular interests, in an upper house elected by local assemblies. This argument is not unfamiliar to Americans, but it loses a great deal of its force when applied to Russia, as there are no historically conditioned provinces in Russia proper. All our provinces are foundations of the central power, and their configurations, if necessary, could be entirely remodeled tomorrow, without meeting with the slightest protest on the part of local patriotism. There are, of course, provinces with a past quite distinct from Russia's, such as Poland, the Caucasus and Baltic Provinces, Little Russia;¹ but their interests cannot be met by the mere organization of a second chamber. What they need is an increase of local autonomy.

The other argument used by the partisans of the two-chamber system is that the upper house will represent a better degree of intellectuality, and therefore, perhaps, more Liberalism. This argument is founded upon a disbelief in the political ripeness of the people and upon a certain

¹ I do not mention Finland, because that country possesses a separate political organization.

fear of demagogism. It is essentially the same argument which may be used against general suffrage, and so far it tries to make up for concessions on that point. Now, if we consider that peasants even at present have the power to vote in local elections, and that they were never accused of misuse, or negligence, or ignorance in the practice of their right; if we consider, further, that in Russia there are no powerful companies or syndicates that would like to get their private bills passed through the legislature; that thus there will be infinitely less will and less power to bribe electors, the proposal of general suffrage does not seem so indefensible. If in addition to this we consider, that electoral districts in Russia will necessarily be enormous, embracing on the average some two hundred thousand persons, and that thus only well-known men will have any chance of being elected to office; that in Russia a man connected with politics is not a professional, but an idealist, a philanthropist, or a patriot,—if we take into consideration all these peculiarities of future political life in Russia, we shall necessarily come to the conclusion that there is no danger of the general vote being misused, that in all probability men of the same type will figure in both houses, and that the case for the upper house constituted by election from the self-governing districts is not a strong one. If these members of the elective lower house be disposed to stand for the interests of the lower social strata, which is generally expected by public opinion, they will only do their duty, and it will be high time for them to work in that direction, because only some efficient help to the lower classes can bring salvation to Russia in her present crisis.

The danger, indeed, is on the other side, for a crisis cannot be summarily cured by legislation, and however strenuous the lower house may be, it is not likely to satisfy the expectations of the Extremists. Now under the system of two houses this partial failure will be ascribed to the insufficiency of the organization, and strug-

gle against the upper house will immediately begin, and the force of the representatives will be spent in further struggle and mutual friction, instead of in useful work. An upper house will always be suspected of defending class interests, and its introduction would undoubtedly be considered as a contradiction of the principle of direct and general representation.

But, as we have said, these discussions are concerned with matters of detail, while, as a matter of fact, Russian Liberals are unanimous in their demand for political representation, and a share in legislation. Of course these are not the Conservative Liberals of our Associated Press correspondent, and this brings us to the question, Who are the Liberals? In such moments as the present, every one in Russia is a Liberal. Trimmers like M. Soovorin, the editor of the *Novoye Vraimya*, are Liberals because there is a probability that the Government will be Liberal tomorrow, and if such should be the case they will cheerfully make themselves the first exponents of Russian Liberalism. These people do not create the situation, they only use it; and that is why real Liberals often dislike that title. They would be glad to concede it to Nationalist Liberals of M. Soovorin's type, and even now they assume the name of Democratic Constitutionalists. These, I guess, are the "Extremists" of our Associated Press correspondent in St. Petersburg.

If that is the case, he is on a false track. The issue would be easy to find, indeed, if it were to be sought between the Government and the Conservative Liberals; but in that case there would be no need to search for an issue. For this group was never inclined to importune the Government with positive demands. The demands are formulated by the real Liberals, not by the Conservative Liberals, and if the Government is forced to negotiate with the reformers there is no need for it to negotiate with the Conservative Liberals, who do not represent any opinion but their own. It will negotiate with the real Liberals, who represent the opin-

ion of the country,—at least the public opinion that now is.

We have already demonstrated that the political opinions of this group are by no means so discordant as they have seemed to our correspondent, and it is impossible to be mistaken on the subject of their political programme, particularly now that this programme has been more than once formulated and proclaimed, not in the name of single persons as their individual opinion, but in the name of a political group.

Russian Liberalism — the real, not the Conservative — is now the creed of a party, as far as a political party can exist under the present conditions of political life in Russia. This party had organized as its nucleus a body which has the official name of the Alliance for Emancipation, and it is supported by a large circle of adherents and sympathizers, whose number increases daily. The programme of the party has been more than once discussed in a Russian fortnightly paper published abroad. This magazine, though not an official party organ, is called the *Osvoboshdénnya* (the Emancipation). It is edited in Paris by M. Peter Struve.

These are the Extremists of our Associated Press correspondent. Are they really extremists? We advise the correspondent to look in the Socialistic publications edited abroad. He will see that the character of the *Osvoboshdénnya* is violently accused of moderation by these papers, and that it is always found guilty in advance of representing the class interests of the bourgeoisie.

Socialism in Russia has been until these last days the only active and militant political propaganda there. As such it is widely spread and largely influential. Its influence goes far beyond the circle of those sharing its doctrine. There exists no outlet for legal and free political activity in Russia. Socialism is revolutionary, and every political party is bound to be the same, because the most elementary political action, a petition, a public meeting, are in Russia revolutionary acts.

Under these conditions, all parties — as political parties — are extremists; whatever be the difference in their opinions, they are bound to be allies until the conditions of political life in Russia are changed.

This change, then, in the conditions of political life is a common endeavor of all politically active groups, and nothing short of that will pacify the country. But will political reform — a constitution, even — pacify Russia? Will not some extremists always be ready at hand to continue the struggle toward some more Utopian conditions? To be sure, where there is life there is struggle, and absolute pacification would mean death and stagnation. The question, then, is not how to avoid all struggle, but how to introduce the necessary amount of it into channels worthy of a civilized nation. Every one will agree that a state of things under which death from murder becomes an habitual form of the responsibility of ministers toward the people cannot be called worthy of a civilized nation. The question is only whether anything short of a definite surrender by the Government of its irresponsible power is likely to have done with that state of affairs.

The Conservative Liberals have no decisive answer to this question; they tergiversate and try to pour new wine into old bottles. The answer of the real Liberals, on the other hand, is clear and decisive.

But have the real Liberals the public opinion on their side? Are they backed by a majority?

We shall never be able to answer this question by resorting to statistics, or by enumerating with Prince Meshchersky, the reactionary editor of *Grashdanin*, how many Russians know how to read and write, and how many are illiterate; or how many read the newspapers, and how many do not. Prince Meshchersky is able to read and write, and he sometimes reads newspapers, but he is not with the reformers, while the immense majority of illiterate people who might have backed

him do not know the very fact of his existence. Meantime, on the other side — that of the educated minority — there are popular leaders whose every step and every public act is at once known to their adherents and applauded or resented. As a result, these leaders are the more inspired by that minority, which, in turn, grows daily more closely organized. It is the few who are conscious of their aims, not the unconscious many who vegetate, that always determine the course of political events; and if the question is put thus: on which side is the majority of men politically self-conscious? we do not hesitate to answer that this majority is on the side of the reformers.

The only doubt can be whether it is with the "Democratic Constitutionalists," or with the Socialists. This doubt is partly removed by the fact of a formal agreement between the two groups, opposition and revolution party, as to the chief point in dispute, political representation on the basis of a direct universal suffrage. The agreement recently signed in Paris by representatives of the different parties does not include all of them, and it is not free from mental reservations on the part of each party. It does not change any of the methods or programmes of single parties, but as it now stands it points out the fact, which would exist even if there were no agreement, that a political reform is considered necessary by every one, — that all parties must make common front against the Government on that ground.

The Government is isolated. This is the most characteristic feature of the situation. How long it will continue, and what will be its final issue, is difficult to foretell. "We must let history have her whims," as one of our most brilliant writers, M. Herzen, used to say. The one inference possible can be drawn from the general trend of events. The information previously given may, perhaps, throw some light upon these events, of which I shall now venture to recall some of the most important and recent to the memory of my readers.

Few people in this country know what was the beginning of the present conflict between the Government and Russian Liberalism. I mean, of course, the conflict in its present acute stage, because in its latent stage the conflict is as old as the liberation of the peasants, and even goes back to the reign of Catherine II. It has now become endemic in Russia, and in our narrow meaning of the word, we can trace the open conflict between the Government and public opinion to 1902. At that time, M. Witte was still the Minister of Finance, and Russia was already thrown into a state of crisis as the consequence of M. Witte's administration. M. Witte is a clever man, who saw the difficulties under which the country was laboring, and he saw the state of public opinion also. So he realized that the only outlet for the crisis was to let public opinion express itself more or less freely upon the subject of the crisis. He proposed for that end a particular sort of assembly, not elected, as the Zemstvos were, because that would have been too liberal, and not nominated by the Government, because that would have been too conservative, but nominated by the elective presidents of the Board of Zemstvos. These elective presidents are considered by the Government as officials of the Civil Service under the Minister of the Interior. Nevertheless, many of them are liberal, and they proved it by summoning to the Assemblies planned by M. Witte such members as were even more liberal than the average of the Zemstvos members themselves. Thus in more than three hundred local district committees about eleven thousand people were permitted to deliberate on the subject of the agrarian crisis in Russia. A programme proposed for their discussions by the Government suggested that they should find the cause of the crisis in the insufficiency of technical methods in agriculture. Instead of this, many of the assemblies concluded that the agrarian crisis was only a part of the general crisis in Russian affairs, and that it could be helped only by liberal reforms. Some few even hinted at popu-

lar representation as a remedy. M. Plehve was then Minister of the Interior. For him this was too much. He accused M. Witte of a demagogic propaganda, and, forcing him to tender his resignation, sent into exile the most daring of the members of the District Committees, and made himself president of the Central Committee, which had to summarize the work of the local ones, and to prepare a draft of a law for the peasantry as a result of the discussion. And yet M. Plehve himself understood that something must be done to conciliate public opinion. He told the present writer that in his opinion a country like Russia could not be ruled by a ring (he used the Russian word *shaïka*), and that the more active elements were to be gradually admitted to the Government. He sought these active elements among the Conservative Liberals, and very soon he was disappointed. He must have seen that these elements were powerless, and that an alliance with them was not likely to strengthen the Government. Now M. Plehve was the man who had stifled the revolutionary movement of twenty years ago, and he is quoted as saying that the only difference between the movement of that time and the present was in the number of leaders,— that "there were a dozen then, now there were fifty." He must have seen that here again he was mistaken. He grew pessimistic, his friends say, as he must have been perfectly aware that he who "believed in no catastrophes" was preparing one for himself. As a reward, immediately after his murder he was disavowed by the very people whom he had served, and his name became an object of aversion and a symbol for tyranny.

Abroad, newspapers so moderate as the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna, the *London Times*, *Le Temps* in Paris, were unanimous in recognizing that there was nothing accidental in that death. It was a sort of historical necessity, easily to be foreseen, a necessary conclusion drawn from historical premises by the logic of events. All this was no encouragement

for M. Plehve's successor, and thus neither the man nor the programme to succeed Plehve was readily to be found.

After long hesitation, a man has been found who represents, not the programme, but the momentary disposition of the Government. The man is Prince Mirski, and the disposition he represents is that of a benevolent autocracy. By postponing the formulation of a programme, that nomination seemed to present this particular convenience, that the issue remained open for further solution. Thus M. Mirski was at once the man of M. Witte and the man of his opponents in the reactionary camp. But the trouble was that events did not wait, and the programme was to be decided upon immediately. A programme being lacking, one was dictated to the Government by public opinion.

This programme is known as a petition of the Zemstvos. Whatever may be done, this document will always remain the Russian Petition of Right. The preliminaries to that petition are interesting. The Zemstvos as a rule are not permitted to meet together, even for discussing such matters as are within the jurisdiction of a single Zemstvo, to say nothing of state affairs. Even simple correspondence between the Zemstvos is forbidden. But the necessity of unifying the opinion of the Zemstvos was keenly felt by the members, particularly after the debates of the District Assemblies of 1902 on the agricultural crisis. The presidents of the Board of Zemstvos have had since that time regular private meetings in Moscow, and though these meetings were illegal, the personalities of the men were so much beyond suspicion (we have noted that the presidents of the Board of Zemstvos are considered as officials of the Civil Service) that the Government tolerated these assemblies, and M. Plehve even tried to negotiate with the President, M. Shipow, who is President of the Board of Moscow.

This last autumn, the members of the Moscow assembly were surprised to receive a formal intimation by the Govern-

ment that they could meet and discuss their subjects freely, if only they would consent to meet at St. Petersburg instead of at Moscow. This proposal was gladly accepted, because in this way the meeting of the Zemstvos received an official character, and its decisions at that particular moment were of very great importance. The members of the future assembly met at an early date in St. Petersburg, and they unanimously resolved to take up at their assembly the subject of political freedom and the fundamental rights of a man and a citizen. M. Mirski knew of this, and he decided not to forbid the assembly which he had himself invited to gather at St. Petersburg, but rather to postpone it until January, 1905. But now the spirits of those concerned in the movement were so aroused, and the state of public opinion so excited, that the members of the assembly took courage, and made up their minds to stand by their guns. They declared to the Minister that the assembly should be held none the less, precisely as if no suggestion of its meeting at St. Petersburg had been received. M. Mirski took the middle way. The assembly was to be held at St. Petersburg, but "privately." It is known, however, that the resolutions of the assembly were communicated officially to the Minister, and that a deputation of four prominent members of the assembly (one of them, M. Petrunkevich, a leading man in the Constitutional movement of twenty years ago, who had just been permitted to come back to the capital after twenty years of exile) was received by the Czar, and had a long conference with him. This stirred up the general expectation.

The petition presented to the Czar through the intermediary of his Minister was as follows:—

"The Private Assembly of the members of the Zemstvos, in their meetings of November 19, 20, and 21, to discuss the question of the general conditions necessary for a regular course of our public life and state functions, has come to the following conclusions:—

“1. The abnormality of the existing system of the Government, particularly as manifested during the last twenty years, consists in the fact of its entire isolation from society, and in the lack of that mutual confidence which is a necessary agent in political life.

“2. The Government in its relation to society was guided by the feeling of anxiety lest society develop some initiative of its own, and by a constant tendency to withhold society from any participation in the internal administration of the Empire. For this reason the Government wished administrative centralization to be carried through in all departments of local self-government, and it extended its tutelage over all sides of public life. The only form of coöperation in public affairs left to society was to conform their activity to the views of the Government.

“3. The bureaucratic régime, by alienating society from the supreme power, leaves ample scope for administrative arbitrariness and personal whim. Under such rule society is deprived of any guarantee that the legal rights of each and all shall be protected, and no confidence in the Government is possible.

“4. The regular course and advance of public and social life is possible only upon the condition of continuous intercourse and solidarity between the Government and the people.

“5. To make administrative arbitrariness impossible, it is necessary to recognize and to carry into life consistently the principle of the inviolability of the person and of the private home. No one should be subject to impeachment or be curtailed in his rights without trial in an independent court of justice. To secure the principle of legality in administration, it is necessary to establish the rule that any official can be indicted in civil and criminal courts for transgression of Law.

“6. To make possible the full development of the spiritual forces of the nation, the many-sided discussion of their wants, and the free expression of public opinion,

it is necessary to secure liberty of conscience and belief, liberty of speech and of the press, and also liberty for meetings and associations.

“7. The personal (civil and political) rights of all citizens of the Russian Empire must be equal.

“8. Self-help is the chief condition for a regular and progressive development of political and economic life in a country. Since a considerable majority of the population in Russia belong to the peasant class, this class must be particularly favored so far as private initiative and personal energy are concerned; and this can be attained only by means of a radical change in the present state of the peasants—disfranchised and downtrodden as they are. To this effect, it is necessary (a) to equalize the personal rights of the peasants with those of the other classes; (b) to make the peasants free from administrative tutelage in all manifestations of their private and public life; and (c) to protect them by a regular form of legal procedure.

“9. The Zemstvos and the municipal institutions in which the local public life is preëminently concentrated must be given more competence and larger share in local self-government, to wit: (a) The Zemstvos representation must be organized on other than class principles; all the local population must so far as possible be admitted to participation in local and municipal self-government. (b) A smaller unit of the Zemstvos representation must be created on the principle of active participation of the local population, in order to bring the Zemstvos institutions in closer touch with the people. (c) The sphere of action of these institutions must be extended over the whole field of local needs. (d) They must be invested with proper stability and independence, which alone can secure their regular work and lay a foundation for the normal interaction between the governmental and the elective bodies. Local self-government must be extended to all parts of the Russian Empire.

"10. Majority report. [71 votes.]

"But, for the coöperation and solidarity between the Government and society to be always alive and present, and for the regular progression of public life to be secured, it is unconditionally necessary that a popular representation should be created, which must participate in legislation, *in settling the budget and in controlling the legality of the administrative action*, as a separate elective body.

"Minority report. [27 votes.]

"But, for the coöperation and solidarity between the Government and society to be always alive and present, and for the regular progression of public life to be secured, it is unconditionally necessary that a popular representation should be created, which must participate in legislation as a separate elective body.

"11. Considering the gravity and intricacy of the internal and external situation in Russia, the Private Assembly expresses its hope that the supreme power will summon freely elected representatives of the nation, in order, with their coöperation, to lead our country out upon a new path of political progress in the spirit of Right and of Coöperation of the people with the Government."

It is perhaps difficult for an American to realize the enthusiasm which was produced in Russian society by these traditional axioms of state wisdom. To help his imagination, he must bring back to his memory the times of Hampden and Pym. Writers, lawyers, students, workingmen, in banquets, meetings, and street demonstrations, urged their consent and approval to the petition of the Zemstvos. Newspapers spoke things they had never spoken before, with perhaps the exception of the years 1861 and 1881. Threats and repressive measures of the Government seemed to have entirely lost their power.

Meantime, in the Czar's Palace at Tsarskoe Selo, a meeting of ministers took place December 15; and this meeting will remain on the pages of history, together with the Russian Petition of

Right. M. Muravieff, the Minister of Justice, tried to prove that the Czar has no right to curtail his power; and M. Pobiedonostsev came to the same conclusion in the name of religion. M. Mirski made an attempt to prove that M. Muravieff was wrong, and M. Witte grimly remarked, that "if it shall be known that the Czar cannot achieve the fundamental reform, on the ground of Religion and Law,—then a part of the population will be brought to think that these reforms must be reached by force. It would be an actual appeal to revolution." M. Witte was the prophet.

Then the manifesto of December 26 was published. Near the beginning is a declaration that "when the need of this or that change is proved ripe, then it shall be considered necessary to meet it, even though the transformation to which this may lead should involve the introduction of essentially novel innovations in the legislation." But some few lines before that is a declaration that "the undeviating maintenance of the immutability of the fundamental laws must be considered as an established principle of government." Thus the essential innovations are not to go so far as to interfere with the immutability of the fundamental laws. Such innovations as would interfere with it are classified by the manifesto as "tendencies not seldom mistaken and often influenced by transitory circumstances." With this limitation, no promises made by the manifesto could be considered as serious, and this the more because they were stated in ambiguous terms, and accompanied by restrictions which made them illusory. The only positive result of the manifesto was to show that concessions had been withheld by the Government at former times, not in consequence of a premeditated system of wise statesmanship, but simply because there was no urgency in the demand for reform by public opinion. Evidently the *onus probandi* was now upon public opinion to show that the need for this or that change was ripe, in order that the Government

should "consider it necessary to meet it." Public opinion has done its duty. The fault is not this time with public opinion. Its propositions are not found to be right. But pending that diversity of opinion, the conflict remains open. A new step is made necessary by this state of things,—a step backward or a step forward,—and this is recognized by the Government itself, which looked forward to such a change of administration. Facing that coming change, whatever it may be, Russian Liberalism must prove that it can stand by its convictions, that it does not consider its "tendencies mistaken," and that its readiness to define its standpoint, as well as the unity of its opinion and its solidarity with other groups of Russian opposition, are not to be numbered among such "transitory circumstances" as are mentioned by the manifesto.

After these pages had been written and set in type, one of those "whims of history" of which I spoke above, which everybody foresees, and which always come unexpectedly, came to pass in Russia. A powerful wave of the people's wrath has risen from unfathomable depths of the people's soul, and rolled over all Russia. St. Petersburg found itself before the horrible alternative of slaughter or anarchy. My St. Petersburg friends,—the "Extremists" of the Associated Press correspondent,—after having vainly tried to avert the slaughter, did their best to avert the anarchy. The Government arrested and put into prison some of them. If I can believe the American press, after having perpetrated that act of courage, the men of the Government cynically boasted that they had suppressed the powerless "humanitarian scholars," while the powerful, the "real" popular leaders are left at liberty, and the Government is ready to transact with them the cause of the people. I by no means grudge the privilege of the latter, if they are "real" popular leaders, but I must point out the new mistake which the Government is seemingly ready

to commit. Instead of transacting with the Liberals,—M. Witte thinks that he can deal at a cheaper price with the "real" popular leaders. This is a grave mistake, and M. Witte will pay dearly for it. The "real" popular leaders know too well and have known too long that the way to the attainment of their aims goes through the same elementary concessions which are claimed by the Liberals. In other words, the Liberal programme is only the *minimum* of what is desired by other active parties. The attempt to prove that the Liberals go too far, in comparison with the "real" popular leaders, is simply ludicrous. Moreover, this attempt implies a deliberate misconstruction, and its obvious aim is to fool the people. Evidently, the Government has learned nothing, in spite of all its previous failures in bargaining with public opinion. The attempt will never succeed, and the Government will soon repent of having arrested the representative men of the only political group which still clings to the idea of a peaceful issue. I permit myself to finish these remarks with a quotation from Prince Kropotkin on the occasion. The noble words of Prince Kropotkin are doubly precious to me, because they come from a personal friend, and from a theoretical antagonist. "What a monstrous thing," he says, "what a piece of official shame and self-conviction! Where will one find any defense for a government which must imprison the flower of its people? The men committed to the dungeons of the fortress of SS. Peter and Paul are absolutely guiltless. They never performed an illegal act in their lives, and never wrote nor spoke a word of incitement to disorder. They simply saw that reforms must come, or Russia must break into revolution, and tried to make the bureaucrats understand that fact. That is the length and breadth of their offense. They comprehend the terrible nature of anarchy and know that the government fabric is difficult and slow to weave; they desire to preserve the existing machinery in order, but to inform it with ideas of right and justice before

the infuriated masses have hurled against it their unreasoning wrath. The autocracy could not understand. There was no wisdom in it. It was blind, deaf, in-

sane. Hence Russia must rise, cities must be wrecked, and unarmed people must fling their naked strength against lead and steel."

CHICAGO, January 26, 1905.

THE ETHICS OF TRUST COMPETITION

BY GILBERT HOLLAND MONTAGUE

WHOEVER has attentively followed the recent literature of the trust problem must be impressed with the tendency to extend the condemnation, which has been properly called forth by certain flagrantly dishonest practices, to methods of competition that till lately have never been questioned. In Professor John B. Clark's books and recent articles on the trust question, in Miss Tarbell's elaborate history of the Standard Oil Company,¹ and in the recent report of the Commissioner of Corporations in the Department of Commerce and Labor,—to cite only the more conspicuous examples,—methods which were considered blameless when practiced by businesses of equal size are denounced as criminal when practiced by trusts against smaller independent dealers. Professor Clark assimilates with illegal railway discrimination the trust practices of making factors' agreements with dealers, and of selling at cut prices in the territory of rivals. Miss Tarbell's most serious charge against the competitive methods of the Standard Oil Company, in its present phase, is its practice of underselling the independent dealers in competitive localities.

Against the arrangement of binding contracts with agents and the practice of underselling in competitive localities, these writers seek to array, not only the prohibition of statute, but also the moral sense of the community. In the days

when trusts were not prominent it is generally admitted that these forms of competition were in fair repute. At just what point and for just what reason these practices became ethically unjustified has never been shown. Yet the remedies for trust evils which Professor Clark proposes are obviously confiscatory, unless they proceed on the assumption that these competitive methods are ethically wrong. Miss Tarbell has crowded two large volumes with accusations against the Standard Oil Company, and evidence offered in support of them. But the greater number of them, even though substantiated, must fail to fasten any moral guilt upon the Standard Oil Company, unless the hypothesis upon which she argues—but which she nowhere has sought to establish—be proven,—namely, that it is morally wicked for a trust to undersell a smaller rival. The only assumption on which competitive underselling and factors' agreements are now condemned is that conditions have so changed as to require new moral standards in trade competition. Before assenting to the advanced ground taken by these serious writers, one may be pardoned for inquiring whether the change in economic conditions warrants so different a standard of business ethics.

Whenever a business is substantially controlled by an individual or combination—to state the premise of the new doctrine—there a new code of business competition must be established. Factors' agreements, for instance, must be for-

¹ *The History of the Standard Oil Company.* By IDA M. TARBELL. 2 vols. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1904.

bidden. The General Aristo Company, which controls the manufacture of photographic paper in the United States, is said to offer its goods to the trade with an added discount to dealers who agree not to sell the products of its rivals. The Pittsburg Plate Glass Company used to give a rebate of five per cent at the end of the year to those customers who observed its schedule of consumers' prices. The American Tobacco Company and the Continental Tobacco Company formerly allowed an extra discount of three per cent to all dealers who handled their goods exclusively. In the sugar trade and in the marketing of soap and baking powders, it has been customary for the jobber to make affidavit at intervals of several months that he has sold only the goods of the trusts, and upon this statement he has been allowed a certain percentage in rebates. These practices, collectively called the factor system, are put under the ban of the new business ethics. The practice of cutting prices in one locality below those which prevail generally, for the purpose of overcoming local competition, has been even more warmly denounced. The prohibition of these discriminations in prices has been a common feature in the anti-trust bills proposed in Congress during the last three years. Such a statutory enactment has been urged by Professor Clark. The condemnation of this weapon of competition is the real gravamen of Miss Tarbell's history of the Standard Oil Company. Facing the question thus earnestly presented, let it be granted, for purposes of argument, in order at once to reach the moral issue, that the prohibition of these forms of competition might prevent all possibility of evil in the trusts. Granting this point, is the distinction between small businesses and large businesses, between independent enterprise and combination, sufficient justification for denying to the latter the means of competition which the former have for generations used without rebuke?

In July, 1897,—to quote from Miss Tarbell's *History of the Standard Oil Com-*

pany,—the United States Pipe Line Company brought suit against the Standard Oil Company under the Sherman Anti-Trust Law. A long list of wrongs was stated by the plaintiff. Most prominent were charges that the Standard Oil Company had chartered and purchased vessels carrying independent oil, solely for the purpose of interfering with the independent market; that the Standard Oil Company had intimidated merchants by threats of underselling, until they refused to buy oil from the plaintiff; and that the Standard Oil Company had "criminally" undersold, merely for the purpose of destroying the plaintiff's market. The evidence collected by Roger Sherman, counsel for the United States Pipe Line Company, was elaborate and detailed. Less than two months after the summons was issued, however, Mr. Sherman died and the action was allowed to lapse. Had the suit proceeded to trial, the judicial discussion of the issues raised by these charges would have been of immense importance, both to shape our body of law, and to direct public opinion. Fifteen years ago, in the trial of similar issues before the highest courts of Great Britain, such a discussion was had by one of the greatest of recent English judges. Minor phases of the same issues have been discussed by our own United States Supreme Court, and by one of our most thoughtful American judges. In a subject where the courts have sought merely to express the business sense of the community, and to apply to trade competition the code which social ethics has elaborated, these judicial discussions, apart from their legal importance, possess an unusual value. They contain the most definite statements which we have of the moral and economic principles at issue. They convey the ethical sentiment of the time, through observers trained by their life-work to be responsive to the moral sense of the community. These conclusions are reached through the sober deliberation which is only possible in the decision of sharply disputed and immediately important is-

sues. In the forum of ethics, therefore, whither Miss Tarbell has removed the charges against the Standard Oil Company, the words of these eminent judges are authority as considerable as in a court of law. In comparison with other current opinion, they deserve first importance.

The charges made in the English case were curiously similar to those in the United States Pipe Line Company's suit. The defendants were shipowners, who had combined to drive out the plaintiff shipowner, and to control the tea carriage from certain Chinese ports. For this purpose, they offered to local shippers very low rates during the tea harvest of 1885, and a further rebate of five per cent to all shippers who would deal exclusively with the combination. The charges made by the plaintiff were that the defendants offered to the shippers a rebate, if they would not deal with the plaintiff; that special ships had been sent to Hankow by the combination, in order, by competition, to deprive the vessels of the plaintiff of profitable freight; that rates had been offered at Hankow at a level that would not repay a shipowner for his adventure, merely to smash freights and to frighten the plaintiff from the field; and that pressure had been put on the plaintiff's customers to induce them to ship exclusively by the vessels of the combination. Lord Justice Bowen, after enumerating the various unfair modes of competition, such as the intentional driving away of customers by violence and the intentional procurement of a violation of individual rights, returned to the facts before him: "The defendants have been guilty of none of these things. They have done nothing more against the plaintiff than to pursue to the bitter end a war of competition waged in the interests of their own trade. To the argument that a competition so pursued ceases to have just cause or excuse, when there is ill will or a personal intention to harm, it is sufficient to reply (as I have already pointed out) that there was here no personal intention

to do any other or greater harm to the plaintiff than such as was necessarily involved in the desire to attract to the defendants' ships the entire tea trade of the ports, a portion of which would otherwise have fallen to the plaintiff's share. I can find no authority for the doctrine that such a commercial motive deprives of 'just cause or excuse' acts done in the course of trade, which would, but for such a motive, be justifiable. So to hold would be to convert into an illegal motive the instinct of self-advancement and self-protection, which is the very incentive to all trade. To say that a man is to trade freely, but that he is to stop short at any act which is calculated to harm other tradesmen and which is designed to attract business to his own shop, would be a strange and impossible counsel of perfection. But we are told that competition ceases to be the lawful exercise of trade, and so to be a lawful excuse for what will harm another, if carried to a length which is not fair or reasonable. The offering of reduced rates by the defendants in the present case is said to have been 'unfair.' This seems to assume that apart from fraud, intimidation, molestation, or obstruction of some other personal right *in rem* or *in personam*, there is some natural standard of 'fairness' or 'reasonableness' (to be determined by the internal consciousness of judges and juries), beyond which competition ought not in law to go. There seems to be no authority, and I think with submission that there is no sufficient reason, for such a proposition. It would impose a novel fetter upon trade. The defendants, we are told by the plaintiff's counsel, might lawfully lower rates provided they did not lower them below a 'fair freight,' whatever that may mean. But where is it established that there is any such restriction upon commerce, and what is to be the definition of a 'fair freight'? It is said that it ought to be a normal rate of freight, such as is reasonably remunerative to the shipowner. But over what period of time is the average of this reasonable remunerativeness to be

calculated? All commercial men with capital are acquainted with the ordinary expedient of sowing one year a crop of apparently unfruitful prices, in order by driving competition away to reap a fuller harvest of profit in the future. And until the present argument at the bar, it may be doubted whether shipowners or merchants were ever deemed to be bound by law to conform to some imaginary 'normal' standard of freights or prices, or that law courts had a right to say to them, in respect to their competitive tariffs, 'Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther.' To attempt to limit English competition in this way would probably be as hopeless an endeavor as the experiment of King Canute. But on ordinary principles of law no such fetter on freedom of trade can in my opinion be warranted."¹

Equally emphatic has been the endorsement which competition by underselling has received from the United States Supreme Court. The "long and short haul" clause of the Interstate Commerce Act fixed in the law the principle — long recognized as ethically and economically sound, but against which many railroads had trespassed — that under similar circumstances no greater freight charge should be made for a short haul than for a long one. The qualifying clause, "under similar circumstances," was enacted in recognition of the fact that fair competition extending over wide areas must meet different communities with different charges for service. The only question was: what shall constitute unlike conditions under which charges, in effect necessarily discriminating, shall be justified? It had already been recognized in the interpretation of the English Railway Act that the presence of a competing road at one station was sufficient justification for discriminating in favor of that locality, and against one where there was no competition, — although in other respects both localities were exactly simi-

¹ *Mogul Steamship Co. Ltd. v. McGregor et al.* 23 Q. B. D. 598, at p. 614; affirmed in House of Lords, 1892, Appeal Cases, 25.

lar in conditions.² The same doctrine was stated by our own Supreme Court.³

Probably the most suggestive discussion of business competition which opens up the ethical and social issues of the subject has been by Mr. Justice Holmes, while upon the Supreme Bench of Massachusetts, before his elevation to the Supreme Court of the United States. "It has been the law for centuries," says Mr. Justice Holmes, "that a man may set up his business in a country town too small to support more than one, although he expects and intends thereby to ruin some one already there, and succeeds in his intent. . . . I have chosen this illustration partly with reference to what I have to say next. It shows without the need of further authority that the policy of allowing free competition justifies the intentional inflicting of temporal damage, including the damage of interference with a man's business, by some means, when the damage is done not for its own sake, but as an instrumentality in reaching the end of victory in the battle of trade. In such a case it cannot matter whether the plaintiff is the only rival of the defendant, and so is aimed at specifically, or is one of a class, all of whom are hit. The only debatable ground is the nature of the means by which such damage may be inflicted. We all agree that it cannot be done by force or threats of force. We all agree, I presume, that it may be done by persuasion to leave a rival's shop and come to the defendant's. It may be done by the refusal or withdrawal of various pecuniary advantages which, apart from this consequence, are within the defendant's lawful control."⁴

All forms of competition in business which do not involve fraud, disparage-

² Lord Herschell in *Phipps v. London & Northwestern Railway Co.* Court of Appeal, 1892, Q. B. 229.

³ *Texas & Pacific Railway Co. v. Interstate Commerce Commission*, 162 U. S. 197; *Interstate Commerce Commission v. Alabama Midland Railway Co.* 168 U. S. 144.

⁴ *Vegelahn v. Guntner*, 167 Mass. 92, at p. 106.

ment, or coercion are lawful. In applying this rule, the courts make no distinction in cases of large competitors or trusts. The reason for this rule lies in the firm conviction of the mass of men that such competition is ethically sound, and socially advantageous to the community. In a matter where, as Mr. Justice Holmes remarks, "it is vain to suppose that solutions can be sustained merely by logic and the general propositions of law which nobody disputes," the greatest importance must be attached to the unquestioned sanction which centuries have placed on competitive underselling and agreements with factors.

Underselling in competitive localities, and factors' agreements, apart from the size of the business of the trader who practices them, are innocent means of competition. A small flour - mill — to borrow an example from Professor Jeremiah W. Jenks — sells flour in its home town, Oswego, and also in Elmira, New York, Wilkesbarre and Scranton, Pennsylvania, and Phillipsburg and Dover, New Jersey. Outside its home town, in all these places it meets competition with the Minneapolis mills. Freight rates from Minneapolis to all these points are about the same, but freight rates from the small mill to these points differ widely. The problem set before the small miller is that which faces every business man who seeks to market his goods in several localities, some of which are competitive and some non-competitive. He must meet his competitors' prices, freight included. If he is a sensible miller, he does not sell to all his customers at the same rate, adding to each the freight. Instead he sells at a different rate to each, fixing the rate at such a figure that with freight added the price of the flour delivered may be as low as his competitors'. This is underselling, — "criminal underselling," if you will, because the small miller sells his flour in competitive markets at a less profit than in the non-competitive home market. Yet, unless one advocates giving to the small miller the flour busi-

ness of his home town and allowing the Minneapolis millers a monopoly in Elmira, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Phillipsburg, and Dover, the thought of abolishing such underselling would be dismissed as absurd. So, too, the small miller might agree with his agents in these towns to allow them a commission for handling his flour exclusively. Unless one were ready to deny the right of a business man to contract for entire fidelity in his agents, the suggestion that this custom be forbidden would never occur. Such statutory prohibitions, indeed, have been included in the hasty drafts of several prominent anti-trust bills before Congress. It may be charitably assumed, however, that the prohibition of underselling and factors' agreements, though they are but vaguely defined by those most conspicuous in advocating such prohibition, refers only to the practice of such methods by large consolidated businesses called trusts.

The truism that the law is no respecter of persons, which instantly occurs at this suggestion, is, for purposes of argument, laid aside. It would be beyond the present purpose to discuss the well-nigh insuperable difficulties, raised in the Federal Constitution, of prohibiting to a corporation, merely because of its size and prominence, the liberty to carry on business by competitive methods which the law has for generations most favored. Placing the subject outside its purely legal bearings, and considering it solely in its ethical relations: are these methods of competition, as they are practiced by businesses which are not trusts, morally warranted? Are these methods of competition, as they are practiced by trusts against independent businesses, ethically justified?

The ethics of business competition is an unexpressed code, evolved and made authoritative through centuries of business dealing. Philosophically stated, its bases are the essential facts that individuals must exist and tolerate one another's existence, and the moral principles to which individuals feel themselves obliged

to give effect. The first basis, with its defined cleavage between individual and social rights, has been shaped by the conditions of modern civilized life, and laid by experience. The second basis, consisting of irreducible moral obligations, has been laid by conscience. The code of trade competition is a structure that has been centuries building. The process by which it has been elaborated from these two fundamentals can be best understood by tracing the growth of any usage that boasts of a gentleman's code. At the risk of introducing a new example into metaphysics, consider the game of baseball. A few of the official rules, and a large part of the playing usage, express the desire to score and to keep the other side from scoring. Bunts and sacrifice hits, drops, curves, and sacrifice steals to second while a runner is on third, are all authorized by the code as legitimate devices to win. "Spiking" a baseman, however, and surreptitiously changing the batting order and obstructing a runner on the base line are forbidden by the official rules, and condemned by the code. Timid casuists might conceivably deplore the spirit of deceit that inspires the pitcher's curves and the runner's steals to second. But the rugged common sense of the majority can distinguish the deceptions of base-running from the deception of surreptitious changes in the batting order. It is a sickly logic that would confuse the two, by ignoring the great fact that the wholesome desire to win must needs be indulged, if the game is to be continued a sport. Whoever plays baseball consents to innumerable deceptions, upon which he relies to his damage. Whoever plays football consents to personal violence which, though ultimately harmless enough, is temporarily sheer discomfort. Whoever boxes consents to be put in fear of imminent blows. Baseball is a conspiracy to deceive; football is organized battery; boxing is willful assault. Considered in themselves, all these acts are torts, — the plainest forms of deceit, assault, and battery. Indeed, in the vexation of defeat, unlucky players

frequently suffer more than those who endure legal injuries and recover therefor round damages. Nevertheless, within the limits fixed by the rules of the game and the code of gentlemen, these *prima facie* torts are justified by the legitimate desire to win. The code that excuses this degree of deception, assault, and battery, has never been questioned by the ethical sentiment of the community. Society has similarly learned, through centuries of experience, that business competition is necessary to the economic development of the individual and the economic welfare of the community. The mode of competition which most benefits the community, needless to say, is that which lowers the price to the consumer. The practice of underselling in competitive markets, since it directly accomplishes this end, is the most innocent mode of competition conceivable. The making of factors' agreements, since it is merely a mode of extending a business, is as innocent as growth can be in any enterprise. These practices are sanctioned by the self-aggrandizing principle in the code of business ethics. They are also well within the limits fixed by the principle of moral obligation. The social conscience, like the spirit of sportsmanship, has placed limits on individual aggrandizement. Fraud and lying disparagement in trade, like secret changes of the batting order, are discountenanced. Physical coercion, like excessive violence in football, is forbidden. Other limits than these have not been fixed, for the same ethical reason that stealing bases and mystifying curves are not forbidden in baseball,—and for the infinitely more important reason that a considerable degree of individual freedom must be allowed, in order that the work of the world may go on.

As practiced by businesses which are not trusts, competitive underselling and factors' agreements are seen to be ethically justified. Are they also justifiable when practiced by trusts against independent businesses? Further than the difference in the size of the competitors, nothing can

be suggested which would require the application of a new rule of competition. The divergence in the size of competing businesses effected by the rise of trusts during the last dozen years, great as it has been, has been immeasurably less than the divergence which occurred three generations and more ago, upon the rise of the factory system and the beginning of railroad construction. The master weaver, with his dozen or score of journeymen, competing with rivals of equally small establishments, was suddenly met by the competition of Lancashire mills, operated by power and employing several hundred operatives. The stagecoach line, with its half-dozen coaches, was confronted by the competition of the steam railroad, with its larger and more numerous coaches, its quicker service, and greater facilities. The unfortunate fate that overcame the master weaver and the stagecoach proprietor, in their unequal competition with larger rivals, very rightly aroused keen sympathy. The code of business competition, however, was not altered. Quickened though it was by sympathy, the moral sentiment of the community never confounded philanthropy with business ethics. In the midst of an economic change greater than any which had occurred for three hundred years, the ethics of trade competition endured no change. Indeed, until the comparatively small economic change of the past dozen years, these rules of business competition were never questioned. Laying aside the incongruity of urging at so unlikely an occasion a radical amendment of long settled business standards; and disregarding again the probable legal futility of enacting a new rule of competition that shall apply to large businesses but not to small concerns, the question becomes: does the code of business competition, permitting competitive underselling, demand revision when applied to the competition of large businesses against small businesses?

Because of competitive underselling by the trusts, it has been urged, the independent dealer cannot sell his goods at a

profit, and is accordingly forced out of business. By reason of sacrifice hits—to return to the baseball analogy—runs are scored, and the opposing team is beaten. Nevertheless, a suggestion that the stronger team be forbidden these tricks would be laughed out of mind. No team has the inherent right not to be defeated. No man has the special privilege, at law or in ethics, to be protected from competition, whether it come from a smaller or a larger rival. Conceivably, baseball could be played with the suggested change of rules; but it would cease to be a sport. Conceivably, business could be carried on after the suggested change in the rules of competition. Goods would then be sold by the trust at prices varying strictly according to their cost of production and transportation. The result would be, however, to create monopolies more uncontrollable than any modern trust. If the trust could make and transport its goods to its rival's home territory cheaper than the independent concern, the small rival would be crushed. If the trust were unable to make and transport its goods to its rival's home territory at a cost less than its rival's cost of production, but could nevertheless make and transport goods to neutral competitive markets cheaper than the independent dealer, the small rival would enjoy the monopoly of his home market; and as a means of enabling himself to compete with the trust in neutral markets, he could raise the price at home as high as he dared. The only reason why a change in the code of business competition has been suggested is the alleged unfairness to the small dealer, and the apprehended oppression upon the community of monopoly, resulting from competitive underselling. The effects of this change would be either to wipe out the small concerns and to make the monopoly of the trust complete; or else to give the independent dealer the monopoly of his home market, the power to exclude the trust from neutral markets, and the opportunity to become himself a trust whose monopoly would be more oppressive upon

the community than the old one. Common sense cries out against such an absurdly futile regulation. The assumption that competitive underselling and factors' agreements are unfair, whenever practiced by the trusts against independent dealers, springs from prejudice or from thoughtless and short-sighted sympathy. Ethically it has no ground; practically it fails of its purpose.

At a time when the popular impulse is to impute dishonor to every operation of trust management, it is not extraordinary that even serious writers should be drawn unconsciously into the general denunciatory mood. No good can be accomplished, however, and much harm may be done, by judging the situation according to distorted and unwarranted standards. Whoever advocates the regulation of trust competition by prohibiting factors' agreements and underselling in competitive markets, will seek in vain for any justification of his remedy in any accepted code of business competition. An affecting narrative may be made by heaping together instances in which trusts have undersold independent dealers and driven them from the market, — such as Miss Tarbell has collected in her history of the Standard Oil Company.

But whoever seeks to infer from defeat, whether in athletics or in business, that his opponent was necessarily unfair, presumes too far on the credulity of his audience. Nor can the explanation that defeat was accomplished by selling goods in the territory of the independent dealer at a price below that which prevailed elsewhere bring home to the trust absolute proof of moral guilt. Only by appealing to distorted standards of business morality can this mode of trade competition be given the appearance of evil.

The admitted ills of trust promotion and internal management are considerable enough to require the undivided attention of students of the trust problem. The growth of trusts has not altered the economic principles and ethical code of business competition. So long as fraud, disparagement, or coercion is not practiced, free competition by underselling, by factors' agreements, and by the other usual trade methods, is sanctioned by the law of the land and by ethics. To proclaim that trust competition makes necessary an amendment of the code of business ethics is to add an imaginary ill to the considerable list of real trust evils, and to darken counsel in a matter that greatly needs light.

BOOKS NEW AND OLD: REMINISCENCES AND MEMORIALS

BY H. W. BOYNTON

PEOPLE who are interested in the literary market are accustomed to find one commodity always quoted at about the same figure. The bulls and the bears will be having a rough tussle over fiction, resulting in an artificial fluctuation of prices. Poetry and the minor staples of belles-lettres will have their occasional ups, but will hang below par oftener than not. Biography is your real old standby; it has a chance of getting to the top of the market, and will never sink quite to the bottom. We may turn with satisfaction from our present quandaries, our *Sin of David*, our *Son of Royal Langbrith*, or our *Golden Bowl*, to the enjoyment of the biographical "sure things" of the hour; not to be disappointed if we fail to add thereby to our finger-count of masterpieces in this sort. We are inclined to value the rough material of biography more highly than most of the finished products of literary artifice. If we are really to get fresh light thrown upon some worthy human personality and experience, we can afford to be almost indifferent as to whether the man is written about, or writes about himself, whether the given matter takes the form of letters, anecdotes, or ordered chapters. The present season has been extraordinarily fruitful in material of this sort; most of it, as happens, dealing with Englishmen whose work in literature, art, philosophy, or public life, has been done during the half-century just past. These books strongly redirect our attention to that spiritualizing impulse which Mr. Watts-Dunton has named for us "The Renaissance of Wonder;" and which found in Pre-Raphaelitism on the one hand, and the Oxford movement on the other, its most conspicuous manifestations. Recent monographs on Rossetti and Newman

have clearly suggested the essence of truth concerning the two preëminent figures of that period; but a good deal of supplementary comment upon them, as well as upon their associates, is sure to be forthcoming during the next few years.

Just now appears a little book about Rossetti, which, as its somewhat crowded title-page suggests, represents one of these biographical after-cullings.¹ Not a little of such matter about Rossetti has already been provided by his brother, whose Note doubtless attests the reliability of the present reminiscences. The editor has made too much of his function; the copiousness of his annotation is out of keeping with the sketchy character of the text, and his introduction is turbid and grandiloquent. Perhaps we need to be told who Lilith was, that William Blake was poet, engraver, and painter, and that Tennyson was a poet (1809-92); but we have really not deserved exposure to details concerning the editor's relations. The fact that a certain James Shepherd mentioned by Mr. Dunn chanced to marry a sister of Mr. Pedrick fails to interest us in the minutiae of a doubtless worthy career. Mr. Dunn's reminiscences are rendered engaging by a certain simplicity and suavity which might not have been looked for in a disciple. He utters no eulogy, he propounds no theory, he has no apparent consciousness of his own part in the life of Rossetti's "Circle." He gives a clear human outline to that figure of Rossetti of which the commentators

¹ *Recollections of Dante Gabriel Rossetti and His Circle.* By the late HENRY TREFFRY DUNN. Edited and Annotated by GALE PEDRICK. With a Prefatory Note by WILLIAM MICHAEL ROSSETTI. New York: James Pott & Co. 1904.

have seemed disposed to make a kind of bogey. Rossetti and his friends were not lackadaisical persons. Mr. Dunn gives, among other anecdotes to the point, the account of a practical joke connected with the filching and recovery of a Nankin plate,—a refreshingly childish performance all round. The most striking incident recorded is of a strange poetic frenzy which came upon the young Swinburne during a thunderstorm: "Whilst he paced up and down the room, pouring out bursts of passionate declamation, faint electric sparks played round the masses of his luxuriant hair." Another passage, less pleasing if not less suggestive, runs like this: "One day Longfellow, who had not long arrived in London from a tour in Italy, called on Rossetti. He was a grand-looking man, although somewhat short, with a fine silver-white beard, and still a goodly amount of snow-white hair on his head. He had absolutely no knowledge of painting, and his remarks concerning pictures were not only childish, but indicated an utter indifference to them. Although having just completed his translation of the *Paradiso* portion of Dante's 'Trilogy,' he seemed quite at a loss to know what Rossetti's pictures represented." Such impressions as this, however casual, are, from their obvious sincerity, of assured value to the lover of biographical ana.

A book of the same type, though done on a larger scale, has just appeared with another of the leading Pre-Raphaelites as its subject.¹ Lady Burne-Jones does not try for a judicial attitude toward her husband's life and work, nor is she tempted to make a vague heroic figure of him. She presents him in the wise Boswellian way, mainly by the record of his daily speech and acts. The result is a very clear impression of a personality of great, of surprising power and charm,—of a man, altogether more noble, more gracious, more self-controlled, more consistent in the good sense, than any of his associates,

¹ *Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones.* By G. B.-J. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1904.

than almost any of his contemporaries. He had a sturdy directness of mind and purpose which protected him from those shoals of dubiety which were barely escaped, or escaped not at all, by a Symonds, a Clough, a FitzGerald, or an Arnold. He had, moreover, an essential serenity of spirit which put him in no danger of that melancholy clouding of hopes, ideals, faiths, which involved the later years of Rossetti and Ruskin and Carlyle.

That two copper candlesticks and a London Directory should be caused to fall with emphasis upon the head of a certain irascible William Morris was the most satisfying of achievements to those roaring blades, Rossetti and Burne-Jones, one of whom was a dab at Limericks (many of which have unfortunately been preserved), and the other an accomplished mimic and caricaturist. Nor was their humor a mere affair of high spirits and horse play. Humor of a better kind they had, though *Jenny* is Rossetti's unique and sage expression of it in art, and Burne-Jones never so expressed it, full of it as his talk and his feeling for life were. It seems that an art like that of the Pre-Raphaelites, or like that of the modern symbolists, depends for its effect upon an established abeyance of humor. Such a convention between artist and audience disposes of a troublesome obstacle to a serious spontaneity: it says, Let us forget that there are parodists and satirists; let us pursue the sublime as if there were no ridiculous. With the aid of such an understanding, men of humor, even lovers of fun, may undertake with some hope of success that pursuit of the grave and naïve which is their nearest possible approach to the true sublime of an unplayful and (unless we deliberately overstrain the word humor) unhumorous Milton or Shelley.

It is clear from these memorials that if, as might have happened, Burne-Jones had devoted himself to discursive prose, the product would have been distinctly humorous as well as vigorous and grace-

ful. A fragment of reported dialogue will serve to suggest his philosophy of work and his powers of expression:—

“S [Dr. Samuel Evans]. But does n’t your *Gnothi seauton* mean, among other things, Know your own mind?

“E [Burne-Jones]. Not a bit of it! Nothing to do with it! *Perperam de hoc sentit Sebastianus noster*. Nothing of the kind, I repeat. *Gnothi seauton* means this: Here’s this rickety old macrocosm of a world, my dear, full of maladies and evil humours, purblind, decrepit, paralytic, stumbling and staggering along through a welter of thick mud where she can only just see to take her next step towards nowhere by the ‘wan water’ in the puddles. Poor old thing! What does she know of beauty, or truth, or love, or God? She has heard tell of such things, but where are they, for her?—If she did but know! If she did but know!—Listen, you can hear her: ‘Who will show us any good? Who will show us any good?’

“S. And then?

“E. Why, then, your little, tiny, insignificant, whipper-snapper of a microcosm, he ups and says, says he: ‘I will! Mother! It’s little enough as I or any man can do for you, but what I can do, by the splendour of God, I will!’ That came to me early, as soon as I could think consecutively. It does n’t come to everybody. But it’s just here that ‘know thyself’ comes in. How are you going to help the poor old world to any advantage, if you don’t know how to make the most of any help you have in you to give? And this is why I say that Carlyle’s ‘Work at the task that lies nearest’ may be atheism. If I had followed that, I should be a parson and what I mean when I say ‘atheist’—that is, a man who, having it in him to do something to help the world, deliberately does less than he might by choosing an uncongenial medium in which to work. If God says ‘You can do this better than that,’ and you choose to do that rather than this, you are an atheist—you don’t believe in the voice of God.

“S. Suppose we call him a fool instead of an atheist? It comes to the same thing. It is the fool who saith in his heart, There is no God.

“E. Right. Fool he is and fool he shall be. There are lots of people who have no ‘call’ at all. They don’t count,—they are no more fools than they are wise for not having it. The real fool is the man who hears the call and does n’t obey it. What you have to do is to express yourself—utter yourself, turn out what is in you—on the side of beauty and right and truth, and of course you can’t turn out your best unless you know what your best is. You, for instance, start a rag of a newspaper,—I cover an acre of canvas with a dream of the deathbed of a king who you tell me was never alive,—why? Simply because for the life of us we can’t hit on any more healing ointment for the maladies of this poor old woman, the world at large.”

It is interesting to note the transition from a vein of burlesque Carlylean pessimism to the energetic colloquial expression of optimism which is Burne-Jones’s natural speech. He did not deny the existence of adverse conditions, or the difficulty of making headway against them. He had moments of despair over his own work, in one of which he exclaims: “I work daily at Cophetua and his Maid. I torment myself every day—I never learn a bit how to paint. No former work ever helps me—every new picture is a new puzzle, and I lose myself, and am bewildered—and it’s all as it was at the beginning, years ago.” Or again he cries, still more vehemently, “It takes an artist fifty years to learn to do anything, and fifty years to learn what not to do,—and fifty years to sift and find what he simply desires to do,—and three hundred years to do it, and when it is done neither heaven nor earth much needs it nor heeds it. Well,” is his characteristic conclusion, “I’ll peg away; I can do nothing else, and I would n’t if I could.” And so the burst of petulance is over, and the man buckles down to the work he loves.

It is his own powers, not the world, or his art, that he distrusts. He is entirely free from that sense of personal grievance which is so likely to get the mastery over creatures of impulse and sentiment like John Ruskin.

The strongest feeling inspired by the letters of Ruskin¹ is one of pity. Great sensibility, great intellectual activity, great power of expression,—great “parts” of every kind; but a whole somewhat short of greatness; an ineffectual theorist unprovided with that instinct for avoiding the bathos which gave to Shelley’s wings, though beating in the void, an infallible dignity and grace. It is sad to watch the flutterings of this ardent and, so far as impulse could make him so, noble spirit. The correspondence begins, it must be noted, with what we must think Ruskin’s second and decadent period. The literary impulse had pretty well exhausted itself; sadly for him, since his only possible artistic utterance lay through literature; drawing remained for him a fine accomplishment,—by which we mean something not in the most serious sense worth accomplishing.

In the course of these letters Ruskin more than once speaks of Mr. Norton as one of the three or four persons whom he can really call friends (in one letter he includes Lowell among them); and his verbal demonstrations of affection often transcend modern English usage, a fact which would not have interested him, for he was tropical in his loves as in his hates; and whatever he was, apart from achievements, he quite innocently held to be right. One of the reproduced photographs (which appears in somewhat garbled form in the Burne-Jones *Memorials*) shows Ruskin and Rossetti standing together, arm in arm. There could hardly be a stranger contrast than between these two figures and faces: Ruskin lean, narrow of shoulder and chest, with the eyes

of a seer, a hand like a claw clasping his companion’s well-filled sleeve,—and the mouth of a hurt child; Rossetti thickset, broad of brow and jaw, heavy of lid and lip,—the face of a virtuoso or a medium. There is not only grief, but a kind of terror, in Ruskin’s look, fighter though he was. It was easy enough for him to deal with the object in hand, but what of that mysterious invisible foe which surrounds us, whose nature we can only guess at, of whose indomitableness we are sure? Within, the Ruskin who foamed at the stupidity of other people, who called John Stuart Mill “the root of nearly all immediate evil among us in England . . . an utterly shallow segment of a human creature;” one of that “strange spawn begotten of ill-used money, senseless conductors of the curse of it, flesh-flies with false tongues in the proboscis of them,”—is, in moments of truce, always wondering “whether in general we are getting on, and if so, where we are going to; whether it is worth while to ascertain any of these things.” The best shift he can make at this stage of his disintegration is to seek relief from one unsatisfied activity in another: “I am working at geology, at Greek—weakly—patiently—caring for neither; trying to learn to write, and hold my pen properly—reading comparative anatomy, and gathering molluscs, with disgust.” Or, in other moods, he finds the resource of a humorous nature: “I find Penguins at present the only comfort in life. One feels everything in the world so sympathetically ridiculous; one can’t be angry when one looks at a Penguin.”

Ruskin had, with all his complaints, a scorn of fruitless complaining which more than once connected itself with Carlyle. “What in my own personal way I chiefly regret and wonder at in him,” he writes, after reading the Carlyle-Emerson correspondence, “is the perception in all nature of nothing between the stars and his stomach,—his going, for instance, into North Wales for two months, and noting absolutely no Cambrian thing or

¹ *Letters of John Ruskin to Charles Eliot Norton.* In two Volumes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

event, but only increase of Carlylean bile." But he is tolerant of Froude's still-vexed revelations, and totally disagrees with Mr. Norton "about the wife letters being sacred." Mr. Norton has held to his principles in dealing with Ruskin's own letters to himself. "In my judgment," he says in his preface, "Ruskin himself published, or permitted to be published, far too many of his letters, — some of them, as it seemed to me, such as should never have been printed. . . . I have not printed all the letters which Ruskin wrote to me. In spite of the poets, in spite of modern usage, in spite of Ruskin's own example, I hold with those who believe that there are sanctities in love and life to be kept in privacy inviolate." The process of choice must have been difficult, and we may wonder in turning over the resulting pages what Ruskin's confidences would have been if these are his reservations.

"Although in the inner circle of English letters," says Mr. Douglas, in introducing his book on Mr. Watts-Dunton,¹ "this study of a living writer will need no apology, it may be well to explain for the general reader the reasons which moved me to undertake it." Feeling duly chagrined at our failure to belong to the inner, or outer, circle of English letters, we listen to various reasons why we should hear about Mr. Watts-Dunton: the most impressive of which is that Mr. Swinburne considers him "the first critic of our time, perhaps the largest-minded and surest-sighted of any age." The exhibits which follow are of far more importance than the accompanying commentary. The rôle of exhibitor, under the circumstances, is one to which Mr. Douglas is obviously unequal. His excellent bad taste necessarily reflects somewhat upon the otherwise admirable person who has voluntarily submitted himself to such usage. For a literary executor a ghost might deny responsibility, but hardly a man alive. It is

only when Mr. Douglas absents himself that we succeed in feeling at ease in his presence. Yet he is a gentleman of surprising integrity. "Mr. Watts-Dunton," he admits, "when I told him that I was going to write this book, urged me to moderate my praise and to call into action the critical power that he was good enough to say that I possessed, . . . but the courage of my opinions I will exercise so long as I write at all. The 'newspaper cynics,' that once were and perhaps still are strong, I have always defied, and always will defy. I am glad to see that there is one point of likeness between us of the younger generation and the great one to which Mr. Watts-Dunton and his illustrious friends belong. We are not afraid, and we are not ashamed of being enthusiastic. This also, I hope, will be a note of the twentieth century." Never did American colonel whistle his courage up more shrilly.

Mr. Watts-Dunton is, we know, the chief survivor and interpreter of the Pre-Raphaelite group. As "friend of poets," though as nothing else, he would have a sure place in the literary annals of his period. To him, according to Mr. Douglas, was due whatever comfort Rossetti had in his later years, and whatever work he did. Morris owed much to his friendship, and for thirty years he has been the intimate and house-mate of Swinburne. His critical writing in the *encyclopædias* and the *Athenæum* has been of steady influence on both sides of the Atlantic. Special pleader in a way he has been, the champion of modern romanticism; it is a pity that his panegyrist should have made catch-words of such effective phrases as "the Renascence of Wonder," and "Natura Benigna." The book does at least succeed in presenting the more important aspects of Mr. Watts-Dunton's periodical criticism, a criticism which the author has refused to rescue from its anonymous dispersion among old files of the *Athenæum* and elsewhere. Some day it will be collected and published, let us hope without any such gloss as Mr. Douglas would be likely to furnish.

¹ *Theodore Watts-Dunton: Poet, Novelist, Critic.* By JAMES DOUGLAS. New York: John Lane. 1904.

Like Ruskin, Herbert Spencer systematically overworked, and paid the penalty of nervous collapse, which was paid by so many contemporaries. Otherwise, two men could hardly have been more different. Whether from superiority or inferiority of imagination, Spencer seems to have been incapable of being seriously troubled or perplexed. He dwelt upon a cool intellectual eminence; he was sufficient for whatever task presented, he was sufficient unto himself. To the supplementary order of biographical material belongs a little book about him, containing two essays and a chapter of reminiscences.¹ The first essay, on "Spencer's Contribution to the Concept of Evolution," sketches the history of the evolutionary theory, and the process by which Spencer, long before the *Origin of Species*, came to the adoption of a theory of evolution, and, presently, of a complementary theory of dissolution; and so was brought suddenly upon "the truth that integration is a primary process and differentiation a secondary process." Eventually, Professor Royce fails to find in the Spencerian concept a road to the solution of all problems connected with evolution. It "does not determine the relations of the essential processes of evolution to one another, does not define their inner unity, and does not enable us to conceive a series of types of evolutionary processes in orderly relations to one another." It is rather a piece of pioneering work, done in a right spirit and toward a right end. The essay on "Spencer's Educational Theories" suggests some causes of the philosopher's limitations in attacking concrete problems. The *Autobiography* furnishes data from which Professor Royce shows that Spencer's educational theories were based upon the assumption that all children should be trained as he chanced to be trained. "He was of his

own kind a most wonderful example," says the critic. "But I should be sorry if all men were Spencers."

Mr. Collier's *Reminiscences* put before us a figure of dignity and amenity, if not quite of charm; a healthy life, well rounded with various activities. Spencer was a genial diner-out, and more dependent for recreation upon his billiards or his tennis than upon any books ever written; facts which, no doubt, go far toward accounting for the placidity of his mental processes and the precision of his results.

In the preface to his *Reminiscences*, published some five years ago, Justin McCarthy wrote, "One reason why I have not attempted an autobiography is that my life, in its own course, has been uneventful, and that I have no story to tell about it which could have any claim on public interest." These *Reminiscences* proved to contain much autobiographical material, somewhat to the impoverishment, perhaps, of the story which he now has to tell.² It may stand, however, as a record sufficiently varied and full of incident to have a sure claim on public interest. It would rank with such a narrative as Mr. Riis's, rather than with literary autobiographies, or with intellectual documents like Spencer's account. Like Mr. Riis, his main interest has been in public service, and he writes, like him, with honesty, an engaging complacency, an unaffected good-humor, and a total lack of distinction in manner. Mr. McCarthy has been most useful to his time, but it would be idle to pretend that he has been useful to literature. No book of his is likely to outlive him ten years. But to approach the end of life in a mood of unfailing cheerfulness and hopefulness may fall to persons of practical activity, as well as to persons of purely intellectual power, oftener than to seers and prophets. Spencer and Justin McCarthy have had a success in common which was denied Rossetti, and Ruskin, and Carlyle.

¹ *Herbert Spencer: An Estimate and Review.* By JOSIAH ROYCE. Together with a Chapter of Personal Reminiscences by JAMES COLLIER. New York: Fox, Duffield & Co. 1904.

² *An Irishman's Story.* By JUSTIN McCARTHY. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1904.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

BEING AHEAD OF TIME

THERE is a time for all things, even the convenience of others. Society is necessarily ordered by rule of thumb, and has little use for persons who cannot be "counted on." It is bad enough to be tardy in the affairs of love, but our awful example of perfidy would be the wretch who dares break a part of the thousandth part of a minute in meeting a dinner appointment. Being behind time is something like being asleep at the switch; people who have been derailed show little consideration for a tired man.

Present witness supposes that punctuality might be added to the list of horological tyrannies the Club has been hearing about of late, but is himself unable to speak to that point. Indeed, though a faithful, and even assiduous, contributor to the *Atlantic*, he is constrained to doubt his own clubability. He earnestly desires to be sprightly, whimsical, a little irreverent; but such wishes are not horses for an orthodox New Englander. A person who is thoroughly up on verities and infinities can hardly be good at talking like a little fish. He does n't know how to be skittish, and with the best intentions he can't always understand skittishness in others.

He does n't quite know what to make of these lively fellow contributors who don't care whether they get up in the morning of what day of what year, and if or when the train goes. For himself he sees nothing to be ashamed of in being on time, and nothing to be proud of in being behind it. He has a pretty clear notion that taking liberties with time is not the way to cotton up to eternity. But he may not always realize what constitutes an unjustifiable familiarity of this kind. It is a puzzling fact that frivolous people do not have a monopoly of error. The unco-

guid have something to answer for when it comes to a question of "being ahead of time." They boast openly of their taking the old gentleman by the forelock, and in practice they do not stick at making free with his scruff. They are in the habit of being a quarter-hour "early" at the station, or a half-hour at the theatre. They "don't like to hurry," and they "enjoy seeing the people come in." Bosh! everybody knows that people like that are always in a hurry, and have a portable horizon situated not far from the ends of their noses. They are very busy with clocks and time-tables, but they have no confidence in them. If they were as weak as that, they would quite expect to be left behind or to miss something. As it is, they spend their allotted days leaping from imaginary crag to crag along a solid highway which might have been pleasantly covered at a mild canter. They stand on the platform for fifteen minutes before the scheduled time, lest the train arrive one minute before it. They hurl themselves at the foremost platform before the train has stopped. They stand in the aisle for the last two or three miles of their journey. A little later they will be found bustling out of the theatre at the critical moment a scene or two from the end of the play. They have plenty of time to hear it out; but they have paid for that privilege, they have known the joys of possession; now for a break-neck plunge into the subway. You cannot trust such a person even at his devotions. He is first man at church; he rises a neck ahead of anybody else, he galls the parson's kib with his responses, he imparts a feverishness to the psalter and a tripping tempo to the litany; he is bound for Glory on the double-quick. There is an element of greed involved in this whole business of being early; even good people do not object to a little more than their money's worth.

I suppose they never really get ahead of Time, unless as that venerable reaper encourages them to dispose themselves conveniently to his sickle.

THE DELUSION OF ABBREVIATING

"Sir Walter Scott, Bart.," on the title-page of a book of poems, puzzled me considerably in my childhood, but before many days I shaped to my satisfaction a definition of "Bart.:" some one more than bard and less than magician. When, years after, I heard this word translated into "baronet," I suffered genuine anguish in losing a word which I had invested with splendid personality, and ever since I have resented abbreviation.

Why do we abbreviate? That we do is manifest enough if one glances over a newspaper where throngs of amputated words are to be seen, not only in advertisements, but, as well, in columns of news. We recognize in Jap., ad., tel. con., Rt. Rev. J. C. Smith, D. D., etc., a larger something for which these hieroglyphics stand. The speech of our young people is a tissue of condensed syllables; Webster's Dictionary records over a thousand curtailed forms in common use. The tendency toward abbreviation is to be observed everywhere except in the lecture and in the sermon, though there are critics who desire it even there.

All that may be said in defense of abbreviation is that it saves space. We cherish, also, a delusion that it saves time, but is it really any easier to write @ for at? Is this, strictly speaking, an attenuated form? Our familiar correspondence is full of abridgments, spontaneous contractions that bring nothing but bewilderment to the reader who tries in vain to decipher them. Consider the serious student working with a new volume in which much time and space have been economized by the lavish use of abbreviation. He is constantly turning back to the table of abbreviations, trying to fix upon his mind the signification of the va-

rious short-cuts used by the writer. Probably there is not a single page over which he does not pause, losing the thread of the argument, falling into confusion, simply because of this mania for brevity. "Brevity is the soul of wit," but we have as summed that brevity is the soul of writ.

In addition to the inconveniences that attend the use of abbreviation, there are two positive dangers. In the first place, it is to be feared that ignorance is fostered by it. Who can tell at a glance the difference between Litt. D. and L. H. D., or explain correctly the concealed origin of viz., or find language for 16mo? Cf. and sc. have been the confounders of many boys and girls at school. Have not intelligent persons searched the map of England for Hants, and searched in vain? Are not Miss., Mass., Cinn., Pa., shameless concessions to those who dare not spell?

The second danger, to be feared remotely, is that the zeal for reducing all words to the lowest possible terms will tear our best literature to "shreds and patches." It is not utterly inconceivable that, a few centuries hence, we may have new editions of the standard poets, not abridged, but, to suit the taste for saving space, abbreviated in some such fashion as this sonorous Miltonic line, —

"Un $\left\{^{\text{re}} \text{ spit} \right. \mid \text{ i} \left. \right\}^{\text{ed}}$ "
" " $\left\{^{\text{priev}} \right. \mid \text{ i} \left. \right\}^{\text{ed}}$ "

or this famous verse, —

"2 b, or not 2 b: that is the?"

ACCURATE BUT STILL LIVING

I have often had occasion to wonder where Anatole France could have been living when he made the remark: "What would we not give to see heaven and earth for a single minute with the eye of a fly? But this is prohibited." It may be prohibited in his part of the world, but it is not in mine. Would that it were, for ever since I added to the other bugbears, by which my education has worried along, the fear lest I should be inaccurate, I have been trying to see the universe with

the eye of a fly, and nearly every influence in my neighborhood has assisted me to such an extent that I can almost report, like the fly in *Cock Robin*, "I saw it die with my little eye."

For several years now, accuracy has been my bugbear. I was not always thus. Time was when I was a full-throated creature with things to say, and I said them. I even think that I used to be moderately interesting and entertaining until the time came when I asked myself that profound question, "Is it right, is it even decent, in this sort of a world, to be interesting? Can you conscientiously, in a world where the scientist has suffered and proven the enormous difficulty of getting at the real truth about anything, have the heart to be interesting? If you confined yourself strictly to the truth, do you believe that you would have a baker's dozen to listen to you?"

Thus the scientific sinner enticed me, and I consented. Henceforth I tried to serve the world differently, but no one has ever thanked me for it, nor, to tell the truth, have I ever seen any particular reason why any one should. They admit that I am more accurate than I used to be, that is all. In the old days I had "a large Newfoundland dog way of handling matters," and approached things in a somewhat generous and bumbling manner, which, considering its inaccuracy, gave surprisingly large results. If a truth, or what seemed to be one, came my way, setting me all alive and joyful, I would out with it while the joy was still fresh, and never mind a few loose ends and mistakes. Of necessity there was much that could not be proven. That was usually the best part of it. But nowadays I lop off all this at the start, though secretly thanking Providence, in a loose, shame-faced, unscientific way, for those beautiful years in which I let myself go before I knew better. If any good large thought, more than a millimeter in diameter, comes swinging down toward me, and I find myself prompted to say a dozen noble and inspiring things about it, I now suppress my exuberance at

once by asking myself, "Would you dare utter those things if a psychologist should come into the room?" Certainly not, and I shrink all these things to an irreducible minimum.

Or if, later on, I run upon what seems some joyous significance in the natural world, and have proceeded a sentence or two, I see a biologist, or worse still, a professional "nature-lover" in the offing, bearing down upon me like a revenue cutter, and I make haste to destroy all evidence of the accursed thing, so that when he comes up I am even as he is.

My very being is becoming, I fear, like an evaporated apple. That the thing can be done has been well proven, and now that it has been proven that an apple can be evaporated, I feel like crying, "Let us back to the apple." If the world were becoming a desert trail, or humanity were all en route for a Frozen North, this reduction of everything to tablet form might be legitimate and proper, but are we in any such plight? I used to read in the school physiology that it was not sufficient that the stomach should receive only the essential juices or elements of food, but that it needed to be distended by much useless substance in order to properly extract those elements. For many years I made it my humble and joyful effort to live along that line. Somehow I seem to have been less living since I have come closer and closer to the sheer essence of nutrition, while there are times when under this state of things I do not much care whether I live or not.

But I foresee that I cannot go on as I am going, my respect for the university and the laboratory method notwithstanding. Moments of feeling like a spiritual millionaire are becoming more frequent with me, and some day I shall be able to hold myself in no longer, and with a lot of others I shall be giving myself away and shocking my new-found scientific friends with the amount I believe, whether I ought to or not.

How, then, shall I adjust my duties to accuracy with this unwieldy and glorious

life within me? It is my growing conviction that for people in my situation the highest wisdom is to go ahead, accept frankly and illogically our innumerable chances of being happy, and thereby keep the scientist busy with the new and delightfully perplexing facts with which we can furnish him. Let him be accurate, let us live and give him plenty of materials on which to wreak his accuracy. We shall do the scientist great wrong if we cease to furnish him with the materials he loves.

AN UNLOVELY VIRTUE

When I was a child, I was often not a little hampered by the fact that I could not, with any comfort, utter an untruth. Not that I had any inherent aptitude for truthfulness, — on the contrary, I was a lover of devious ways, and my nature was framed for deceit, but early training had imposed upon me an ineradicable habit of truth-telling. It had so wrought that for me the lie was shorn of every pleasurable association, and invested with painful suggestion. My only compensation lay in a dim feeling of superior righteousness, but this was not very sincere, not very constant, and, indeed, not wholly gratifying. Gladly would I have relinquished it for the ability to tell a good, comfortable lie, — not a bad, malicious, devouring-lion of a lie, but a little harmless, playful - kitten of a lie. Now and then, indeed, I did lay hands upon the forbidden weapon, but being unfamiliar with it, I used it clumsily, — lied at the wrong time, or in the wrong way, or when there was no need of lying, and I never got any fun out of the lie, and seldom any advantage.

Now that I am quite grown up, my plight is worse, for even the sense of superior righteousness has left me. I have been forced to recognize that the most charming, the most really admirable of my friends are in general people who can, for the sake of harmony, of good fellowship, of friendship, utter the thing which is not. This, without disturbing my hab-

its of truth-telling, has seriously shaken up my theories.

For one thing, I have come to realize that one must often tell a lie in order to convey a true impression, since the matter of a lie, as of a jest,

lies in the ear

Of him who hears it, never in the mouth

Of him who speaks it.

For example, a certain youth was escorting to his steamer a venerable Englishman whose name stands high among the dignitaries of the church. Their train was late, and outside the Grand Central, as ill luck would have it, but a single cab was visible. There was need of haste, yet the great man had not been accustomed to hasten, and it looked as though the cab would be preëmpted by some of the ardent but unimportant New Yorkers who were scurrying toward it. The young man singled out an official and said impressively, "This is an English duke. He is late for his steamer. Get him that cab." The cab was theirs.

Now, according to the precepts in which I had been reared, that young man had by his act seriously jeopardized his spiritual future. Yet, might it not be maintained that he had lied in the interests of truth? He said "duke," which was not the fact; the official received the notion "great man," which was the fact. Whereas if he had said, "Here is an English canon, get him a cab," it is safe to say that the mind of the worthy official would have been filled with confusion, if not with distinctly bellicose images totally foreign to the occasion.

But there is another sort of lie whose justification cannot be framed after this fashion. There is the lie, not in the cause of truth, but in the cause of friendliness or of comfort. A friend has just given a dinner. "Did you notice that the fish was burned?" she asks. You had noticed, every one had noticed. You answer, "My dear, I cannot deceive you, it *was* burned." You save your soul, but you make your friend miserable. Suppose instead that you say cheerfully, "No

indeed, it was perfectly delicious;" she will take heart, and think, "Well, it was only my nervousness." You will have increased the sum of happiness in the world, — but how about your soul?

Suppose, again, that your best friend is engaged to be married, but there are reasons why she cannot announce the fact. Society suspects, society insinuates, finally, society asks point-blank, "Celia, is Rosalind engaged to Orlando?" Three courses are open: you may keep silent, but that is equivalent to saying "yes;" or you may give an evasive answer, like the servant who when asked if her mistress was at home replied, "Was your grandmother a monkey?" The objections to this policy are obvious. Or you may take your conscience by the throat, look society firmly in the eye, and say, "Rosalind engaged? No indeed! What in the world could have made you think such a thing? She does n't care for Orlando, and anyway he is really in love with Audrey, you know, and only flirting to make her jealous." Your conscience may bear for days the marks of fingers on its throat, while at the same time you will keep saying to yourself, in the manner of Henry James's devious - minded people, — "But I could n't, could I, not have done it. No, I could n't not have done it."

Is there, perhaps, something wrong with a training that leaves one no comfortable escape from so common a predicament? I myself am quite incapable of judging, being hopelessly bigoted in favor of truth-telling. A lie still seems, in spite of all arguments, a bad thing. But I am driven to wonder whether this is not the result of that rigidity of temper and of habit which was at once the strength and the weakness of our Puritan forebears. My grandfather, a man of sternest Puritan traditions, came near

losing his life through that same characteristic. He was going toward the garden, when a venomous-minded cow spied him and marked him for her prey. She came on, head down, sharp horns a-prick for his gore. A little grandson, taking in the situation, shouted from the rear, "Cheese it, grandpa! Cheese it!" The old gentleman heard, he apprehended danger, but he hated slang, and this particular phrase had been an object of special abhorrence. He turned grim and contemptuous, and used up his moment of escape in the withering reply, "Cheese what?" The cow arrived, and only the huge basket that the old gentleman carried saved him from being impaled, principles and all. The long horns were buried in the basket, and its bearer was hurled backward through the garden gate. And to the youngster's puzzled query, "Why did n't you run, when you heard me tell you?" there seemed no adequate reply.

If Mr. Brooke, of Middlemarch, had witnessed this scene, I believe his comment would have been, "Ah, sir, principles are good things in their place, — but don't let them carry you too far — not too far, you know."

And it is just possible that this matter of truth-telling cannot be settled by any rigid rulings whatever. Other virtues may be carried to excess, why not truthfulness? It is one of my regrets that I was not clever enough long ago to notice that lying, as such, is not forbidden in the Decalogue. We are, it is true, commanded not to "bear false witness," but only false witness *against* our neighbor. About false witness in his *behalf* nothing whatever is said: — that is, malicious lying is forbidden, benevolent lying is left to our discretion. I should be quite willing, if my training would allow me, to stand with Moses in this whole matter.